

The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

[FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 17. [NEW SERIES.]

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1908.

ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

The Last Word	MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.
A Bard at the Braes	MARGARET McMILLAN.
Women and Social Change	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
To a Scotch Provost— <i>An Open Letter</i>	WM. C. ANDERSON.
What Women are Made of	G. MAIDSTONE.
A Bright Sisterhood	MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.
A Lancashire Factory Mother	JAMES HASLAM.
Female Slavery in Canada	ROBINA FORBES-CHISHOLM.
A Book of the Hour—"Merrie England"	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
Home Notes	Mrs. D. J. M. WORRALL.
Short Story—"The Dissent of Man"	(Miss) V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.
Serial Story—"Barbara West"	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
Readings—	
<i>One Way of Loving</i>	MAURICE HEWLETT.
<i>Spoilers of Humanity</i>	RICHARD WHITEING.
<i>The Mutch</i>	J. M. BARRIE.
<i>A Vision</i>	William Sharp.
<i>A Tyrant's Queen</i>	Constant.
<i>The Princess of Orange</i>	Macaulay.
Verse—	
<i>The Fallen</i>	ETHEL CARNIE.
<i>Sweet Alice</i>	ROSE E. SHARLAND.
<i>Any Jonathan to any David</i>	R. PEEL.
<i>The New World</i>	D. HURN.
<i>National Song</i>	Björnson.
<i>To a Bachelor</i>	Shakespeare.
Our Prize Page— <i>On "The Sorcery Shop"</i>	
The Children's Page— <i>Their Holidays</i>	PEG.
Plain Sewing for Poor Mothers	EDA BERLON.
Talks with the Doctor	Dr. X.Y.Z.
Complaints and the Law	PORTIA.
Women's Labour League	Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
Correspondence— <i>Ladies in Revolt; The Limited Bill.</i>	
The Week's News— <i>The Coming Winter; The Cotton Tyranny; The Suffrage Campaign.</i>	

A BRIGHT SISTERHOOD.

By Margaret G. Bondfield.

If anyone is suffering from a fit of the blues, I recommend a visit to the Bow branch of the Women's Labour League as the best of all tonics. I went there to talk to them, but, believe me, I went to school instead, and learnt quite a lot of things.

They are so brave, these women—they defy care with a jest.

Every woman present bore the indelible mark of her fight against semi-starvation—the biting cold and damp had twisted muscles with rheumatic pains, or hot underground workshops had bleached the skin to crinkled parchment. Some of them had suffered the agonies, but few of the joys, of motherhood. Yet here they were, giving hearty welcome to the strangers taking their part.

"We want a chairman," said Dolly Lansbury, the adorable secretary of the branch. Dolly needs a separate letter to do her justice.

"I'll be chairman," came the swift response from somewhere in the middle of the room; and, while we were wondering how in that crowded place the volunteer could reach the chair, down she dropped on her hands and knees, emerging triumphantly on the right side of the table. How we laughed as she straightened her hat!

There was a brisk discussion as to whether we should sing first. I felt acutely conscious of my sins when one stern voice suggested that, as the meeting was late in starting—waiting for the lecturer—they had better drop the singing. The punishment was too hard, and I pleaded for forgiveness and a song. So we sang "England, Arise!" led by Dolly's fresh young voice. It is true she led us nearly down to our boots, and then gurgled with laughter in the middle; but that was ever so much better than sending us squeaking into the clouds.

After the address, which was followed with keen attention—an address all about women's labour and unemployment—we set to work to find something practical to do.

That is what I like so much about meetings of working women—they're not great talkers; they want to see something done. So they decided to turn up in force at the Council Chamber, Poplar, to listen to the unemployed debate, and—writing before that occasion—I shall be surprised if they don't assist the Councillors to make up their minds that work must be found quickly.

The members have also decided to write for more leaflets and do a house-

to-house canvass. "Stop and say a word about what we're doing when we get the chance," they asked. They are going to see that no stone is left unturned to secure the adequate feeding of school-children.

We finished up with personal experiences, and I heard tales that made me burn with indignation.

About a girl of 18, for instance, who is paid 7s. a week to stand 12 hours a day in an underground room at machine minding. She leaves home at 7 a.m., and does not return till 8.45 p.m. All she has to spend on her mid-day meal is 2d! Her fares cost 1s. a week. That leaves 5s. a week for clothes, lodgings, breakfast, suppers, and amusements!

When she comes up into the fresh air she is so giddy she can hardly stagger; and she suffers from varicose veins.

However, we did not separate in the gloom of this story—though it has haunted me for days. We enrolled new members. One, a dear woman, looked so frail and trouble-worn that we all wanted to make her feel welcome.

"I'll come and have tea with you tomorrow," said a neighbour.

With ready tact our chairman whispered, "Perhaps she ain't got any."

"That's all right," came the answer. "I can raise a ha'p'orth o' tea and a pinch o' sugar."

And so, to the poorest homes, the love of comrades brings some joy. And the Women's Labour League provides opportunity for the home-dwellers to find more ways of helping each other, and of increasing their interest in the things that matter.

NATIONAL SONG.

We have sun enough and rain,
We have fields of ripening grain,
We have love, and love enough, within
our breast.

Here is poetry and song,
Though labour's days are long—
Let us raise our nation's soul to all
that's best.

New greatness shall come forth,
From our ancient threefold North,
Together we shall speak again as one.
All that is thine to give
Cast away and it will live,
High aloft it shall be borne when thou
art gone.

Our little land stands fast,
We love it for its past,
We love it as it is and yet shall be.
Love the country of thy birth,
Plant thy love within its earth,
From the seed of love will rise a mighty
tree.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

The Daisy Lord Petition.

It is understood that Daisy Lord knows, at last, about what is being done to get her set at liberty. She was visited in prison last week by Mr. C. G. Cudby, her solicitor. What passes in such interviews between solicitor and client is not usually divulged, but we believe she is well, and as kindly treated by the wardens as gaol regulations allow.

A great meeting in favour of the petition was held on Monday in the Hope Hall, Liverpool, and addressed by Robert Blatchford, Margaret Bondfield, and Victor Grayson, M.P. The meeting demanded an amendment of the law with respect to child murder.

Julia Dawson says that the petition contains the names of the foremost actors, authors, artists, and Church dignitaries in the kingdom. It will be presented next month.

The "Daily Chronicle" says: "No one with a vestige of human feeling can refuse to be moved by the pathetic life-story. We feel confident that Mr. Herbert Gladstone will give a sympathetic hearing to the petition appealing for a mitigation of the terrible sentence passed upon this friendless waif of humanity. Love, sympathy, regenerative influences, are what is needed in her case, not the cruel, forbidding gaol."

We have to acknowledge some additional gifts to the release fund:

Already acknowledged, £27 3s. 1d.
F. K. (Nottingham), 2s.; A. Tate, 6d.; M. Guy, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; T. Edmunds, 6d.; White Elephants, 1s. 10d.; Miss Mary Emm, 6d.; Miss C. Adams, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Mardell, 1s.; F. S., 2s.; J. West, 1s.; S. Smith, 1s.; S. M., 2s. 6d.; Aldred, 5s.; Clerk, 1s.; Madame Chroushoff, 5s.; T. E. Kitchin, 1s. 6d.; E. M. Aggett, 2s.
Total, £28 14s. 5d.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—Please send twelve more petitions, by return, if possible. There is quite a demand for them.

I wrote a letter to the local papers to say that a petition could be signed here, and the result has surprised me. Three of the free churches had petitions on Sunday, and the ministers made splendid appeals for signatures. One minister is getting a resolution sent from his church to Mr. Gladstone, and I think others will follow his lead.

I also wrote to our borough member (W. Russell Rea), and he promised to use his influence with Mr. G.

I think we shall manage 1,000 signatures here; there are some other petitions in the town.—Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH E. STUBES.
53, Gordon Street, Scarborough.

Madam,—Kindly send me a few more petitions—about thirty. I have given out the thirty-five I received from you, and people are still clamouring.

It used to be said that Chorley was the town of bigotry, and its inhabitants were biased and prejudiced against good causes.—Yours, &c.,

G. V. ENTWISLE.
13, Fielden Street, Chorley.

Dear Madam,—Will you kindly send me petition to hold about 2,000 signatures, which I hope to get next Sunday at the Queen's Hall missions?—Yours sincerely,

W. J. STEPHENS.
59, Cojan Street, Hull.

Dear Madam,—It is easy to get signatures. This does not mean that those who sign feel keenly the necessity of preventing babes being killed by either mothers or fathers.

"Babies' rights" need many petitions to human nature for their recognition.—Yours cordially,

(Miss) E. A. TOURNIER.
58, Sidney Street, Chelsea, S.W.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—In the words of a well-known author in one of our leading magazines, "There is no more terrible charge than that which can be brought against some professing Christians of to-day, namely, a stern, unbending, unforgiving attitude towards a sinner. If we have it, depend upon it we are no Christians."

Let us help to lift up our fallen sister.—Yours sincerely,

AGNES MACALISTER.
Blackpool, September 18.

Dear Madam,—I feel we all ought to do our best for such individual cases as they present themselves; but the real work is in agitating for other laws, and this naturally involves votes for women.—Wishing every success to your most excellent paper, I remain, dear Madam, sincerely,

(MADAME) HELEN CHRONSHOFF.
Gahvan, Beaconsfield, September 18.

Dear Madam,—I have thought that our unjust laws respecting guardianship of children are mainly responsible for crimes committed by women in a similar position to Daisy Lord.

I suggest that all male children should be under the guardianship of their fathers when their mothers can no longer nourish them—be under their own charge, and brought up at their own homes.—Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) LILIAN THOMSON.
11, Harroby Road, Seaforth.

[For many more letters that have reached us we are quite unable to find room.—Ed.]

GIRL MOTHERS.

The great flaw of all our charity in regard to illegitimate children is in the loosening or breaking of the bond between mother and child. German women make this bond the very basis of their movement.

The girl-mother is put into touch by the parish nurse or doctor or official with a lady member of the guild in her locality. She is given a list of kindly foster-mothers who will care for her child whilst she works for it. The home is under regular inspection by the ladies of the "Verein," and near enough for the mother. When her wages are too low to permit of her paying the foster-mother a proper sum for the child's keep, they are supplemented. She is encouraged to take a part in her child's life; she can watch him growing; she can make and buy clothes and see them worn by her little one. The child goes to the village school. He is handicapped, as is every babe unacknowledged by its father, but he isn't banned, an outcast. He doesn't go into the world at sixteen branded with the mark of illegitimacy. He has a chance of growing up happy and virtuous; and he has a mother whom he loves and by whom he is beloved.

To instil a tenderer spirit, to save the Daisy Lords of the future from despair by holding out to them the hand of hope and strength, to ensure the hapless child a life of cleanliness and order and healthfulness, with the precious element of its own mother's love—is not this a crusade big enough even for a "suffragist"?—CONSTANTIA POWELL.

THE FALLEN.

Who are we to condemn these wretched ones?

Do we, then, stand so high, so firm and pure,

No blast of Circumstance can shake our throne,

Nor wreck our virtues, solid and secure?

Though we may shuddering shun her brazen stare,

She still can claim fraternity; though she

Sink ever lower with each circling year,

She cannot fall from sisterhood with me.

Who rocked her cradle in the fading light—

Charming to sleep by music's tender spell;

Crooning fair, airy, elfish lullabies

Till o'er the stubborn eyes the white gates fell?

Or did she suck the milk from breasts that lay

'Neath garments old and rent and not too clean;

Her quick lips learn the oath so often heard,

Cheered by loud laughter, midst a brawling scene?

How can we scorn her? 'Twas some trick of Fate's

To place her there—and us more good and high;

Just a mere chance that I wore not her shoes,

Whilst her hands held this pen which now guide I.

Man made her what she is—and Circumstance:

Dear sister, thou hast all eternity

To climb the ladder in; thou canst not fall,

However low, from sisterhood with me.

Or did she, hurried on by hunger's pang

(You have been hungry sometimes, have you not?)

When walking in the fields, the country air—

Sweet hunger, soon appeased and then forgot),

Feel hers bite deeper till she sold her soul?

We had the sun—she, crying in the dark,

Missed the true path; we sat in light with ears

Stopped to her wail, so bear as shameful mark.

This shuddering pang, as though the guilt were ours,

Some measure of it is. And who uphold

The murderous creed that says 'tis right to make

Of bleeding hearts and souls a bridge to gold,

Drag down unborn ones from the starshine fair

Into the mire. Beware, then, how ye speak

For tyrants, lest your words when you are dead

May cause some heart not moulded yet to break.

ETHEL CARNIE.

The desire of beauty is a fixed element in every artistic mind.—WALTER PATER.

WHAT'S WHAT.

And What a Woman is Made Of.

By G. Maidstone.

I have received a charming letter from a Yorkshire factory girl, who says my questions are too hard for her, and asks me to explain the nebula theory "so that she can understand"; because, she continues, "we factory girls know very little, and have not much chance to learn or even to think, but some of us would like to hear something about Nature, if it is only a very little."

So, the nebula theory! H'm!

Walking on the Ceiling.

First let us have a chat about the world.

If a factory girl saw a man walking on the ceiling instead of on the floor, she would be astonished and interested; and a motor-car travelling at two hundred miles an hour would excite her admiration.

But we are all of us walking on our round world like flies on a suspended lamp globe, and our great earth is spinning all the while, and flying as it spins.

Of course, we have all been told that the earth is a globe, and that it revolves on its axis; but have we all realised those facts?

The first time I looked at the moon through a telescope I felt that I had never realised those facts before.

There was a globe, a globe with mountains and valleys on it. I could see the craters of the volcanoes, and the shadows of the hills. And I could see that the globe was hanging up on nothing, and was moving. It was creepy, I assure you.

There was a round world, and behind it, and above it, and below it "the vast void night."

The moon as we see it with the unaided eye looks like a flat silver plate on a blue wall of sky. But the telescope shows it to be round, and to have nothing to rest upon.

The Spinning World.

One begins to think about one's own little race of people, and to wonder.

Now, our world, the world upon which we walk about, and build houses, and play at hop-scotch, and eat our dinners, and go to bed, is a great ball of rock, largely covered with water, and is spinning all the while like a top, at a speed of one thousand miles an hour, and at the same time is rushing round and round the sun, day and night, year after year, age after age, at a speed of one thousand miles a minute.

Imagine a stone cannon ball, twenty-four thousand miles thick, travelling at the rate of fifteen miles a second, and spinning all the time like a rifle bullet. Well, that is the kind of world we live on and walk about on. Makes one giddy to think of, doesn't it?

About the nebula theory.

Out of Fire Mist.

What is a woman made of? We used to say "sugar and spice and all that's nice": is what little girls are made of. But that is poetry, not science.

Women are made of fire mist, or star dust!

According to the nebula theory the world, and the sun, and the planets were once no more than a tremendously large cloud of fire mist. As this mist contracted (closed up) and cooled, it became more solid. As it contracted and thickened it spun; spun like a top. As it spun, a ball formed in the centre with a disk all round it. Just like Saturn with its rings round it; or like a spinning top with a ball in the centre of a kind of plate. Then, gradually, the plate split away from the ball. The ball became the sun, and the plate, after splitting several times, became the planets.

Now, it seems a wild idea that the Atlantic Ocean, Ben Lomond, the crocodile, the elephant, the oak-tree, the rose, THE WOMAN WORKER, the Methodist New Connexion, and Shakespeare's plays have all been made out of fire mist; but it is true that if you were to subject this rocky world, with all its mountains, seas, and cities, to a sufficient heat, it would all melt and expand into blazing gas, and become a fire mist again.

Back Again!

Think of it.

Back again would go Ben Lomond, and the Atlantic, and Leeds, and Paris, and King Edward, and Ethel Carnie, and Shakespeare's plays, and the Italian opera, and the British fleet, and the birds, beasts, flowers, and little children into the elements from which they were evolved; and the world would be once more a cloud of fire mist, what is called a nebula.

So the factory girl is not made of sugar and spice; she is made of something nobler and more wonderful. She is made of fire and force, and science is more poetical than poetry.

This, of course, is only a very free and rough sketch of the nebula theory.

What I want my friend the Yorkshire factory girl to realise is that the sun, and the planets, and the earth were all made in the same way and of the same material. That there are millions and millions of suns; that there are nebulae in many stages of formation, so that the telescope and the photograph show us thousands of suns in the making; and that it must have taken an immense time, probably millions of millions of years, to evolve the fire mist into women and men.

All About It.

Go to an encyclopædia and read the articles on the Nebula Theory, on Evolution, and on Protoplasm.

Then get, if you can, Sir Robert Ball's book, "The Earth's Beginning," published by Cassell and Co.; and you will begin to see what a wonderful being you are, and what a wonderful universe you live in.

Look at the moon, the planets, and the nebulae through a telescope; spend a few hours over the encyclopædia; and you will find that you have discovered a new world, and that life means more to you than it ever meant before.

THE NEW WORLD.

In the days when the world is new, my dear,

That we may not live to see,
I hope they will never let fall a tear
For the world as it used to be;
And the tale of the ill man did to man—
May they never believe it true
That we lived by such a senseless plan,
In the days when the world is new.

Maybe they will study our stupid strife
In the light of that distant time,
As we muse on the primal forms of life
That crept when the world was slime;
And will not know that the red blood ran

In hearts that were brave and true,
The hearts that believed in a better man—
In the days when the world is new.

Then each will give of the best in him
And take as of right his share;
The men will be tall and straight of limb,

The women will all be fair,
And every child shall share the bliss
Now known to the favoured few,
Nor dream there was ever an age like this—

In the days when the world is new.
D. HURN.

SPOILERS OF HUMANITY.

Live and let live is the motto as between us and our administrative masters, if not exactly between us and our white slaves. And, Lord! Lord! how we can lie for the good of the trade!

Our factory, in truth, is a great spoiler of humanity, and especially of the weaker vessel. It seems to have the same destructive appetite for the latter as some monsters of fable. Their youth and freshness is but raw material; we turn them out as hags in no time—the manufactured article. Alas for their fleeting show of white and red!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budding roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
Within those bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires:
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

Ah, the pity of things marred—blossoms trampled by the hoofs of swine, girlhood cheated of its day!

Some of them, like Nance, bear it in silence, feeling that it is the price of "keeping respectable." Some snatch their beauty, so to speak, and hurry with it to the market for what it may still fetch as damaged ware. Others co-operate with the spoiler in his rage for results, and make for the dram shop, as though they cannot keep the nails from their own flesh. What do I not see, what do I not hear, when once conscience is roused from its torpor of use and wont!

RICHARD WHITEING.

A BARD AT THE BRAES.

By Margaret McMillan.

Miss Margaret Bondfield's sketch of Mr. Balfour has suggested that your readers may like to hear about the crofters, and particularly about a woman who worked for them with great success years before there was a Labour Party in the House, and whose name is a household word in the Highlands.

In the Island of Skye there is a narrow road, marked by wheels but seldom by footsteps, that leads from Portree to a group of crofter villages known as the Braes. It winds round hills and slopes, which are clad in August and September in a royal mantle of purple, and flanked always by the sombre mass of Glamaig and the spurs of the Cuchullins.

Here, on fine September days, the air is honey-scented. Hurrying little brooks glance between the heather-fringed banks. Near the water the ferns are touched with gold; and far off on the opposite hills, where the oats are still green, there is a gay dancing of wild marigolds.

Nowhere, perhaps, does Nature indulge in such a riot of colour as in Skye; the Island of Clouds, when summer bids farewell.

One September day in the early eighties a woman was walking along this road to the Braes. She was not young or beautiful. She had passed her sixtieth birthday, and was stout and rather unwieldy. Dressed in homely tweed, which she had herself spun, carded, woven, and fashioned, and with heavy shoes on her feet and a mutch and woollen hood on her head, she looked what she was—a poor, thrifty crofter woman. But her face was comely and kind, though to-day a heavy cloud rested on it, and her bare hands, while seamed and hardened by work, were of extraordinary beauty.

This was Mary MacPherson—or, to quote the people of the Braes, Mairi nighean Ian Ban mic Aongas Og (Mary the daughter of John the Fair, the son of Young Angus). She was the last of the Celtic bards whose name has caught the ear of the outer world. But the Hebrides are full of singers.

It is strange—is it not?—to see how Nature will not give us the things we scramble for. There is Fame, for example, and intellect and genius—how people jostle and scramble for these in cities. In the Western Isles of Scotland there are people who do not strive for them, and lo! Nature drops priceless jewels among them—gives them bards and gives them intellectual Titans. The number of eminent men who come out of the Isles is twelve times greater in proportion to the population than from any other part of Scotland.

Mary cannot read, and yet she is the author of "In the Glen where I was Young." It is said to be a beautiful poem even in the English translation.

One charm of the moorland road is its unexpectedness. You round a heathery slope and behold a new vista. It was after hours of walking that Mairi came suddenly on one of the fairest scenes

that can be looked on even in Skye. She turned the knoll below Ben-Lee, and saw below her the bay glistening in the sunlight.

On the slope of the hill opposite, a little village hung like a spider's thread over a precipice. But the road went up and still upward, rising at last above a sheer precipice, at whose base the waves thundered and broke in clouds of spray. Like a mere ledge, indeed, the road was; for above it rose another precipice, dark and threatening, with bog-grass hanging from its summit.

Mairi gazed long at this path. She looked up and saw the torn and trodden grass. She saw the heavy stones lying on the path, which was trodden and ploughed up by heavy feet.

A battle had been fought here only a week ago—a battle between armed police on the path and a few angry crofters on the heights. There was still blood on the stones and grass.

Suddenly the old woman turned, put her hand to her brow, and peered through the white haze beyond the bay. Dark shapes loomed in that whiteness. They could not be the outlines of hills. What were they? In a moment the truth flashed in on her.

They were men-of-war. Seven of them, brought here to terrify the villagers.

There were men-of-war at the Braes—also at Dunvegan and Tiree. They were brought to terrify the men. They did not terrify even the children. If Mairi, gazing at them, felt chilled, it was not fear, but sorrow, that invaded her heart. She knew that, like all the great bards, she could make the landlords quail with her songs.

In the little house at the dip of the hill a woman, whose husband was a ringleader, sat near the peat fire spinning. She had her head bound up, and her face was very pale, for she had been struck, not once but twice, by a policeman. Mairi saluted her in a loud voice as she entered the house; but the black-haired, handsome young wife did not answer her. She pointed silently to a chair, and went on with her spinning.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mairi.

"Hurt?" said the other coldly. "No. It's nothing. This is nothing."

"Don't talk like that, mo ghoal," said Mairi, in the soft Gaelic. "You may not see it, but the bright day is coming."

The woman shook her head. "No," she said in Gaelic, "we are beasts of burden—nothing more."

This was true in a sense. The mothers of Isles women made roads, and were saddled like pack ponies with stones, kneeling to receive the load. But Mairi looked at Morag, and that strange, triumphant power and hope which is Genius arose in her heart, and she felt the well-springs of joy below the roots of sorrow.

In the same moment a crowd of children appeared at the door, and ran joyfully into the kitchen. And gay voices began to shout through the township and around the bothy.

"Mairi! Mairi an Oram has come!" For the children of Skye always called her "Mary of the Songs."

A VISION.

The woman was young, in the beautiful youth of those who are not of these worlds. On her face, fair with charity, sweet with loving kindness, there was the trouble of something unfulfilled. Her eyes, which mirrored the passionate tenderness of her heart, were intent upon somewhat I could not see: some goal within the sunlit greenery, beyond the dim vistas of misty light, of verdurous gloom; or, perhaps, upon horizons I could not discern.

I should have taken her for a vision, a spirit, but that I saw how womanly sweet she was. The white soul within her was known of every dumb or dwarfed soul among those glad bondagers of her spell, from the falcon to the rabbits which leaped before her way like living surf. Moreover, she could see and hear what mortal eyes and ears could; for suddenly she caught sight of the dying gull. Swift as a wave she was beside it. With deft hands she eased the broken wing; with gentle touch she stilled the fierce pulsation. The bird looked upon her as he might have scanned a sunlit sky.

A new light came into his eyes: a thrill shook his now elastic body, and though death darkened his life, the spirit which had animated him was set free, and was borne seaward by the wind.

As she rose, for she had kneeled to lay the white body where the swift chemistry of air and light would work the wise corruption of the lifeless into new life, I recognised the face.

She was one whom I had loved and honoured, whom I love and honour: a woman so wrought by the tragic pain of the weak and helpless that, like one whom she had followed blindly from afar, she daily laid down her life in order that she might be as balm here, and here might save, and at all times and in all places be a messenger of redemption which man must make in spirit and deed for the incalculable wrong which he has done to that sacred thing he most values—life.

I know not now what that sea was, where that forest is. But I dream, O Sister of Compassion, what was the mysterious voice of the one whispered in your ears, what the confused murmur of the other echoed in your heart.

I know not, but I dream, and I think the forest is that dark wood of human life, that *silva oscura* of living death or dying life which Dante saw with awe: and the sea, that ocean of mystery which involves us with a regenerating air, with a life that is not our own, with horizons of promise, and dim perspectives of inalienable hope. Where is the goal you hungered for with those intent eyes, O Sister of Compassion; what the end, whither the way?

WILLIAM SHARP.

This world is magicked with beauty; but we have no fair sight of it, except in happy hours a glimpse now and then. Let us be conscious of it, and we cannot be ignoble.—"The Life Class."

It was proposed in Laputa that petitioners should "have liberty to tweak ministers by the nose, tread on their corns, lug their ears, and run pins into their breeches, as reminders."

WOMEN AND SOCIAL CHANGE.

By Keighley Snowden.

The Editor has handed over to me a letter which appears to come from a woman—a respectable, middle-class woman, who does her duty in the station to which it has pleased God to call her. So the letter seems to say.

She regrets to inform the Editor that THE WOMAN WORKER, from beginning to end, is Drivel—with a capital D.

"Such nonsense about time for reading!" she remarks. "What does more knowledge mean but more unhappiness? The happiest people I know in any walk of life are those who know least. I, who want to know everything, and can see no sense or justice in anything, am—or should be if I allowed myself to be—one of the unhappiest."

Two or three pages lower down she says further: "I have no hope for women; they are either vicious or fools. And women Socialists are both, or they would never tolerate the men they do."

Now, I think this letter important. It is written in evident good faith, and signed "B. H. Derry." There are personal confessions in it, and arguments; and the confessions and arguments are all of a piece, all firm and consistent. It represents honestly, and very well, a great deal of middle-class female opinion, and is, in fact, a letter so typical, so instructive, so very significant, that I am glad to have it.

Knowledge Wicked.

The letter must be taken to mean what it says. Being women, you are either vicious or fools. In order not to be vicious one must be a fool; if not a fool, one must be vicious. Unless you are Socialists. Then you may be both.

B. H. Derry is not a Socialist, and I think she is a woman. Also, I gather that she is not a fool, but a sensible person.

"Socialists," she says, "always talk as if every frothy-mouthed fool who calls him or herself a Socialist was necessarily a saint"—being a fool, he or she would not, in fact, be "vicious" according to the syllogism—"whereas all sensible persons know that they are one degree worse than ordinary people who live quiet, decent lives, content to do their best to keep their homes going in peace, comfort, and happiness."

Being, then, a woman, and no Socialist, and not a fool, Mrs. Derry—well, to put it in her way, she would be one of the unhappiest "if she allowed herself."

I consider this a quite wonderful old-world letter. It contains the fine old sensible, quiet, decent, peaceful, comfortable, and happy idea that knowledge is a thing to be shunned, a source of unhappiness and vice. Here is this idea from the hoary Middle Ages all alive and kicking in the breast of a respectable middle-class English woman of to-day, who keeps her servants and "always tries to be a friend"; and so, reading THE WOMAN WORKER, with its copious quotations from the great writers and thinkers who have prized wisdom above rubies, she finds it Drivel from beginning to end.

And she has "no hope for women." Or men either, for that matter.

Human Nature Too.

Let us look into this mediæval mind a little; because, after all, we have to reckon with a great many minds like it.

She is not unhappy, she says. Evidently she finds not being a fool rather trying; but at this I cannot wonder. Mrs. Derry has a real and energetic conviction of "original sin." I think that what has prompted her to write, as a sensible person opposed to knowledge, is the appeal for mercy to Daisy Lord; and not being unhappy, she protests:

Like all Socialist papers, it ignores human nature. Is anyone fool enough to think that Blatchford and all these creatures have never been responsible for throwing a waif on the world? Who is responsible for one-third of our floating population? Men, men!—and those who pose as sanctimonious saints are the worst of all.

All these men and women prigs who are so busy telling everybody how they should live: what of their own lives? Their children are left to others to look after. . . . How I hate all this humbug!

Do you now begin to see how consistent the letter is?

A woman who avows this opinion of her fellow-creatures, women and men alike, and who is yet not unhappy—who will not "allow herself to be"—is hard-hearted inevitably. Conversely, a hard-hearted woman must needs think ill of her fellow-creatures, or she might love them.

I particularly want to know why you don't insist that to bring a little life into the world unwanted and unprovided for is the deadliest sin that anyone can be guilty of.

Daisy Lord's poor weakness was deadlier sin than the offence for which she suffered sentence of death. A point we all evade, with a guilty toleration.

With Exceptions.

I do not know if human nature was more ignored in this matter or in publishing a report of the Birmingham meeting of domestic servants. But motives are always mixed. Mrs. Derry is not only a quiet, decent person; she is a mistress, content to keep her home going "in peace, comfort, and happiness." So she runs on in mere self-defence:

Again, the drivel about domestic service. What does the average servant know of her work; nothing. She can't cook an egg or a potato. I have had my servants years. I always try and be a friend. If their work is done they can go out every day as a rule, unless we happen to be extra busy. I often don't go out for several days together. Gadding is not my ideal of happiness.

So there are exceptions—or there is an exception—to the depravity of human nature. There is one without sin among us to cast the first stone.

Well, for my part I would rather be a Socialist and a sinner than such a quiet and decent person as Mrs. Derry. I would rather be a driveller with the humanists than so sensible. I would rather be vicious, and tolerated by women Socialists, than be such a friend.

And, as Mrs. Derry desires it, I will tell her why next week.

ANY JONATHAN TO ANY DAVID.

Because a wench's eyes are grey
(Or are they brown—or blue?),
Or that she hath a honeyed way
Of being tart with you;
Because her amorous lips are curled
In witching wantonness,
Wilt thou forget the good green world,
And thine own manliness,
To dance to every whimsy air
A siren's voice may sing?
Behold, the fowler spreads the snare;
The goose is on the wing.

What though to kiss be her delight,
Wilt kiss and be betrayed?
What though the stabbing hand be
white,
Wilt bless the bitter blade?
Or should a low caressing voice
Breathe subtle melodies,
Wilt set thine ears ajar of choice
To poisoned flatteries?
'Twere better to be deaf and blind
Than falsely hear and see,
So whistle the white witch down the
wind
And take the road with me.

The charm of river, vale, and hill,
Of white clouds laced with gold,
'Tis not within a woman's will
To give or to withhold.
How sweet so e'er thy lady's eyes,
How cold so e'er her breast,
Yet we shall see the Dawn Star rise
And the red sun sink to rest.
Dame Fortune's wheel may swerve and
reel,
If only ours run true,
And grim old Death shall catch his
breath
Ere he catch me or you.

R. PERL.

WHY "SOCIETY" DRESSES.

Once when I was staying in the country with a young married couple, the conversation turned upon dress. The husband and I had been school-fellows, I had known his wife many years before he met her, so we could talk without restraint. He complained that the dressmakers were playing havoc with his comfortable income, and went on to say that he liked his wife best in her simplest costumes. "My dear boy," she said to him at last, more in sorrow than in anger, "when shall I be able to teach you that women don't dress for men, they dress against other women?" I have asked women if this is true, and they don't attempt to deny it.

I was at a wonderful performance of "Aida" a few nights ago. I had been dining with a friend, who took me in time for the third act to the box of one of his relations. Before the curtain rose I remarked the splendour of the occasion, and the lady to whom I spoke swept the auditorium rapidly with her glasses. "Yes, they are singing very well," she replied, "but there is hardly a soul in the house." It was a cry from the heart: she wore a very brilliant but most unbecoming load of sparkling ornaments, and the implied challenge provoked but a small response!

"MEMORIES AND MUSIC."

ONE WAY OF LOVING.

When a woman loves she humbles herself, and every prostration is matter for an ecstasy. Her love returned, she ventures to be proud; but this is against the grain. It is more blessed to give. Just now Isoult was on the verge of her freedom. There was no doubt about his present docility, but could she dare to mould it? She must woo, she saw; dare she trail this steel-armed lord of battles, this grim executioner, this trumpet of God, as a led child by her girdle-ribbons? Her superiority sparkled so hard and frosty-bright that she began to pity him; and so the maid was thawed to be the mother of her man.

When her ride grew broad, and ran like a spit into a lake of soft dark, she stopped. There was moss here, there were lichened heather-roots, rowan bushes, and a ring of slim birches, silver-shafted, feather-crowned, and light; more than all, there was a little pool of water which two rills fed.

"We will stay here," said Isoult. Prosper dismounted and helped her down. She felt him trembling as he held her, whereat her courage rose clear and high.

"I will disarm you"—had she not done it, indeed!—"and dress your hurts. Then you shall rest and I look at you at last."

"I am not much hurt. We could well go on."

"Nay, you must let me do as I will now. I must disarm you. 'Tis my right."

She did it, kneeling at his knees or

standing before him. For once he was that delight of a woman in love, her plaything, her toy—her baby, in a word. She girdled him with her arms at need; her fingers, busy in neck or cheek-pieces, unlaced the helm.

"Now kneel." He obeyed her, and she grew tenderly deft over his wounds. She washed them clean, bound them up with strips torn from her skirt. She pushed back his hair from eyes and brows, and washed him clean of blood and sweat and rage. Her petticoat was her towel; she would have used her hair, but that she dared not lose command of herself and him. She wished for once to draw him, not to be drawn.

She knelt down on the moss, touching her lap meaningly as she did so. "Rest here," said the gesture; "rest here, my dear heart," said the smile that flew with it.

He knelt beside her—all went well up to this. But the pure light came flowing through a rent in the trees, and she caught his look upon her. She tried, but could not meet it. Then it befel her that she would not meet it if she could.

Prosper took something from his breast.

"Look," he said, as he held it up. She watched it quivering in the moonbeams; her eyes brimmed; she grew blush-red, divinely ashamed.

"Hold your hand out," said Prosper. She had risen to her knees; they were kneeling face to face, very near. Now she held out her left hand and let him crown it. He held on—alas! he was growing master every minute.

"Isoult."

"Yes."

"Oh, my dear love, Isoult! Now I shall wed thee, Isoult the much-desired."

Love was awake and crying between the pair. He drew her nearer; kissed her on the eyes and on the mouth.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

SWEET ALICE.

I would not ask a greater gift than this—

To be as sweet and lovable as thou. It seems as though some passing angel's kiss

Had left its blessing on thine open brow.

Thy blue eyes, tender as an April sky, Look out on life with sweetest sympathy,

And those who near their radiance wander by

Are better in that they have looked on thee.

Soft fair brown hair, a crown of beauty where

A greater crown yet rests to make thee queen;

Love, gentleness, and truth would make thee fair

Hadst thou of even lesser beauty been.

Sweet Alice! to have known thee is delight,

An angel making life's dull ways most bright.

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

TO A SCOTCH PROVOST.
On the Pathos of a Great City.

To the Honourable, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Lord Lieutenant of the County, Sir William Bilsland.—Sir:

You have, I notice, coined a new motto for the city of which you are chief magistrate. At a time when trade is depressed, and twenty thousand bread-winners walk unemployed about the streets, the old motto, "Let Glasgow Flourish," is not without a touch of grim satire. So you have given this new watchword to St. Mungo's citizens, "Let All Help."

There is much to be said for the new rendering.

I know you are yourself sincerely anxious to help the workless, to relieve the present distress. The City Council and an unemployed deputation saw you break into tears as the story of suffering was unfolded. These tears were worthy of you, my Lord Provost. They spoke of a heart keenly alive to misery and pain.

And, indeed, the present condition of Glasgow might well make men and angels weep.

For days rain has fallen pitilessly. Snell and biting winds have swept the streets. I have walked through mean alleys and have met a human tragedy at every turn—listless, shuffling men whose bodies seem to have shrunk inside their clothes; thinly-clad women whose faces are seared and lined by anxiety and hunger.

Hundreds tramp the by-lanes at night, homeless and destitute. House-agents evict families who cannot pay rent. Hundreds, being denied other resting-place, find a nightly haven in the police cells; others find a hard bed in the brick works round the city, or a cold couch on the stairs of tenements.

It would move a heart of stone to see those drenched, dreary figures limping aimlessly out of the night into the night.

Many shipyards and engineering works are well-nigh idle. Fine, strong-built fellows vainly plead for work. Saturday follows Saturday, bringing no work or wages. Every day 500 additional citizens register themselves as being unemployed. At the conference in your Banqueting Hall, you yourself admitted that 80,000 Glasgow people—men, women, and children—were in distress. I had an authenticated case brought to my notice in which one family, having pawned all else to buy bread—chairs, table, pictures—were last week driven to dispose of the blankets from the bed.

These are terrible facts, my Lord Provost.

The unemployed—or a section of them—have been blamed for indulging in wild talk, in unruly conduct. A royal prince was hissed. The Council Chamber was stormed. A march was made on the Cathedral and on the West End. But no damage was done, apart from that inflicted by the batons of the police.

I hate violence and disorder. I hate, still more deeply, the vile inequalities that breed them.

Need we be surprised, my Lord Pro-

vest, that some of the sufferers are almost reckless and desperate? You can see them trudging along Sauchiehall Street and Buchanan Street, thinking, perhaps, of wan, pinched faces at home. In those attractive windows, are costly furs, and curious antiques, and trinkets of gold, and pearl, and diamond, any one of which will sell at a price that would supply the workman's family with the needs of life for a full twelve months.

The food, and boots, and clothes, and furniture that overstock these great establishments may have been made by the very workers since flung into the bottomless pit of unemployment and despair.

To end the possibility of lawlessness we must remove all causes rooted in injustice and oppression. Would you have the unemployed accept their hard lot as if it were an act of God?

And then the women.

Up to now they have been stoical and patient in their hopelessness. When trouble came, they bore it as those who attribute all to Fate. A new heaven works. These questions are looked at from a new standpoint. They begin to understand that they are wageless and hungry because the necessities of life are gambled with for private gain.

Hence, my Lord Provost, you have had deputations representing unemployed women—tailoresses, dressmakers, milliners—offering you suggestions as to the opening of municipal work-rooms. You have seen workless women demonstrating in St. George's Square. The women are awake. They are asking the right to live from a community which refuses them the right to die.

To this statement of the case you will doubtless reply that every available agency has been set in motion to cope with the distress.

You have personally opened a fund, which within a fortnight realised some £14,000, and promises to realise much more. Press and Church and theatre are aiding in various ways. The committee have decided to open the soup kitchens a fortnight earlier than last year. Your fund will mainly, if not entirely, be spent in tickets for the purchase of provisions.

I do not seek to depreciate the kindness of heart which prompts these various activities. We cannot stand by and see the people starve.

But are you certain you are going the right way to work? Can a crisis so far-reaching and acute be bridged over by gifts of cast-off clothing and charitable soup? There are hundreds of proud Scotch families who would as lief die as accept the dreaded dole.

May I respectfully suggest, my Lord Provost, that what the unemployed of Glasgow need is work and wages?

Is not work possible? Labourers by the hundred are idle; yet the Master of Works has told us he could profitably expend £100,000 in widening and improving streets, in making and mending pavements. Masons, plumbers, de-

corators are on the books of their societies; yet thousands of your townsmen are overcrowded in slum dwellings, unsightly to look at and unhealthy to live in. Families are half-starved, and bakers are unemployed. Children run without shoes or stockings in bitter days; and bootmakers and hosiers cannot get employment.

That is the real problem, Sir William Bilsland. Until the problem of wealth distribution and the better organisation of industry is grappled with, the number of the unemployed will increase despite a hundred charitable agencies.

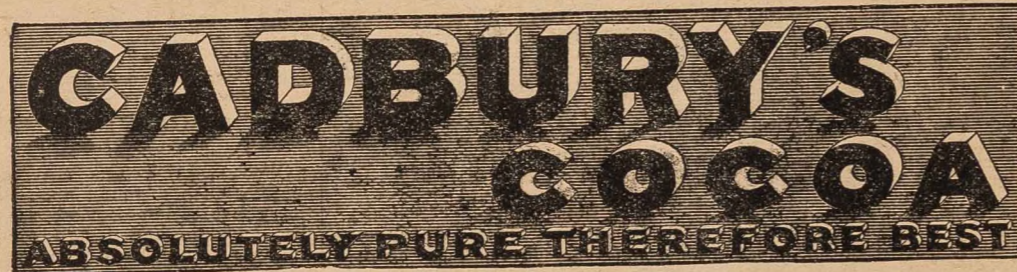
Monopolies and vested interests block the way. The life and well-being of thousands are of less consequence than a glutted market, or a Stock Exchange deal.

Will you tell the citizens of Glasgow so? They need a clear, strong lead. It will not gain you cheap applause. Prophetic words and wise deeds are seldom applauded. But you will stand out as a Provost who fearlessly spoke the truth in respect to industrial problems, who pointed his people toward the promised land.—I am, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM C. ANDERSON.

SEX ANTAGONISM.

It is the fashion in some excited circles to arraign the tyrant man, and to compassionate the servitude of unhappy woman. Such heroics have no relation to the realities of life. Some of our feminist champions talk for all the world as though the two sexes were separate races, women descending merely from women, and men from men. We do not believe in these theories of sex antagonism. Man and woman are not equal; they are unlike. In many respects woman is immeasurably nobler and loftier than man; in some things she is inferior to him. There is a good deal of human nature about both; each has a share of human virtues; ay, and of human frailties, too.—"Daily Chronicle."



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A FACTORY MOTHER. How She Lives in Lancashire.

By James Haslam.

Mary is a type of hundreds. She went to the mill at ten years of age as a half-timer, married at twenty, and, being kept at home on 21s. a week, saw her first-born grow in health and strength, and for a time was happy. But before a second child came to the rugless hearth the father, employed in a foundry, lost his work.

He was unemployed for five months, and he grew desperate, then indifferent; from anxiety he turned to drink. As Mary puts it, "He hasn't made more, on an average, ner seven shillin' a wick for near on twenty year!"

So the larder has been replenished by Mary.

And what a twenty years it has been to her! Back to the mill pregnant, she has been a slave to the spindles ever since, so that her children should be fed and clothed and warmly housed. The noble purpose has not always been carried out; but Mary has done her best.

Her Sins.

Mary has committed all the sins that John Burns would lay against her. She has had ten children, and six have died. She has torn each child from the breast and put it on the "bottle," and sent it out to nurse. And, figuratively speaking, as she went to the mill her children went to the grave.

She lives in a locality of factory mothers—who have nearly filled a neighbouring churchyard with the bodies of their children. It is a locality where babies have died in their first year at the rate of 300 per thousand of those born, whilst half the children born are nailed in coffins before school age.

Mary is left with four children who are too young to work. There will soon be five. One is a cripple, one has defective eyes, another has difficulty in hearing. And her husband has reached the stage when he may be considered "unemployable."

What is Mary's "day"?

Eighteen Hours.

She rises at five o'clock, to do something for her children before she hurries to the mill. She must be in the card-room at ten minutes to six, ready for the starting of the engine. At eight, the whirr of wheels ceases for half an hour. As the engine slackens, she says, "I've for t' throw on my shawl an' hurry whoam to see as t' childer get a bit o' brekfast, an' for t' ger 'em off to t' school." An' then it's time for me to run back.

When does she get her breakfast? Well, she takes a slice or two of bread and cheese with her, and nibbles at it whilst the "flies" swirl round and round.

Comes the dinner hour, from 12.30 to 1.30; and Mary makes another sharp "sprint home." Hastily she prepares the meal, stitches on a button, patches a pair of trousers, or gives a dose of medicine. The warning "buzzer" calls her back.

She is shut in the mill again till half-past five. Then begins the evening's work at home.

There is the tea to be got ready, the pots and pans and dishes to be cleaned, or the house itself "redded up," or clothes washed, or stitched and mending to be done, or baking, or one of a score of other things that combine to make a slavery of home as tiring as that of the mill.

"I'm lucky," she says, "if I get to bed by eleven o'clock at neet."

Mary's daily work extends to eighteen hours!

For Life.

And it goes on from day to day, week to week, month to month, year to year—except when there is a strike or another addition to the family. Then, if not already so, the circumstances of the home become lamentable and tragic.

When Mary is "in full working order" she gets 21s. per week. She pays 3s. 6d. for rent, 2s. for coal, 1s. to doctor's account, 1s. for gas, 1s. for milk, 10d. for insurance, 3d. to the trade union. Her income, reckoned at 48 weeks to the year, amounts to £50; out of this she has about 10s. per week left with which to feed and clothe herself, her husband, and her four children. How she has kept that up for twenty years, and borne ten children, and carried six to the churchyard, heaven only knows! But she has kept it up; and will keep it up, she says, as long as her limbs hold together.

Fits of depression do come over her. I have heard her say, "I wish I were dead—an' in t' grave you wi' my own mother. Mine's nobbut a dug's life!" I have seen her sigh as if her heart would break.

I know why. She dreaded the birth of her next child; shuddered to think how it would be dragged out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, and hurried to the arms of a day foster-mother; trembled with anxiety to think of the expense and the care it would bring to her. She weeps sometimes; for she loves her children.

The Next Generation.

And, strange to say—perhaps the strangest of all—poor Mary has not come to the shrine of Socialism!

"I put the matter to her, and she said, 'I hannot time for t' think abeawt them things—an' I mun try to petch up some clooas for eawr litle Mary, what'll soon be ready to gooa to t' mill as a haave-timer.'"

Alas! Little Mary has begun the same sad round of life.

There is a sort of opinions foreign both to the age and to the country, that maintain a feeble and buzzing existence—scarce to be called life—like winter flies, which in mild weather crawl out from obscure nooks and crannies to expatiate in the sun.—LOWELL.

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

She was English by birth, and English also in her tastes and feelings. Her face was handsome, her port majestic, her temper sweet and lively, her manners affable and graceful. There was no want of feminine wit and shrewdness in her conversation; and her letters were so well expressed that they deserved to be well spelt. She took much pleasure in the lighter kinds of literature, and did something towards bringing books into fashion among ladies of quality. She was singularly free from censoriousness, and discouraged scandal as much as vice. In dislike of back-biting, indeed, she and her husband cordially agreed; but they showed that dislike in different and characteristic ways. William preserved profound silence, and gave the talebearer a look which, as was said by a person who had once encountered it, and who took care never to encounter it again, made your story go back down your throat. Mary had a way of interrupting tattle.

MACAULAY.

THE MUTCH.

Oh, that I could sing the pæan of the white mutch (and the dirge of the elaborate black cap) from the day when she called witchcraft to her aid and made it out of snow-flakes, and the dear, worn hands that washed it tenderly in a basin, and the starching of it, and the finger-iron for its exquisite frills that looked like curls of sugar, and the sweet bands with which it tied beneath the chin! The honoured snowy mutch, how I love to see it smiling to me from the doors and windows of the poor; it is always smiling—sometimes maybe a wavering, wistful smile, as if a tear-drop lay hidden among the frills. A hundred times I have taken the characterless cap from my mother's head and put the mutch in its place and tied the bands beneath her chin, while she protested, but was well pleased. For in her heart she knew what suited her best, and would admit it, beaming, when I put a mirror into her hands and told her to look; but nevertheless the cap cost no less than so-and-so, whereas—Was that a knock at the door? She is gone, to put on her cap!

J. M. BARRIE.

UNEMPLOYED TEACHERS.

Writing to the "Daily Chronicle" on the subject of unemployed teachers, Mr. W. Hurden, of the National Union of Teachers, makes a serious statement, if not a new one.

He says that according to Board of Education statistics there were in the year 1906-7 56,044 certificated women teachers, 32,402 uncertificated teachers, 17,358 supplementary teachers, and 1,744 provisional assistant teachers. Thus, out of a total staff of 107,546 adult women teachers, 56,044 are fully qualified and 51,502 are not.

This arrangement, he points out, is sanctioned by the Board of Education, and large numbers of unqualified and partially qualified women are now being admitted to teach in the schools, in accordance with the code of regulations, while many fully certificated teachers cannot obtain employment.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR. About John Smith.*

John Smith is a practical man. He does not read poetry or novels; or go to the theatre; or understand such a fuss as some folks make of music. But about all these he has his opinions. Indeed, he has firmer opinions than you and I have—because he is so practical. He asserts them freely for the same reason. John Smith has courage.

Not that he will die for them. Dying is not a practical way of doing things. We may die for ours if we like it, but John Smith will be neither surprised nor much impressed. He knows we have not his, and that will explain the eccentricity for him. It will do nothing else. He is comfortably safe against all common persuasions.

How good women feel about him I don't know. Some of them manage him, and so, I suppose, they love him. That, for me, is one proof of my inferiority to some women. I can't love John Smith.

If the truth were known, I probably resent his presence on the planet. He prevents me from being an altruist. If the other inhabitants of the planet were all John Smiths and their sisters they would no doubt have to hang me; and yet, as things are, I am such a peaceable citizen that I have passed my whole life in avoiding John Smith. When he has come into a railway carriage and talked I have always got out. Not, of course, before the next station; but it seems to me that any other man must be more amusing.

For these reasons I feel it natural and right that a book addressed to John Smith for his edification should have been purchased by two million people. I think it a cheerful fact. The book is properly entitled "Merrie England," because it must be gladdening everybody who knows John Smith.

A new edition of this book seems to call for a welcome in THE WOMAN WORKER. By whatever arts and cajoleries the women who know Mr. Smith contrive to manage him, they

should be glad, I think, to see him fairly tackled.

Suppressing a cowardly exultation which would be offensive, I should like first of all to say that I admire the author's kindness and great patience, with a positive humility. Very sincerely I feel myself rebuked for so many evasions. John Smith seems to have been a reasonable sort of man if one had known how to take him, and not so very different from oneself. I remember entertaining some of his prejudices.

Carlyle said that "not one in the thousand has the smallest turn for thinking; only a turn for passive dreaming and hearsaying, and active babbling by vote." This comes home to me.

"Merrie England" will not alter a man's composition, but it may change his disposition. Unable still to love John Smith like a brother, or cheerfully to contemplate dispute with him, I can now endure him. He has got this book to read now or later; I suspect him of having it in his pocket; and I have no doubt of its efficacy to change the disposition even of John Smith. For it shows him in the plainest manner that the ideas about politics and trade and life which he had picked up haphazard, and hitherto supposed to be his own, are an edifice without foundations. And it supplies him with a foundation and other ideas.

It is intensely and exclusively practical. An idealist and an artist wrote it; yet in this book there is not a word or an argument outside a practical man's range of thinking; there is no rhetoric and nothing immoderate. It is talk as plain as any heard on a market day or in a counting house. It is talk as deliberately ordered as the stones in a building.

And yet it is new talk to John Smith, and more than a little surprising.

One cannot find a passage in which the whole purport of the book is contained, or condense its argument in an epigram. It is condensed already; its 252 pages are packed as 252 pages never were before; the workmanship recalling those fine buildings of the ancients where every stone fitted so perfectly that there was no need of mortar.

The only course open to a reviewer is to select a passage as typical of the style. I take one dealing with the belief that some men at least, if not all, grow rich by their unaided industry. Say some inventors, or some writers:

I am a writer. I write a story, and I sell it to the public. Suppose I can, by the sale of many copies, secure a large sum of money. Am I justified in calling that money mine; in asserting, as so many men do assert, that I have earned the money by my own industry and talent, and that therefore it belongs to me alone, by right? I don't know what you think, John Smith, but I know that I have not done that work without help, and that in justice I must pay back to all men what they have lent me.

What have they lent me? They have lent me all that I have and all that I am. Who taught me to read, and to write? Who suckled me, nursed me, clothed me, fed me, cured me of my fevers and other ailments? Where did I get my ideas, my thoughts, my power, such as it is, of literary arrangement, form and style?

I tell you frankly that I don't know. What do I owe to Solomon, to Shakespeare, to Rabelais, to Carlyle, to Dickens; to a hundred other writers? What do I owe to personal friends; to school-masters, to the people I have rubbed shoulders and touched hands with all these years? What do I owe to the workshop, to the army, to the people of the inns, the churches, the newspaper offices, the markets, and the slums? I don't know. I can only tell you that these people have made me what I am and have taught me all I know.

Now, could I even write a story after all my learning and being and suffering, if I had not fellow-creatures to write about? Could I have written "The Ramchunders" if I had not served with soldiers, or "My Sister," if there had been no unfortunate, desperate women in our streets?

I owe a debt, then, to the living and the dead. You may say that I cannot pay the dead. But suppose the dead have left heirs!

There is an "awful justice" in such a book to arrest and command.

I do not hesitate to say that "Merrie England," selling by the millions as it utterly deserves to do, is one of the great books of all time.

It re-states the human problem, and states with entire cogency the just solution of that problem. Nothing opposes it but John Smith's prejudice and dulness and self-assured indifference, to which qualities it is expressly and irresistibly directed. Some day they will give stability to a new age.

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POWDERS

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXVI.
Two Letters.

After all, the forced manner of his breaking with her seemed unnatural, and left with Enoch small content because it was not kindly managed.

Had he at heart believed the breach to be final, there were moments that day and the next when his resolution must have yielded to panic; for he was not unaware that, so far, he had failed of his true purpose, and that, in doing violence to his affection, he might have surrendered the treasure of his heart to a scamp. But the conviction that Barbara would seek a reconciliation helped him to hold out. To have acted resolutely was a great appeasement, and he could always sound the loud timbrel over Mr. Prince Varley, whose single-minded pursuit of his hat and stick in a crisis appealed irresistibly to his sense of humour.

For the rest, he had no doubts of his pretension to govern her in such a matter. Not self-reproach distressed him, but the natural horror and fret of a violated sentiment; and this, no doubt, would have passed away quite easily had Barbara owned him right.

But Barbara's quick displeasure was deep-seated. She had never been so roughly handled; she saw herself horribly the victim of a crazy boy, who had left her without caring in the least what shame and perplexity he had brought upon her. He amazed her. Oh, she was wise not to think of marrying! Such a revelation of the egoism in passion left her cold.

And of perplexity and shame she underwent a great deal in the endeavour to put herself right with the worthless Varley.

Say what she would, Barbara could not be sure that this offended suitor acquitted her of blame for Enoch's hidden presence. He took her word about it instantly, but with a rather alarming return of his "little puss" manner, which might be very kind, but suggested that she did not deal quite frankly with him.

The truth was, of course, that upon hearing the name, "Mr. Watson," he supposed "My brother Con" to have been an invention of the moment. He found her still more charming when she went on to beg him not to think anything more about it—"I mean, if you meet Mr. Watson again. Of course he is jealous and silly," she said, "and he was very rude. I'm seriously angry with him. But don't let there be any unpleasantness; I mean I can't bear that sort of thing."

He consented, under much protest, to let the outrage pass; and she felt that Mr. Varley made her a sacrifice of pride. After yielding he looked quite miserable. It had cost her a blush to tell anyone that Enoch was jealous, and she now enlarged upon his good qualities to let Mr. Varley see that he would be doing well to forgive him.

If she had thought that it might be brought about, she would have held out hopes of an apology. But he did not ask for that, and she bade him good-

day—as she had greeted him—with a smile (the awkward interview was of her seeking); and her displeasure with Enoch gathered new fretfulness. At least, she thought, Con owed an apology to her!

Darbyshire took sides with Enoch; the ambush and the hat and stick incident being much to his taste.

"Ain't she wonderful?" he said, with a little toss of the head. "Sort of blessed peacemaker. Buy Varley a new hat if he'd let her. But you don't mean to say it's all off, old man?"

Enoch shook his head, to say that there was nothing more to be made of it.

"Take my oath," said Darbyshire, after a pause, "I liked that girl better than any I ever met—except my little wife that is to be."

"How was it you left her, Jack?" he asked for the second time; and Darbyshire gave a new answer.

"Dunno. Mixed me up, I think. Felt like a little dog in a nice topcoat with a bit o' sugar on my nose."

Enoch laughed sadly. The uneasy sense remained that with more heart he might have won her; for he could not allow that Darbyshire had known her as well as he had, or that she could care for Varley.

"Ah, well," he said, referring to Jack's marriage, "you are lucky. Is it five weeks now, or a month?"

Darbyshire held four fingers up, his eyes twinkling. The question made him thoughtful. They were walking with linked arms, as usual, and Enoch felt his own arm pressed more firmly. After a long silence Darbyshire spoke again. "Hard hit, old chap?"

The friendly inquiry hit hard, at all events.

"N-no. Not very." Darbyshire gave him time. "I wanted you," he resumed, "for my best man, y'know. Young Watson in a top hat and a frock coat, don't see? Rather fancied it! Not now, of course; a bit too rough on a fellow who's just lost his girl."

"Rough! To help you to get married? What nonsense! I shall be delighted; why, it's great!"

Like the boy he was, he began to laugh with pleasure and pride. "But what does the best man do? I don't know anything about it—where to be, or what to say."

"Oh, you see to me—see that I turn up shipshape and keep my pecker up; dash water on me if I feel faint. You stand by me, don't you know?—tell me when to say things if I miss my cue; pal on to the parson and make him happy. You do things generally, in fact."

"No, but really." "Don't know? Mean to say you don't really know? Oh, my! Nice thing in best men, I must say. Look here, get to the facts, as old Ireton says."

And Darbyshire, to cheer him up, reeled off a string of nonsense.

"I mustn't miss my train for Nottingham, that's poz, ain't it? Very well, you sit up to waken me."

"Get there, want a swell four-wheeler, don't we? You hire it, and put the horses' white ear-caps on; flower

for the driver. Pop me in and ask me if I've left the ring at home. Right away! Keep my mind from dwelling on things, then I can turn up smiling. See?"

"Good; we're at the church, face up at the altar. Then you really get to work. Parson there, all right; parson not there, you grub around in the green-room, find him, announce Mother's Pride and Joy. Come back and pat me on the back. Feel my pulse."

"Might hum a little tune while the bride comes. I shall stagger, of course—better have a pin ready, prick me instantly. I introduce you, and there we are!"

"After that," said Jack, impressively, "you take one pace to the rear; you're not in it, young Watson. Be good enough to step back out of the halo. . . . Get the merry little J pen ready, that's all you've to do—must have a J—and help later on to sign the register, usual precaution against bigamy."

People who passed paused to watch them. Enoch was half hysterical.

"Any more? No, I think that's all, young Watson, thank you."

"Pay the parson and the registrar, of course—bill to me, if I survive—and then off we go to the breakfast. . . . Oh, of course you'll want some rice, half a pound at the grocer's, day before."

"Easy with the rice, though! Drop it as the gentle dew from heaven."

Enoch stood wiping his eyes, and Jack smacked him on the back.

"Got it all down? My boy, I've been there before. Most honourable job! The parson and the old man both come along in your cab. Also, afterwards, you mash the bridesmaids and propose the health of the bride and bridegroom."

"Make a speech?" cried Enoch, suddenly brought up. "No, I can't do that."

"Pooh, yes!" said Jack. "Nothing simpler, old man. You'll be all right when the time comes. What about me?"

In the interval between this cheerful conversation and the wedding, Mr. Sam Mitchell, the new member for Merchant, gave a garden-party to his "workers," that is to say, to the crowd of ardent politicians who had generously cried him up in public and in private, sparing no effort to obtain for him his heart's desire.

Barbara was asked to play to them. The invitation being not very delicately worded, and she quite ignorant of political functions, the footing she would stand upon with respect to the guests in general gave her some concern. She consulted Varley, but found him contemptuous of "Sam Mitchell" and unsympathetic, and she was thrown back upon her own judgment.

Con would have known, she thought; it was just his business to know about politics. He deserved to be well shaken and smacked!

But Barbara might do her best to stand upon the rights of the quarrel: it was never in her heart to lose him. She had talked about Con to her new admirer till Mr. Prince Varley cursed him deeply in his private mind. Anxious to make it clear that Enoch had no right to act as he had done, she not only enlarged upon her own good conduct towards him, but never tired of insisting (with a naïveté very trying to Mr. Varley's hopes), that in respect of her behaviour with him, too, there was nothing on which to reproach herself.

He writhed while he profited by this candour.

Had he abused Enoch, or endorsed her censure by only a word now and then, Barbara would have turned to find excuses and he would have lost some ground. A single fault in tactics told him this. Instead of doing so, he proffered solace and mild endearment; and, though the more familiar manner passed unnoticed, he established a new footing.

For what advantage this might give he had to wait, however.

Much ran in her head to make the silence of her lover distressing. It was not only that she missed him, or that a rupture so unkind was inconceivable, and daunted her; it was also that, for the first time, she reviewed their intimacy with a little persistent smart of shame.

It had been too close for a light severance not to leave some possibility of his thinking ill of her. With nobody but him—nobody, she thought—could she have been so free, or ever be so free again; and after nursing her dignity, always unhappy and restless, she had to tell herself twenty times a day that of course they must make it up.

She recalled continually the sweet hours of boy-and-girl intimacy for proof, and said aloud, "Oh, I must see him!" And Love spoke in the cry.

Of course, if he would not apologise, thought Barbara, she could never, never respect him as she had done. Mr. Varley had apologised to her, and that should satisfy him; for if Con had stayed in the room it would not have happened. But, reason as she would, love still in a sort constrained her.

She was downcast most when most assured of acting reasonably. For, if Con always refused to meet him, she foresaw it to be impossible to keep Mr. Varley's friendship without conscious double-dealing; and to her open nature anything of the kind was afflictive—in-supportable, unless she were allowed to explain it.

"I'm sure," she said, "I don't care for him. But why not let me drop him politely, as I would? Con is dreadful! dreadful!" she repeated. "How am I ever to manage it? . . . I must. Yes, I shall just simply tell him everything, and he will have to learn patience."

Tears filled her eyes. She saw herself doing a difficult thing to please him, and yet in continual broils; and, but for one preoccupation, distress would have set her valuing the sacrifice. What was this? Well, Barbara imagined Con repining, fretted by suspicions, taking amiss her necessary stand on behalf of common sense and lady-like behaviour, and breaking his heart over it. That gave her preoccupation enough. Sympathy and the wish to be understood—to see the proofs of her honesty in others' perfect sense of all she did—urged her alike to patch up the quarrel.

But how? These same instincts warned her not to hope for much satisfaction in doing so.

A point remains. Did Barbara realise that love was much in question? Love, with her, was not an all-absorbing passion, subduing the mind and the will, albeit a passionate suitor might surprise it. But was she aware of the sway it had upon her?

Ah! One ought to ask, first, if hers was a mind at all disposed to look into itself and to take account.

On the contrary, Barbara found her support in all things, her pleasure and justification, her very sense of being, in a close contact with other minds—for the view of herself therein to be discovered. So love and the sense of shame went only to sharpen her anxiety about Con's mind; and, this anxiety not satisfied, it is evident that a grievance would remain to her. She would think herself misunderstood.

Did Enoch never reflect, for his part, that the woman not understood may be too grateful to a smooth admirer—even to a dull and coarse one?

Her clever head was at its busiest, her heart at its lowest, when she received the invitation to the garden-party. The thought which, coming like an inspiration, at last decided her to accept it, was that doing so gave opportunity to write a non-committal note to Enoch; and thus it was that he found at the office a little pink envelope addressed in her hand, and tore it open expecting he knew not what. Nearly a fortnight had gone by since they parted. Here is what, after several drafts rejected as either too warm or too cold, she had contrived to say:—

"DEAR CON,—I am playing on Saturday next at a garden-party at Mr. Samuel Mitchell's, Ingham Park, and I thought you would like to know for the paper. I suppose you won't be there yourself, but if you are, I hope we may meet."

"I have not quite decided to forgive you—you were really very naughty, more than I thought you could be possibly—but I think you should know this."

"I am well, and should like to hear you are. It is all very stupid, don't you think?—I mean our behaving as if we were not friends, when we know each other so well."

"With best wishes, believe me, yours very sincerely,

"BARBARA."
"P.S.—Give my love to Mr. Darbyshire; you are not jealous of him. Do come. I shall play your favourite piece."

Alas for golden bridges! Enoch saw but one thing in this nice approach—she appeared to have begged Varley not to thrash him! With the needless shame this caused him, chagrin was mingled; for the expectation of a fierce encounter with that insufferable snob was what had kept him from repining.

Short as the following letter is, he spent much time upon it, and sundry tears:—

"DEAR BARBARA,—You are very forgiving, and kinder to me than I deserve, but I cannot go on with our friendship as it is. We are so differently made that I had to give you up, though I felt like tearing my heart out to do so."

"But you must not think that I have ceased to love you. I almost wish I could do so, because now I know for certain that you will never be my wife, or anything more to me than you are."

"I will tell you what you are to me, Barbara, now for the last time. I am sure that God never made a dearer, purer girl to bless some man with wonder and undeserved happiness, so as to let him know that there may be somewhere a place called Heaven. I doubted that there was, and perhaps that is why I have to turn away, as a kind of punishment; but I shall never doubt any more while I remember you,

and what it was to look into a woman's heart."

"So you see we are more than friends. Some day I may come to see you again, but now I cannot."

"I have not been invited to Mitchell's garden-party. And do you think I could have listened to your playing with people around me?"

"I am glad you are doing so well, and you may be sure I will see that the musical programme is not forgotten by the reporter. Of course, there will be no critical appreciation such as you get at concerts."

"Good-bye. It seems queer to write that, but I do not mean 'Good-bye for ever.'—Always your true lover,

"CON."

Barbara was very wistful-minded when she had read this letter.

In beginning it she was startled and distressed by what seemed to her the queer, tragical tone, sincere and very like him, yet pitched in such a key of resignation as to bewilder her painfully. But the letter contained a confession immensely grateful to her self-respect. She shed bright tears upon it. It was long to be stored among her treasures, and wept over afresh in days to come; but for the time it so restored her peace of mind, leaving a door of hope just ajar, that she wiped her eyes cheerfully. After all, she had expected it: all she had doubted was his opinion of her.

Dear Con! Perhaps he was right about being differently made; but yet—for all that, her brother Con was the best friend she had, or had ever had.

Barbara cried. Later, she resolutely took her violin up for a long day's practice. But she had continually to apply her mind anew to the music; the tendency to play mechanically, while thought went fitting, was Barbara's worst practice-fault; at the end of one heroic hour she put the violin back, owning herself not in the mood for playing.

"I fink I'm tired," she said.

She shut the case decisively, fished out a "novelette" from under the sofa cushion, and sat down to read.

The story had seemed rather good overnight. Now she turned over page after page of it and supposed that she had come to a specially dull chapter. I fell upon her knee. She looked about, pouting discontent with the dingy room, and thought of sundry little things she had to do—a flower in her hat to change, buttons to sew on her gloves, a pair of new boots to try.

Quite suddenly, she was aware of an ominous depression of spirits.

(To be continued.)

TO A BACHELOR.

Mark how one string, sweet husband
to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual order-
ing,
Resembling sire and child and happy
mother
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do
sing:
Whose speechless song, being many,
seeming one,
Sings this to thee: "Thou single
wilt prove none."

SHAKESPEARE.

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Fels-Naptha does more than any laundry soap; it does almost as much as a laundry soap and a washing machine (human or mechanical) put together.

This is how Fels-Naptha works: You wet the clothes, rub the soap on them, put them in the tub, just cover them with lukewarm or cold water and leave them for thirty minutes. In this half-hour Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt from the fabric. Then a little rubbing and a thorough rinsing separate the dirt from the clothes and the wash is ready for the line.

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will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

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THE WOMAN WORKER, SEPTEMBER 25, 1908.

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, with which stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed, may be directed to THE EDITOR, THE WOMAN WORKER, UTOPIA PRESS, WORSHIP STREET, E.C. Care will be taken to return declined MSS., but the Editor cannot accept responsibility for their loss or damage. Letters having reference to Advertisements or other business should be directed to THE MANAGER, at the same address. Cheques and Postal Orders must be crossed. Telephone, 340 Central.

The Last Word.

Concerning the Editor. The Editor has been persuaded to vacate the Editorial Chair, with its trials and tribulations, and to take a brief spell of rest—plain rest.

At least, that is what she has promised to do, and it is certainly what she badly needs; but I suspect she will succumb to the temptation of a congress or two if they are anywhere near her route. Or I should not be surprised to hear she is organising a volcanic eruption; or the women of China!

But we'll hope for the best, and we'll all wish her a quiet building-up time, so that she may come back to us with renewed strength of body and nerve to help us fight through the black winter.

The die is cast, and we may have to live through the horrors consequent upon the paralysis of a great industry—40,000,000 spindles idle, the great rocking looms still; 150,000 workers at once and directly affected, and nobody knows how many to be indirectly affected by this industrial war.

The employers have forced this situation. The operatives have patiently endured weeks of slack time; they now rightly resist this attempt to reduce the standard rate of pay.

Now is the testing of our statesmanship. The nation waits anxiously to see whether our ponderous governmental machinery can be utilised to effect a settlement which the operatives can honourably accept.

We do not want another union-smashing device from the Board of Trade, nor do we dare contemplate the misery of a prolonged strike among workers already impoverished by the spell of short time.

Where are Our Statesmen?

The community has a right, undoubtedly, to prevent infanticide, and to punish the offender. But who is the offender? Is it the poor mother who "overlays" her baby because she is maddened by its hungry cry? Or is it the rack-renter whose extortionate demand has robbed this woman of her last penny?

Or is it the whole crazy system which permits men and women to be driven to desperate deeds through hunger and shame?

The Leipsic authorities have found a better way to prevent infanticide. Every illegitimate child in Leipsic is made a ward of the municipality, and its condition is inspected periodically by duly authorised persons.

The death-rate of illegitimate children in Leipsic is half that of ordinary infants.

In Glasgow, where illegitimate births form 4 per cent. of the total number, the deaths of illegitimate children form 25 to 30 per cent. of the total infant deaths—a truly awful slaughter of the innocents which the community contemplates apparently unmoved.

Yet one poor mother, who uses the direct method in the madness of her desperate plight, is subjected to all the terrors of the extreme penalty. The nation has risen in protest against this sentence, because it is convicted of sin.

The Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories shows a great increase in the number of young girls employed as wage-earners. Quite recently I discovered a glaring example of this fact.

In the boot and shoe trade there is a process known as "marking," which has been considered fairly well paid work. The scheduled price paid to men was 3d. per dozen, and the Union regulations prohibited one man doing more than about thirty dozen per day, in order that the work may be shared by as many men as possible.

The Usual Seasonal Slackness.

"Employment in London in the West End dress-making trades showed the usual seasonal slackness, and was worse than a year ago." So begins the current Board of Trade Report on the clothing trades. And the dry statistics proceed: "Returns . . . showed a decrease of 49.3 per cent. in the number employed compared with a month ago, and of 8.1 per cent. compared with a year ago."

Translate this into terms of human misery, and the figures become appalling. Imagine a trade which, as a matter of course, dismisses nearly half the workers during "the usual seasonal slackness."

Let your thoughts go home with one of these women who has toiled through the busy season—working overtime—feverishly anxious, in fact, to work overtime beyond the limit of the law, in order to get a little money in hand, or, more probably still, to clear off outstanding debts and back rent, so that her credit may be good for the dark days.

She has slaved to earn a few shillings a week. She is utterly exhausted. Now is the time when a fortnight by the sea or on the moors would be a recreation indeed.

Instead of which she enters upon a period of deep anxiety, of pinching and contriving, of scanty breakfasts, ghostly dinners, and weak tea.

If she is fortunate to own a machine, she will try to secure work from her friends or neighbours. Or she will be walking the streets day after day in search of work, coming home faint for lack of food, susceptible to cold and damp, but not venturing upon the luxury of a fire.

There are hundreds of More Municipal such women in London at Workrooms. What pitiful waste of human energy! Preventable waste.

Here is a thing for THE WOMAN WORKER readers to do—find some of these unemployed workers in the clothing trades, and see that their names are registered at the labour bureaux, and then worry the Borough Council to worry the Central (Unemployed) Body for London to open workrooms and provide these women with remunerative work.

May they, in turn, worry John Burns, so that he cannot sleep o' nights until this duty be fulfilled.

TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

III. There are thousands of newsrooms and libraries in this country. Our readers could ensure the placing of THE WOMAN WORKER in each of them.

Many who have not yet become acquainted with the journal would thus be introduced to it. New and lasting friendships would be formed.

Will you please find out whether it is being placed on the table of your local library? If not, fill up a suggestion form, or write to the Committee, drawing attention to the omission.

This will be a real help.

Golden Heart Makes Leadens Hearts.

This Minister of State says he "faces the winter with a golden heart," because he has "earned" his salary from the Liberal Party. May the gods forgive him.

These women in the clothing trades are facing the "usual seasonal slackness" with leaden hearts. They, too, have "earned" and "deserved" a competence—but they don't get it.

Why? Still the volume of opinion grows in favour of the immediate release of Daisy Lord. It can be surely only a matter of deciding the date. The Home Secretary cannot ignore this manifestation of the nation's desire.

Have you asked yourself, my reader, why the great wave of indignation has spread throughout the country about this particular case, when there have been like convictions which have caused only a passing thought and pity for the unfortunate mother? It seems to me to indicate an awakening of national consciousness to the fact that our methods of punishment are all wrong—and that "the law" is not infallible.

Sir John Macdonell, the statistician of criminality, states that there is a large class of offenders whom the criminal law cannot either reform or deter from crime; that out of nearly 200,000 persons imprisoned, no fewer than 113,491 had previous convictions recorded against them.

Our punishments are merely vindictive, and of Punishment are therefore futile. Our criminal code is based upon the idea of the protection of property; we have only just emerged from the era when a man was hanged for stealing a sheep!

We are slowly beginning to understand that punishment merely brutalises unless it is so administered as to convict the transgressor of the error of his ways, and make him want to be a decent citizen. Furthermore, the community has no right to punish any individual unless the offence is one which the community has a right to resent, or a duty to prevent.

The community has a right, undoubtedly, to prevent infanticide, and to punish the offender. But who is the offender? Is it the poor mother who "overlays" her baby because she is maddened by its hungry cry? Or is it the rack-renter whose extortionate demand has robbed this woman of her last penny?

Or is it the whole crazy system which permits men and women to be driven to desperate deeds through hunger and shame? The Leipsic authorities have found a better way to prevent infanticide. Every illegitimate child in Leipsic is made a ward of the municipality, and its condition is inspected periodically by duly authorised persons.

The death-rate of illegitimate children in Leipsic is half that of ordinary infants.

In Glasgow, where illegitimate births form 4 per cent. of the total number, the deaths of illegitimate children form 25 to 30 per cent. of the total infant deaths—a truly awful slaughter of the innocents which the community contemplates apparently unmoved.

Yet one poor mother, who uses the direct method in the madness of her desperate plight, is subjected to all the terrors of the extreme penalty. The nation has risen in protest against this sentence, because it is convicted of sin.

The Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories shows a great increase in the number of young girls employed as wage-earners. Quite recently I discovered a glaring example of this fact.

In the boot and shoe trade there is a process known as "marking," which has been considered fairly well paid work. The scheduled price paid to men was 3d. per dozen, and the Union regulations prohibited one man doing more than about thirty dozen per day, in order that the work may be shared by as many men as possible.

This work has now been given by one Leicester firm to young girls, who have been speeded up to do fifty dozen per day—and they do this work for less than 16s. per week! Meanwhile, the men are tramping the streets unemployed.

There is a factory in Leicester called the "Board School," because of the youth of its employees!

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There is a factory in Leicester called the "Board School," because of the youth of its employees!

Here is something for the Women's Labour League to do. If the members of the Leicester branch are as practical as some other branches I know, they will promptly arrange a house-to-house visitation to the mothers and fathers of these girls, and point out to them the folly of blacklegging, and the need for combined resistance to this degradation of the standard of life.

They can count on practical assistance from Miss Wilson, the woman organiser for the Boot and Shoe Union. MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

WHAT TO DO, WHERE TO SEEK IT, HOW TO GET IT.

Miss FLORENCE B. LOW, who has had long experience of a Women's Employment Agency and knows all about the subject, will edit a

NEW COLUMN,

commencing in THE WOMAN WORKER on November 2nd. Women workers of all ranks and kinds may look to this column for

SKILLED HELP.

OUR READERS' PRAISE.

You remember how, when THE WOMAN WORKER began to appear weekly, we were overwhelmed with congratulations? Well, the flood of these has never ceased.

They give us life and courage always. Never cease to cheer us with your fellowship, or to help us with your suggestions; for, as long as they come, we shall know that the paper is doing its work.

Of course, they can't all be published. One would look too absurdly vain. But some of you are disappointed that your letters don't appear; and there is so much more than mere congratulation in them—so much love, and hope, and what one dear correspondent called "gunpowder"—that, once in a way, we shall have to blush and print a few.

So here are some newly come to hand: Dear Miss MacArthur,—I want to tell you how much I admire your paper. It is full of interest from cover to cover. It deals so splendidly with the real life of the people, with those things which make for happiness and health.

I am a teacher in a slum school, and so I need scarcely tell you how my heart goes out in sympathy to any and every movement which tends to raise the conditions of women workers. We need healthy enlightened women if we are to have a strong and happy nation.—Your sincere well-wisher,
K. ADAMS.
Birmingham.

Dear Miss MacArthur,—I expect you get so many praises about your paper that you are used to them. But what I enjoy most is that the writers seem to take a real interest in me, although I do not know any of them. I introduce it whenever I can, but it seems to me I have hardly any time or money to do anything properly.—Wishing you every happiness and success, I am yours sincerely,
GERTRUDE MAJON.
44, Windsor Road, Holloway, N.

Dear Mary MacArthur,—How I love you!—and I'm heart and soul with you in your splendid fight. Well done, WOMAN WORKER! Words really fail to express how glorious is the work your paper is doing.—Yours,
LILLIAN FITZROY.
Whittlebury, Towcester.

Dear Miss MacArthur,—To read THE WOMAN WORKER is to live; and so that our living may not be in vain my chum and I want to join the I.L.P. Would you be kind enough to tell me our nearest branch? We are both workers, and live together in diggings. Our fellow workers look upon us as freaks because we are not fond of penny novels and "modern society."

I should like to thank Mrs. Worrall for her cheery words: we take our recreation with far more enjoyment now, feeling that we shall not be cast into outer darkness if we stop work sometimes.

Our best wishes for all you undertake.—Yours gratefully,
ELIZABETH SLOCOMBE.
12, Carburton Street, W.
[Will some one kindly answer?—Ed.]

Dear Miss MacArthur,—Please accept my belated congratulations.

Although my opinion of literary or artistic merit may not amount to much, yet, as one who lives and works among a class whom you hope to reach, I think, to use an Americanism, this paper of yours is *it*.

I often wondered about the best means to teach these women how cruelly they are the victims of abominable conditions, and at the same time to interest them, as a mere political paper, however clever, could not do. They are habitual readers of a kind of literature (?) which always glorifies the class that exists on their very life's blood. For this class these deluded women acquire an admiration almost amounting to awe.

Something to counteract this and to rouse them to the necessity of taking their place in the class struggle was wanted. You have succeeded in devising it.—Yours in the cause,
POLLOCKSHAW.
Oxford.

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.

G. M.—Thank you sincerely! We do take just that interest in you. The addresses are—the Shop Assistants' Union, 122, Gower Street, W.C., and the Women's Labour League, c/o Mrs. J. R. MacDonald, 3, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

A. M.—Thank you. I hope the petition reached you.

J. N.—We will try soon, and are grateful.

Ladies in Revolt.

Dear Miss MacArthur,—I have read with great interest Keighley Snowden's article, "To Ladies in Revolt." I am a member of the W.S. and P.U., and I deeply regret the action that was taken against the work-girls at the suffrage demonstration in Earl's Court, so much so that I and a friend, working together, have succeeded in getting thirty-three new readers for THE WOMAN WORKER in three weeks, the majority of whom had not known of its existence.—Yours in the cause,
A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.
Harpurhey.

As a Suffragist and worker, I have been compelled to face the situation fairly and squarely.

(1) There are at the head of the Suffragist movement ladies of wealth and position.
(2) Wealth, position, &c., have been hitherto responsible for capitalism and its disastrous effects upon male workers.

(3) I learn that in London Suffragist at-home are held at which evening-dress is worn. Is this intended to debar servants, laundresses, &c.?

(4) Unless all women workers force themselves into the Suffragist movement before the vote is won, and throw the weight of their influence on the side of workers, we may find ourselves eventually dominated and exploited.—Yours truly,
NELLIE BEST.
Middlesbrough.

Dear Madam,—As a reader of THE WOMAN WORKER, and a Suffragette, it always seems to me a matter of regret that there should be a misunderstanding as to the sale of THE WOMAN WORKER at the Earl's Court demonstration of the N.W.S.P.U.

The Suffragettes obtained permission for the sale of "Votes for Women," and for distribution of pamphlets on the subject. When THE WOMAN WORKER was being sold, the authorities on the sale of literature within Earl's Court interfered to prevent it, as permission for the sale of it had not been obtained.

The Suffragettes had nothing to do with this interference, nor had anyone connected with their organisation.

The sale of THE WOMAN WORKER was also questioned at the entrance to Earl's Court, and when such was known, an important member of the N.W.S.P.U. remonstrated, saying that its sale there could not be interfered with more than that of any news-vendor on the street.

This seems to me quite a simple solution of Keighley Snowden's riddle, and, I hope, one which will satisfy the readers of THE WOMAN WORKER.—Yours truly,
J. CAMERON.
S.W.

[We think our kind correspondent is mis-informed. We are credibly assured that the Exhibition authorities had their attention drawn to the sale of THE WOMAN WORKER by people prominently connected with the W.S. and P.U.; and on many other occasions this paper has met with an unfriendly reception from Suffragists.—Ed.]

Two All-round Friends.

Dear Miss MacArthur,—On behalf of Daisy Lord in THE WOMAN WORKER I should be glad if you would send me a petition form—two if you could spare them. THE WOMAN WORKER does a noble work. I was going to enumerate the features in it we like best. I cannot; all are best; but I might mention specially the Portrait Gallery, which reveals who's who and what they are made of—a collection of noble women. We are sure the paper would have a very much larger circulation if it could only be introduced into English homes.

We have secured purchasers for it, and our experience is that those who are favourably impressed with it are invariably well-behaved, good-hearted people, held in esteem by all. People who live unselfish lives are the backbone of successful movements, and I believe that "W.W." with such a class of readers, will before long be a powerful voice in the land.

We have arranged with a newsagent to display your contents bill, and shall be glad to distribute specimen copies, say, about a dozen now and some later on. This is not very many, but we do not distribute them indiscriminately, and we make a point of discussing the paper's features and inviting criticism.

Good luck to Ethel Carnie. We twice ordered her shilling book of poems of the publisher, and were told the firm was not known. Perhaps others have had the same experience. In any case I should be much obliged if you would give us the necessary information.—Your admirers,
E. and F. AVERY.

[Write direct to Ethel Carnie, 76, Windsor Road, Great Harwood.—Ed.]

The "Limited Bill."

Dear Miss MacArthur,—I had thought the matter out, and Julia Dawson made me more certain of my position. The fine folk are again working for their own interests against the people's.

I regret to have to say anything unkind against any class, but it seems to me that they are incapable of seeing their own selfishness.

No, my dear comrades, the Limited Bill will not enfranchise women—not a bit of it. It is a political trap. It is again class legislation, and therefore not sincere, not noble, and not worthy our energy.

We want a Vote for All. We want freedom, not make-believe freedom. We want to live a pure and worthy life. To-day we are but existing.

Al! when one watches the little ones play one cannot help thinking, "Soon, my dear children, your time will soon be here." But let us not work in vain. Let us strive for social reform; then we shall have Adult Suffrage without a struggle.—Your sincerely,
RAY DE JONG.
50, Stroud Green Road, Finsbury Park.

The tyranny of modern capitalism seen in the lock-out in the cotton trade shows Lancashire women surely that what is wanted is votes for all women and men. Their interests are not bound up in strengthening the hands of the master class by supporting a Limited Bill. Their place is by the side of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts.

ROBERT HORSFIELD.
58, Combermere Street, Dukinfield.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

OUR PRIZE PAGE.
HISTORICAL MEN.

Who is your hero, and why is he your hero? What man, in your opinion, is most deserving of our homage? Lives he now, or was his day far back in the middle ages? Is he soldier, sailor, statesman, or collier?

Whatever he is, for this competition he must be a man who really exists or has existed. He must, in fact, be of this earth, and not another man's brain-child.

The best hero will have a guinea for a prize, and your essays must not be over 200 words in length. Send them to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, 44, Worship Street, E.C., by next Wednesday.

THE SORCERY SHOP.

The best letter on this book is disqualified as prize-winner on account of its length; but we venture to publish it because it has given us such joy. The successful letter, for which one guinea is awarded, is given here.

THE PRIZE LETTER.

Yes, I got there. Where? To that ideal spot visited by Jorkle and Storm, and I reached it in the very same way; through the "magic ink" printers' ink, bound up in a pretty cover, on which was printed "The Sorcery Shop."

Who says there are no real magicians now-a-days? I know I shan't forget my magician in a hurry, nor that ideal Manchester to which he transported me.

I enjoyed the visit immensely. The lovely surroundings, the balmy air, the delicate odour of violets are still fresh in my memory. And the people—shall I ever forget them!

Real people. In their community there were no "bottom dogs" nor top dogs either, and what joy—no unemployed. They worked for the love of it and the love of each other.

"The Sorcery Shop" presents us with the highest social ideal a people could wish to attain. And it is an Impossible Romance. Is it?

At any rate we have "Light" with us as long as we have the "Clarion," to say nothing of THE WOMAN WORKER. Why shouldn't the other characters come in good time? And then—May all the Jorkles be disembodied—and remain so.
ETHEL M. WILLIAMS.
120, Victoria Street, Bedford, Stoke-on-Trent.

The Ladies . . . Wash the Cups.

"What is it about?" I asked him. He is an old-fashioned aristocrat, keenly prejudiced in favour of all the privileges appurtenant to old-fashioned aristocrats, who makes me cry because he won't love my poets; who gives the cab-runner half-a-crown, rings for a glass of beer for him, and tears upstairs for a pair of his own boots for the bare-footed one—which I know won't fit him, and which, were they mine, would be worn on my own feet for six more months; who can't eat his dinner comfortably thereafter, and keeps on mumbing out, "Pore beast! Pore devil!" and who none the less commits a violent assault on my hearing by swearing at Robert Blatchford's needless brick-throwing in the "Clarion" at the Czar and Edward VII.

Indeed, he is a very rude man, and yet—I live in hopes.

I am a C.P. This looks like a Carter Paterson monogram, but it "isn't *realy*," as my baby says, when she plays "Pretend"; no, indeed. It only means, thank goodness, a Common Person.

"What's it about?" I fretfully asked him again. From my chair I could see he was

at about the dozenth page or so, and I was itching to read it.

He raised supercilious eyebrows, and muttered, "Oh! fantastical—er—rot, so far—piffle mostly!"

Presently he thrust the book towards me with a conscience-stricken, "Have it! Have it!" reiteration—in, however, that hurt tone he uses when he doesn't want me to take it.

I pleaded, guiltfully, the stiffness of my eyes for letting him keep it, because, principally, my prayer is that Socialistic sense may be given him, and, incidentally, my eyes felt too bearing-reined for anything, owing to the foolishness of THE WOMAN WORKER and "The Clarion" coming out on the same day, and the consequent imperative necessity of having to read both papers right through without a stop. This *embarras de richesses* causes a click in the joints of my eyes, and I must write to the Editor about it one of these days.

Presently he rose, went out of the room, and slammed the door, only to pop in an apologetic head the next instant with, "I'm just going up for two draws; I'll be down before the gong goes."

I noticed, however, he had no intention of being "alone with the stars." No, indeed! He would have his calabash and my "Sorcery Shop"!

The theme of "The Sorcery Shop" is the old story of a "rearrangement of society upon more practical and more human lines," or, as the neater Wells has it, "The project for reshaping society on newer and better lines."

In "The Sorcery Shop" we find this theoretical project in actual operation. For a Time and Space Annihilator Robert Blatchford uses a hip-flap in which his creatures marionette, catherine-wheel, and aerially fly in a whimsical-enough way; and in their arrivals at either side, their receptivities are rather taxed with the amount and quality of thought-food presented to them.

They see society reshaped, and a very goodly sight it makes.

The Robert Blatchford woman is a joy for ever, and a dramatic triumph as a wife and mother in her contrast to the nervous-bodied, overworked, and worried woman of the present time.

But oh! Mr. Fry! they see this gorgeous goddess still washing the cups! O, cursed spite! Those cups, those cups!

If there were no cups to wash, there would be no servant problem, no need for Socialistic solutions of servant problems. The largest and longest-lasting part of the rough, monotonous drudgery of housework is that same washing of cups, and, incidentally, tureens, vegetable dishes, greasy plates, assiettes, knives, and then black and greasy saucepans, and then dish-cloths; and then, after tea is served, more tea-cups; and presently, after dinner or supper, the whole blessed lot needing re-doing!

Oh, my, good Mr. Fry, if you would waive your claim to Light for a little, tell him to multiply himself, and come one each to our present-time kitchens, and instantly wash the cups and their score-fold accompaniments! If you only would, Mr. Fry! I'd give you the guinea prize for annihilating cup-washing.

Have you never had furtively to wipe your cup with your napkin under the neat-handed Phyllis's very eyes? Have you ever felt the greasy water in a hurry to "answer the door," what time Phyllis lay in bed with a toothache?

It's a long time to spend till Socialism comes when we have to spend it washing the cups; and if, when it does come, we have still to WASH THE CUPS, I shall begin to cry right now. If I were the nation this minute, I'd offer lots of prizes for a cup-washing annihilator.

"I believe," I dared, "that you are more than half convinced."

"I believe," he retorted, "that it is a

quarter past one a.m., and if you don't stop gabbling this minute, I'll carry you upstairs, and—
I flew.
West Hampstead.
CARRA LYLE.

Best of All.

I am delighted to pen my appreciation of "The Sorcery Shop." Being only one of the rank and file, I do not pose as a literary authority. I merely write my thoughts. Frankly, I like this "impossible romance," the best of all Mr. Blatchford's books. It is, to me, a happy blending of the author's heart and mind. The charming pen pictures reveal a wisdom and human sympathy that are almost matchless.

Of course, we are used to these two qualities in all his books. Some writers give of their minds, but withhold their hearts; others give us sympathy but not sagacity. Mr. Blatchford always combines the two, and in this respect he surpasses most contemporary writers. His gifts of learning are hitherto to a heart of gold.

Women especially should be proud of the book and its author. In the wide range of literature I know of no book that gives so honoured a place to them. This feature is a delightful setting to a noble work.

The book is a beautiful one. It is an instructor and a humaniser, and in the days that are yet to be, will be prized by those who cherish pure ideals.
C. BINKS.
Bolton.

A Dream.

"The Sorcery Shop!" Criticism? I would not dare to criticise dear old "Pa" Blatchford in any guise, least of all in this last weird character of a wizard.

To attempt appreciation with an unskilled pen must surely achieve depreciation. The effect of this book is truly weird! Soon after the introduction I joined the trio in the journey, by means of the magic lift, to the New England. Down! Down! Down! until the very oscillation had lulled me to sleep, and I dreamed a dream.

When at length I awoke, I rubbed my eyes and cautiously looked round the room, not daring to move out of the easy chair for fear of blue flames and snuff-boxes. Again I rubbed my eyes and tried to think. Everything peacefully quiet! The accustomed noises of this domicile all silenced by the—
Hark! One! Two! Three o'clock!!!
Good gracious, I must have been dreaming!

Thus, once more, I was brought to earth and realised it was the end of "The Sorcery Shop" and its delightful influence.

I have heard of Utopia before from Sir Thomas More, but now I've been there, and enjoyed its pristine beauty and delightful exhilaration!
CATHERINE KELLY.
London, W.

Mother First.

When reading this book we recall Morris's poem—

"Of the wondrous days a-coming,
When all shall be better than well . . .
And the folks shall call it England
In the days that are going to be."

Blatchford gives us a glimpse of those days, when men and women shall enjoy complete economic freedom, and life be clear of evils due now to our present industrial system.

Listen! "An orchard plain, a plain of flowering trees, in the midst of which was built a city"—of such surpassing beauty that we do not recognise the new, glorified Manchester.

What pleases most is the infinitely sweet and tender touch of the author when he pictures the men, women, and children in that ideal city—a picture so fair and lovely that we grow curious, realising it to be a dream we shall not see fulfilled. Children beautiful, healthy, happy, rationally educated; women honoured, loved. The book is dedicated to "Mother," and so, fitly enough, "Mother" comes first in this Utopia.

Here no unemployment, no slums, no smoke, but a state in which everyone has the right to live and to develop the highest and best in them.
E. A. ELLISON.
Longton.

THE DISSENT OF MAN.

By V. H. Friedlaender.

"Good heavens, Phyl! I'd as soon have expected to find a bomb on the table." He picked up the card and held it at arm's length.

"M? What?" Phyllida asked absently. She was arranging his roses in a bowl.

"Why, this!" he insisted, and held it under her eyes. Phyllida glanced at it. "Oh, that. Let me see—when did it come? Oh, yes, of course; Emily brought it in with the tea, sandwiched between a dye works advertisement and the latest price in coals. It seems one isn't safe from them even in one's own house."

"Cheek!" he fumed. "As if one didn't hear enough of their suffragetteing in the papers. The idea of their—dropping squibs through one's letter-box!"

"Oh, well," Phyllida said tranquilly, "the squibs are at least as amusing as the dye works and the coal." She glanced up. "And one isn't compelled to read any of them," she reminded him. "No." His eyes continued to travel down the card. "The Hampden Rooms," he murmured.

Phyllida folded her hands. "Are you going, then?" she asked politely.

He started. "Me? To—er—to this meeting, you mean? No, of course not." For an instant his eyes sought the clock.

"Oh, yes, there would be plenty of time," Phyllida interpreted promptly.

He laughed, and sat down. "Witch!" he protested. "It's too much to have one's thoughts read before one thinks them."

"Before?"

"Oh, well—I suppose it did just flash across my mind that the Hampden Rooms aren't far away, and that—well, most people have seen or heard a Suffragette or two by this time, and I feel quite out of it."

Phyllida raised her eyebrows. "Surely it isn't necessary to see or hear them before forming an opinion about them?"

He pulled himself up on the verge of agreement, and laughed. "Well, perhaps, after all, it might be considered fairer," he said banteringly, and glanced at her face. "It offered no encouragement. 'Not that I mean our opinions would be changed by going to-night.'"

"Mine wouldn't," Phyllida asserted positively.

"Nor mine, of course. Only—how would it be to go—just for a lark?"

"I never thought of that." Phyllida weakened perceptibly.

"But—but are you sure it would be a lark?"

"Of course," he said buoyantly. "Why shouldn't it be?"

"I don't know." She vacillated. "Suppose they—converted you?"

"Me?" He laughed. "Why, they couldn't. There wouldn't even be a word to describe me. 'Suffragette' is uncompromisingly feminine, isn't it?"

She looked doubtful. "But there's a Men's League or something, Geoff. I read about it in the paper."

"Is there? Well, it really doesn't matter. Of course, we both know how

we feel about it; but, after all, it's only fair to hear both sides."

"That's what they say on the card," she accused him quickly.

"Oh, well"—he laughed—"so it is! But it's true, all the same. I believe you're afraid the Suffragettes will knock down your convictions like a row of ninepins."

Phyllida got up with an indignant swish of silk skirts. "I'm going to get ready," she said haughtily.

But suddenly at the door her haughtiness collapsed like a pricked bubble. "Geoff, it—it won't be rowdy, will it?" she asked tremulously.

He hesitated. Disjointed phrases and half-read paragraphs returned uninvited to his mind. "We could sit right at the back of the hall," he suggested, "and slip out at the first sign of a disturbance. You shouldn't be frightened, Phyl."

She nodded. "I'll come." The concentrated courage of all the early martyrs was in her voice. "But do you think"—she glanced doubtfully at the shell-pink billows of her skirt—"I'd better change to—something dowdier?"

"Please don't," he said softly. "It will do them good to see something so sweet and dainty, and fresh and—"

Phyllida covered her ears with her hands.

The clip-clop of the horse's hoofs was the only sound for a minute or two.

"Well?" Phyllida asked at last.

He hesitated. "Upon my word, Phyl—I don't know what to say! I'm considerably surprised."

"Oh!" Phyllida's tone was dubious.

He plucked his courage in both hands. "Dear, I'm hedging," he admitted frankly. "The fact is, I'm clean bowled."

He felt her arm tremble against his.

"Phyl! Phyl!" he said softly. "We mustn't be narrow-minded, must we? If they're right and we're wrong, we must admit it, mustn't we?"

Phyllida averted her head. "I knew you'd be converted."

He was not listening. "Those women, Phyl, on the platform—by Jove, it made me ill to see what they went through. And—ladies. Things hurt them as they would hurt—you."

Phyllida made no sign.

"Mrs. Wyatt?" he went on. "Wasn't

she fine? The way they howled her down at first, and then how she got them in hand. It was magnificent. They simply couldn't go on. Do you know what it reminded me of?"

"No."

"That picture we saw the other day, 'The Triumph of Truth Over Error.'"

"Yes; her face was rather like Truth's," Phyllida admitted.

"Ah, Phyl, you know I don't mean that! It was that she stood there challenging us—all of us in the hall—and we couldn't find a word to say."

"There were questions."

"Questions? Phyl, I don't wonder they invite questions. In the whole evening there was nothing that showed the weakness of their opponents so much as the ease with which their questions could be disposed of. It was like sending the Channel Fleet to destroy a fishing smack."

"You've travelled far to-night, Geoff," she said, with a catch in her voice.

"Dearest, I won't go another step without you."

For an instant there was silence. Then—"You needn't," she said in a muffled voice.

"Hurrah! I knew you'd come. Aren't you glad we've seen them, and found out that all the shrieks and large boots and raucous voices were in the audience? What are you doing, Phyl?"

Her fingers were on the lapel of his coat, and he bent and kissed them.

"Don't prick yourself," she warned unsteadily.

A shaft of light from a street lamp crossed the windows, and revealed a small white disc where her fingers had been. The three words in black on it were "Votes for Women."

"I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" Phyllida cried. "I knew you'd be one. And the address of the Men's League is—"

Stupefaction suddenly gave place to laughter. "Oh, incomparably skilful missionary!" he murmured.

"Missionary?" Her tone repudiated the title.

"Certainly," he insisted; "on original lines. Opposition—the soul of persuasion, don't you know. How long have they been training you in these Jesuitical subtleties?"

The hansom drew up at the curb, and Phyllida hurriedly recovered her white disc.

"Oh, I've only been a Suffragette since yesterday," she said, carefully pinning it among the shell-pink billows.

He gasped in admiration.

"But then, you see," she explained modestly, "I've been a woman all my life."

FEMALE SLAVERY IN CANADA.

How Rich Men's Wives Submit.

By Robina Forbes-Chisholm.

I doubt if there is any country in the world where a socially conscientious woman can live as in rural Canada.

The Englishwoman who has extricated herself from the social muddle at home because she felt powerless to help; who has learnt what things are worth while; who values health and leisure, freedom from worry, and sweet country air above all that the city has to give, can have them all in Canada, and feel that she is holding them not at the expense of others, but with the toil of her own hands.

And yet, from the view-point of an educated Englishwoman, the Canadian farmer's wives live lives of soul-deadening slavery—a slavery that is needless, and is only half-realised by themselves.

No Leisure.

In the old countries, growing personal wealth brings leisure to women. In Canada, the richer the Canadian farmer becomes the greater is the drudgery piled upon his wife's back. Her position is much that of a servant in a big establishment in England. She has the best of food, the use of a gig or cart when she goes out on business, and sufficient wages to buy herself a silk dress had she only opportunity to wear it.

The Eastern farmer's wife may have a \$200 fur coat, and she generally has a beautiful house. But if you knock at the front door about four o'clock, expecting to find her dressed and at leisure to receive a visitor, you will see a tired-looking woman coming round the side of the house from the back premises, with her sleeves rolled up and a gingham apron on. She will tell you that she is in the middle of washing, or churning, or baking, or ironing, or cleaning; and at whatever hour of the day you call you will find her working—never at leisure, although she will hospitably make leisure so as to talk to you.

The house has a dining-room and a "best parlour" furnished in the choicest Canadian style (middle Victorian, with glass dangles on the lamp and gorgeous patchwork cushions on the lounge—made to be looked at). These rooms are only used when there is company on Sundays. At other times the kitchen is dining-room and living-room for the family; and in or about this kitchen, with its old atmosphere of cooking, of men's wet boots and socks and of washing, this woman lives out the days of her life gyrating round from stove to dishpan, cupboard to cowshed, cowshed to stove.

She does five times as much work as the English labourer's wife or the general servant, and yet her husband's living is much more secure, and his possessions infinitely greater, than those of an English professional man whose wife's daily manual work consists in making her bed, dusting the drawing-room, and making a pudding.

As the family continues to increase there is no idea of getting assistance; the work has got to be done somehow,

be the woman languid and weak or well and strong.

The Day's Work.

Here is the daily work of an average woman who has five children, ranging from eight months to eight years old.

Besides the ordinary housework, she has to cook for two men, the children, and herself; bake the bread, pies, and cakes, wash, churn twice a week, milk three cows morning and evening, feed pigs and chickens twice a day, mend for eight people and make the children's clothes.

In summer she has to pick berries and other fruit and preserve it; and 300 quarters of preserved fruit is looked upon as a very moderate quantity.

In July the haying starts; and now she has four men to cook and wash for. When harvest begins the number is increased to five. Finally there is threshing for a week or two, with at least eight men to feed. Sometimes she will get a relative or friend to help her at threshing, for meals at this time mean three solid dinner-like meals a day.

The Moral.

I seldom meet a Canadian farmer's wife over thirty who has not an ailment of some sort. You shall hear more about her amazing lot in another article, but let us have the moral at once.

Here are these intensely sensible, practical, level-headed, thrifty, clean, tidy, shrewd, and indefatigable houseworkers enslaved. Imagination, mystery, beauty, poetry, art are not, and, I think, never will be, in them or in the Canadian nation; but if they were persons instead of drudges, they might take a foremost place in the ranks of women wherever their own qualities are called for.

The first thing they have to learn, however, is that making money is not the chief concern of people who would live rationally and happily.

Women write things which they would never dare to say. Men say things to a woman which they would never dare to write.—"Mundo," Madrid.

Twenty-five women have just been elected to the new Finnish Diet, as against nineteen in the last. Of these thirteen belong to the Social Democratic party, six to the Old Finnish, two to the Young Finnish, three to the Swedish, and one to the Agrarian party.

Did we not daily see it, it would be incredible. They rejoice in a piece of gold more than in the sun; and get a few little glittering stones and call them jewels; and admire them because they are resplendent like the stars, and transparent like the air, and pellucid like the sea. But the stars themselves, which are ten thousand times more useful, great, and glorious, they disregard.—TRAHERNE.

A TYRANT'S QUEEN.

Almost immediately after our return to Fontainebleau I noticed that the Emperor, when with his august consort, seemed moody and constrained. The Empress appeared equally embarrassed. Each of us indulged in countless conjectures; as for myself, I knew but too well what to think. The Emperor's brow each day became more careworn, until November 30 arrived. On that day dinner passed off in greater silence than ever. The Empress had been weeping all day long, and, to hide as much as possible her pale cheeks and red eyes, she had put on a large white hat tied under her chin; the brim quite concealed her face. The Emperor scarcely looked up once; if he did, it was but to glance furtively at the Empress with a profound look of sorrow in his eyes.

Motionless as statues, the attendants stood watching with curiosity and uneasiness this gloomy, painful scene. The whole meal was a mere matter of form, for their Majesties touched nothing, and all that could be heard was the monotonous clatter of plates being handed or removed, or the occasional tapping of the Emperor's knife against his glass. Only once the Emperor broke the silence by a deep sigh and the question, "What is the weather like?" It was addressed to one of his suite, but he scarcely seemed to hear or to expect a reply. Almost immediately afterwards he got up and left the table, slowly followed by the Empress, who held a handkerchief to her lips to repress her sobs. Coffee was served, and as usual a page handed the tray to the Empress, who herself always poured out the liqueur. But the Emperor helped himself to this as also to coffee, while steadily watching the Empress, who stood there in a sort of stupor. After giving back his cup to the page, he made signs that he wished to be left alone, and closed the door of the apartment. I sat down immediately outside it, and soon no one was left in the dining-room but one of the prefects of the palace, who, with arms folded, walked up and down, anticipating, just as I did, some dire catastrophe. In a few moments, hearing cries, I rushed forward. The Empress was on the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break. "No, no, you won't do it; you don't want to kill me!" she cried. His Majesty told my companion to come in, and the door was shut again. I afterwards heard that the Emperor told him to lift the Empress up and carry her to her room.—Constant's "Memoirs of Napoleon."

Woman has had the reputation for being a talker, but this is a libel. She may chatter, but her aim is to get things done.—Mr. Holbrook Jackson, in the "Sunday Sun."

A book of travels published in 1611, and mentioned by Addison, tells of women in Venice wearing "cham-pineys"—wooden supports under the shoes—some of which were half a yard high. Like the Hebrew horns, they increased according to the rank of the wearer, who sometimes walked by placing her hands on the heads of two servants.

WHAT TRADE-UNIONISM HAS DONE FOR LANCASHIRE WOMEN WORKERS.

See Miss MARY R. MACARTHUR'S article . . . entitled "In The Mill," in this week's . . .

PENNY PICTORIAL.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Their Holidays.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Peg,
On whom have essays showered by the score.
Tears I could weep, my chicks, would fill a keg,
As close-packed pages I peruse once more!

The once more is, I think, the seventh,
yet my woe is not due to weariness. I am glad your letters are many. But—you all deserve prizes, and when I remember that I may bestow but one my gladness evaporates.

There, now! I expect the watchful wizard's pencil will come down on that bee-yutiful long word. And your language is so very stately, my dears. You do not "come out," but "emerge." A house is an "abode," people are "individuals," and the trees have not leaves but "the green dress with which Mother Nature has supplied them."

Am I to be beaten in a word contest by a parcel of children? Not while my dilapidated dictionary holds together! Not while I may collect paralyzing polysyllables and alliterative adjectives!

"The Joy of Living."

Well, to your "Holiday Month." Oh, my dears! The times you have had, and the things you have done!

You have "sailed the ocean blue," camped on the golden shore, frolicked in flower-strewn meadows, picnicked amid moorland bracken and heather, taken part in confetti carnivals and "sports" (where you have won prizes), and attended wedding and birthday parties. You have been on see-saws, and swing-boats, and donkeys, and "helter-skelters." You have seen Punch and Judy, and magic lanterns, fire-works, tightrope dancers, performing dogs, monkeys (who "ate nuts and onions"), and pelicans who danced and sang.

When I read that last statement in several of the Leeds letters I felt that I must consult the Cyclopædia—Natural History Section, Letter P—but from Sophy Nyman's interesting little essay came enlightenment.

"The Pelicans (unfeathered) entertain other individuals in the Park, and the profits go to poor people."

"Hairbreadth 'Scapes and Moving Accidents."

Like the holiday-makers of whom I spoke the other week, many of you have had "pills in the jam, and thorns with the roses."

You have fallen down rocks, stuck fast in bogs, been blistered in nettle-beds, scared by rats and toads. One damsel was "tipped out of a swing" by a horse. Not quite the kind of holiday "tip" one would choose. Another "went on a donkey which would not go." Which strikes one as an impossible proceeding. If the asinine steed would not proceed, and the rider *did*, one would suppose that she "went" off. But, reading further, one learns that Neddy *did* go—and when Doris's sister pushed from behind.

And now I am overwhelmed by eloquent records of your doings and adventures.

If—!

Ah, if only I were a millionaire, my dears! Or, better still, a fairy god-mother or a genie, who by wave of magic wand could cause the "Dolly Ballads," "Stories from Wagner," or any other books you wish for, to pop from under your pillows or bounce out of your school-bags as soon as the wish was formed!

What times we would have! The "Woman Workers" should learn how to play, and you should take us to see and do all the delightful things you describe so alluringly.

Well—er—nearly all. You would, I hope, excuse us from doings which require wheel-barrows and "helter skelters." The position a wheel-barrow compels is scarcely fitting for a dignified and somewhat massive mamma.

And the "helter-skelter" sounds so—so hurried. I fear it would not commend itself to a sedate maiden aunt—like Peg.

But I am forgetting. I, as a genie, of fairy, should be quite all right. Like Ariel, I could "fly, swim, dive into the fire, or ride on the curled clouds," or, with Puck, "go swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow," "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," and be just as "helter-skeltery" as I pleased.

But—!

Dreams! Idle dreams, my dears! No magic wand is mine, no treasure cave, nor charmed lamp. I am just a distracted Peg, with but one prize to award, and "what is one among so many?"

Surprising London and Happy Hampstead.

The one, I think, must go to Lilian Pierotti (12), 31, Walsingham Road, Clapton, as the younger of the two best essayists.

Here is Lilian's letter:

My holiday this year was a very nice one, although I did not go away. Perhaps it seemed nicer because I had been ill for several weeks. I visited the Franco-British Exhibition, and was surprised at the clever work done by cripples and mentally weak children, which was shown in the Education Hall. There were also some clever paintings and needlework. One beautiful dress was made by girls of fifteen.

The Canadian section was also very interesting because everything was so artistically arranged. The pictures were framed with corn, and in the centre of the hall was a large Horn of Plenty.

The models in frozen butter seemed too good to have been worked in such strange material.

I spent several days on Hampstead Heath. It was just like the real country. It seemed stupid to go away when such scenery is so near. I saw a circus at which a troupe of acrobats did wonderful things on bare-backed horses.

Indeed, I was very much surprised that London could give so much pleasure. I had lived so long in Birmingham and Bristol, and had learned to think of London as all smoke and dirt.

Delightful Derbyshire.

Maude Hunt writes:

My holiday month this year passed like wildfire. The first fortnight I spent at home, just cycling, or spending mornings at the swimming baths, and sometimes going

picnics to a quiet spot. One day I visited the Agricultural Show. Time slipped quickly by, and the day arrived when I started in high glee for Buxton. My sojourn here passed like a dream. Buxton buildings, substantially constructed of grey stone, were a treat to behold after the red-brick ones of Manchester.

There was such a lot to see in Derbyshire that we didn't spend much time in the town, but rambled over the moors, covered with heather, scrambled breathlessly up the lovely hills, and were rewarded by the glorious panorama on the top, strolled through delightful dales, inhaling the pure, sweet air of the country; now stopping to view some pretty nook or dell, where harebells and ferns grew in profusion, or to listen to the sweet singing of the birds.

Our scramble up to Solomon's Mount was awfully jolly, because we had an ideal country tea, at a tiny farm on the top, consisting of delicious home-made bread, with lots of cake and fruit. But our tramp up to the "Cat and Fiddle" was superb; by the moors, with their purple heather, looked so wild and fascinating.

It made me think how perfect it would be to transfer the little slum children to these peaceful moors, to play and inhale the clear, bracing Derbyshire air, and forget their smoky, native towns.

Our expedition to the Gort Valley, with its lovely firs, heather, and moorland stream running through, made me forget I lived in Manchester. Our walks and climbs up Corbar and Sylvan Cliff were very picturesque; and the day for departure came all too soon. But never will I forget my ripping country holiday.

Bonnie Scotland.

James Merry sends with his essay a charming photograph of the camp on the shore of a lovely bay where his holiday was spent. (For which, as he sent no address, I have been unable to thank him.)

Four families took up their tents and voyaged from Kingston Dock to Carradale. James says:

We had a very rough passage from Greenock. When we reached Carradale it was so wet that the farmer would not allow us to pitch our tents, but gave us a nice clean barn for the night. Next day turned out all right, and the tents got pitched in a beautiful place called Dippen Bay. There was a beautiful glen in the neighbourhood. I like camping very much, but there is a lot of work attached to it, chopping wood for the fires and carrying water from the spring.

Another "braw Scotch laddie," W. Noel Chapman, tells of a holiday in Arbroath:

There are beautiful sands and lovely cliffs. One day we went a picnic to the Mason's Cave and saw the cave-dweller, an old man who went to live there rather than go to the poor-house. He looked quite happy in such a beautiful spot. Next day my two boy chums came all the way from London with their uncle. They were all Socialists, and we sang the "Red Flag." Every day we were out bathing and fishing.

And on the return journey Noel was "thinking mournfully that holidays pass too quickly."

I am thinking mournfully that space is filled too quickly. And Elsie Ker-shaw, Fred Marshall, little Roy M'Con-dochie—who is only eight—and several of the Leeds lassies have such interesting things to tell us!

Will Miss Lilian choose her book?

PEG.

Russian women have been suddenly forbidden to attend university lectures; instead, they may go to "higher educational institutions for women," which are governed by the Church. About 2,130 women now at the universities will be allowed, however, to complete their studies.

HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

In the first article I wrote for THE WOMAN WORKER I uttered a note of rebellion, as some of you may remember. I counselled you all to rebel without fear or stint when your time should come.

Now my time has come. I have felt it creeping on insidiously for weeks and weeks. Now it has gripped me by the throat, and after this week I am going to rebel against the job of choosing who shall have the

Five Shilling Prize,

and relegate that duty to my daughter. For it is not an enviable one, and disagreeable duties are best got rid of—when there is an agreeable daughter about to take them on. I have wanted to give the prize to everybody. But she has an analytical soul (which the gods never blessed me with), and you may depend upon it that under her judgment the best will win!

Moreover, she is domesticated. Cooking is her great delight; and she's so particular

About Pan-lids

that, when she comes home from a holiday and finds them neglected, she'll doff apron and sleeves and set to work with bath-brick, or monkey-soap, or Mother Earth, or anything, and scour those lids till you don't need any mirrors.

Now, I never could do that. Nor, when she is playing a Schubert Scherzo on her twenty-first birthday piano, do her fingers draw out music the less sweet. Why should they?

Also, she's economical—mind you that. If you want to win prizes you mustn't count your eggs by dozens in cakes, but in ones and twos, or at most twos and threes. Very often she'll put in a recipe of her very own; and I'll guarantee it will be good and cheap.

So please address all your recipes to DOROTHY, and all your Home Notes to me. If on some occasions I find a Note better than a recipe (and a "Note" often is), that shall have the prize. As Malcolm Scott says when he's Katharine Parr, and talking about being the last of King Henry's wives, "I'll see to that." Dorothy would have me do so. Justice is her strong point.

But, my beloved, don't neglect me! Send me your "Notes" of discord or harmony as you need. Tell me your troubles. And tell it not in Gath, but if Dorothy and her cook-pots interfere at all with our interests, we'll just leave her and capture another page. This may happen, and it may not. One never knows. But I can see how in the sweet by and bye we women with homes, and books and music, and dresses and babies, and gardens and problems, and ideas and ambitions, and loves and losses, and what not, will want to spread out. My word, we will!

I've heaps more to tell you about

Hay-boxes.

But this must wait, because a sprig of rosemary sent me by a good reader has turned my thoughts aside.

Your sympathy or envy (or both) will be with me when I confess to being old enough to have heard

Sims Reeves Sing

"Come into the Garden, Maud." To the end of all time I shall never forget the sweet sensation. It was the twilight hour when, as you know, lovers come out to kiss, and flowers exhale their sweetest incense.

Up to Sims Reeves coming on the stage we were in a gilded, gas-lit Concert Hall, sitting stiff on plush seats, wearing low bodices and long kid gloves, and looking very proper. But when he came we were immediately transported to an old-world garden, wore loose gowns that didn't matter, and with loving fingers entwined sat on the green turf under the clear stars and smelt clove-pinks and jessamine!

True, true. We did. I have only to close my eyes and recall the soft, soulful sweetness and tenderness of the great tenor's voice to smell them now.

Two sprigs of rosemary sent me by a good reader, together with a sweet letter, now recall that night divine! She says she would have a card fixed just inside every cottage door: "COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD"—to attract the eye and woo the

Woman of Pots and Pans

out to the magnetism of sun and air for at least a few minutes every day.

Of course, there are in this great and glorious country many hundreds of Mauds to whom such a card would be a mockery, because they have no gardens. One of these, looking at such a card, would feel inclined to smack it in the face, and then sit down and ask herself such bitter questions as why the average woman can only claim a bit of land when she is dead, and often never has a flower put in her hand till then?

"While the blackberries are ripening and the September sun is shining, let us descend on the virtues of the Queen of Herbs—Rosemary," my lady says. And so we will.

THE VIRTUES AND USES OF ROSEMARY.
1. Put a sprig in your cup of cider on the hob, a little sugar and nutmeg, and you need not envy the champagne drinker.

2. Put two or three sprigs in a jug. Pour on boiling water, let stand covered till cold. Strain. Add sugar, any spice you like, and drink a wineglassful for several mornings fasting. You will find relief from headache, dizziness, dim sight, indigestion, liver trouble, stiff joints, and sundry other ills that may affect you between crown and toe-tips.

3. Scald as above. Add a little castor-oil, a spoonful of rum or whisky, and you have a splendid hair-wash. None better.

4. Scatter a few sprays about your bedroom. Flies and fleas hate it. (Blue is too strong for many people.)

5. Burn a few sprigs in any room on an old shovel or frying-pan. This is a thorough disinfectant.

6. Try hard to grow a small rootlet or cutting. This, if you succeed, dubs you queen of your household, in spite of everybody. So says Practical Granny.—Mrs. E. CRADDOCK, Rose Cottage, Chawston, St. Neots.

The Prize of 5s.
goes to Mrs. Craddock: and I will obey No. 6 by "trying hard" to grow a small rootlet—the teeniest, weeniest little rootlet will please me—out of the sprigs she has sent.

Now, has somebody a word to say for Rue? Its bitter, pungent odour is always more grateful and comforting to my nostrils than even Rosemary. One may sooner get sick of sweets always than of bitters. But though I nursed a root out of an old Welsh garden most tenderly last year, it shrivelled up into a dry brown stick, and is now as dead as dead can be.

Don't forget: A Prize of 5s. is given each week for the best Home Note, cooking recipe or other. Send your Recipes to Dorothy, and your Notes to me. Address: THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, E.C.

Why level downward to our dullest perception always, and praise that as "common sense"?—THOREAU.

What is the scholar for, but for hospitality to every new thought of his time?—EMERSON.



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Just a word of warning to my readers on the subject of colds. This time of year, with one day warm and another chilly, is very well calculated to give a cold to anyone. More so, because, on the first approach of cold weather, people are chary of putting on warm clothes and beginning fires, and keep rooms "snug" by closing windows.

It cannot be too often repeated that "colds" arise not from cold, but from bad air and dust, which set up little disturbances that a draught or a bitter wind fixes. And the motto to remember for avoiding colds in variable weather is—Do not diminish fresh air, but keep warm with extra clothes and necessary fires.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHRENOLOGIST.—The bump of amativeness has nothing to do with Meibomian cysts, which are caused by an accumulation of secretion in a small gland. Bathing with boric acid lotion will help to prevent formation, but, unless they are formed, nothing but complete removal (not squeezing) will cure.

A. N. W.—"Didactic reply" herewith. Running and long walks are not good for varicose veins. If not too advanced, these can be removed by operation. Otherwise a crepe elastic bandage (washable) can be used as a support, and you must yourself balance the inconvenience and pain of the varicose veins against the pleasure and general benefit to health from walking and running.

A. B. C.—The habit you mention is likely to upset your digestion, and your general health as well. From your account your chief need is outdoor exercise of a kind that will interest you. Your diet is sound; but, as an experiment, try giving up potatoes, take all your bread toasted, take no tea except in the early morning, and note the result.

DISTRESSED.—Have you any swelling in the neck, or are your eyes becoming at all prominent? These are signs of a disorder which would account for your other troubles. A diet as light as possible (while still remaining nourishing), and a soap and water enema twice a week, ought to help you. Let me know any other signs. Re-stammering, see answer week before last.

MAN WORKER.—You are quite right in thinking there is some connection between your nasal trouble and your indigestion. If you will douche both nostrils regularly every evening with a solution of boric acid (one teaspoonful to the pint, with a pinch of common salt), you will be much better. The douche should go through the nostrils (which must be dealt with separately) and be coughed up from the throat.

VIKING.—A soft hat instead of a hard one, regular weekly washing of the head, and the application of vaseline well rubbed in are good preliminary measures. If you need something more drastic, let me know later on. Is your general health good? If not, attend to that. Much depends upon it.

OLIVER.—You do not mention how long the condition lasts, or give any quite exact date on which to form an estimate; but from what you say there does not appear to be anything wrong. Have you consulted a specialist? And has your husband?

Irish Revenge.

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), speaking at Fowey, said he deplored the blackguard levity of a section of the English Press, which endeavoured to foster a hostile feeling against Germany. He thought journalists who were fostering this ill-feeling should, if war were to break out, be placed in the forefront of the battle. In such a case, he thought, they would be sure to lose it.

That, it appears to us, would be rather hard on the rest of us.

"Why are there inspectors to enforce the Factory Acts and the Truck Acts, but no one to see that employers carry out their liabilities under the Workmen's Compensation Act?" asks "Puzzled."

The reason is, apparently, that the Factory Acts must be regarded as placing a duty upon employers rather than giving workers a right to anything, whereas in the Workmen's Compensation Act the emphasis is rather on the right of the workman to claim something from his employer if he likes.

The Truck Acts come between. Under them, an inspector can prosecute an employer for not complying with the law, and a worker can summon him for sums illegally deducted from his wages.

But, without going so far as to suggest that it should be made a punishable offence for an employer to fail to pay what is due under the Workmen's Compensation Act (though in some cases deliberate evasion and delay are certainly deserving of the severest punishment), a great deal could be done by a provision requiring employers (or insurance companies) to pay interest on arrears of compensation.

A few weeks' delay may mean starvation to the workman and his family, and some means of procuring more prompt payment would often be a great boon. In most individual cases the employer would have to pay only a very small sum extra, but in the case of large insurance companies a few shillings on a large number of cases would make a great deal of difference.

But neither of these remedies (penalties on employers or interest on arrears) would really get at the root of the evil. What is wanted is compulsory State Insurance, so that the profit-seeking of insurance companies and the indifference of employers may no longer stand between the worker and his compensation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WITNESS.—It is very dangerous to use a penny form for making a will without advice. If you will send full particulars of the property which is to be left by the will, and a copy of the form it was proposed to use, I will advise further.

ANON (who writes on a postcard in pencil, and gives no pen name).—I have reported the matter to the lady inspectors as you request. Please let me know if there is no improvement.

PORTIA.

A Girl Travels 50,000 Miles.

A girl of eighteen, Henriquette Maude, whose parents are in New Zealand, is said to have made a journey of 50,000 miles alone, 1,400 on foot, and to have seen Australia, Honolulu, Vancouver, Canada, and the United States. She is now in England, meaning, she says, to go round the world.

Her story of wandering begins four years ago, with only a few pounds in her pocket. She seems to have got along, so far, by lecturing and making friends. But how she will fare in lands where English is not known one hardly sees.

A solicitor, who defended a man charged at Yarmouth with playing the three-card trick, said it seemed necessary to have something of this sort for the education of fools.

FOR POOR MOTHERS.

i.—A Pinafore.

Many hard-working mothers will doubtless be glad to hear of any method whereby time as well as money may be saved, and, with that object in view, I am going to put on paper some simple hints.

With a big family of little ones there is often a great run on pinafores.

A thrifty mother always puts by odd lengths of plain white calico or print, left over from other garments or cotton gowns, lengths that have seemed unfit in point of size for anything but dusters. If she hasn't these in the house, they can often be picked up at a sale or a calico warehouse by the bundle or pound—in which case discretion must be used in seeing that the pieces are of suitable lengths. Failing this, buy a length of two yards of the material required, which will make three pinafores for one small child.

If the calico is 36 inches wide, cut or tear off two strips of about 2½ to 3 inches wide, which will probably be sufficient for two pairs of shoulder straps; then divide the remainder into three straight pieces from selvedge to selvedge. There will be three pieces about 18 inches wide when hems have been turned.

Make one hem about an inch wide, and the other narrower for a tape runner.

After this, try on by tying it close under the child's arms; and then, having first

hemmed (or folded over) and sewn the strings for armholes, measure from front of pinafore over the shoulder to back of it to find the comfortable size for shoulder-straps.

These will be stronger if folded, and may, if desired, be covered with a piece of narrow embroidery to give a prettier finish.

With the addition of a button and button-hole at the top of the two selvedge edges, and another one about 3 inches lower, the pinafore is complete; and if well sewn it will look quite tidy and nice for a long time to come.

EDA BERLON.

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THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

THE COMING WINTER.

A Campaign for the Right to Work.

Although we are still only in the first days of autumn, public fears for the winter have almost everywhere been expressed, and in all the great centres of industry have prompted local authorities to consider measures for the relief of unemployment. In most places attempts will be made to find them work. Charity is not what they ask.

Throughout the country, the Right to Work will be demanded strenuously from Parliament by Socialist meetings, wherever there is distress in the coming winter. It seems inevitable that this should be the next great subject of agitation, and that it should focus all Socialistic assertions of principle.

No fuller announcement has been made with reference to a Government Unemployment Bill; but Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., the author, says that if none is forthcoming, or if a Government measure of unsatisfactory scope be framed, he himself will introduce such a Bill.

Mr. Asquith took occasion of the Newcastle contest to repeat the vague promise given by the Government that the whole question of unemployment shall be some day dealt with, and in some manner.

Writing to the Liberal candidate, he said:

"Among pending questions none is more urgent than that of unemployment. You can remind the electors that the Government are pledged to deal with that matter; and you can assure them that it is receiving the most earnest and anxious consideration, with a view to the framing and early presentation to Parliament of practical legislative proposals."

Women's Work in Glasgow.

The agitation on behalf of unemployed women in Glasgow is being continued. On Monday several leaders of the Women's Freedom League, after addressing a meeting, appeared before the local distress committee.

Several suggestions for giving employment to women were made by Mrs. Billington Greig, who urged that better facilities should be provided for registration, that workshops should be instituted for making children's garments to be distributed among the poor, that employment might be given to women at child feeding centres, that a house service bureau should be established, and that "menderies" for the repair of clothing should be started.

The Provost pointed out that some of the suggestions had been adopted already, and that the proposal to establish "menderies" would receive careful consideration. He pointed out that the difficulty in finding employment for single women lay in the fact that there were few opportunities of creating it which would not interfere with people who were employed at present.

When the deputation returned to the square, Mrs. Billington Greig informed the crowd that until the result of the distress committee's consideration of the suggestions was known they could do nothing more.

Not a Storming Party.

Unemployed at Manchester Visit the Workhouse.

The unemployed in Manchester sent a deputation to the Deputy-Lord Mayor, who promised that a town's meeting to consider their position should be held yesterday. He added that the Corporation officials were working night and day to prepare schemes that would find work during the winter.

The morning crowd of unemployed in Albert Street Police Yard, Manchester, numbered on Tuesday between 2,000 and 3,000. It was resolved to march on the New Bridge Street Workhouse of the Manchester Board of Guardians.

The men walked in groups to the workhouse doors, but a small body of police had preceded them. For a minute or so the police were in danger of being overpowered. One or two officers were almost pushed to the ground, but they offered a stubborn resistance, and finally got the doors closed.

Just before this was accomplished three men seemed like getting through, when another policeman came on the scene. Then the officers appealed to the men in front of the crowd to be reasonable. It was ultimately agreed that a deputation of six should enter the building. These were selected, and when one of the doors was opened a little to admit them there was another determined attempt by the crowd to raid the building. This time it came nearer to succeeding than the previous attempt.

It was only after a great effort that the door was closed, and in the rush forward several people were slightly injured by being pushed against the wall of the building.

Force of Numbers Only.

Throughout these exciting incidents no blow was struck. A youth threw a stone over the heads of the crowd, and it dropped on the edge of the pavement near where the police were guarding the entrance to the workhouse.

The police observed the culprit and gave him a lecture, which had the desired effect. As other policemen arrived on the scene they were cheered by the crowd, and on Mr. Macdonald, the clerk to the guardians, entering the building, he also was cheered. There were not sufficient police present to make a way for vehicular traffic, which had been impeded.

After twenty minutes the deputation came out and appealed to the men to be quiet, announcing that they would hold a meeting on the adjoining spare land.

Mr. Macdonald, the clerk to the guardians, informed the Press that his board were willing to relieve the cases belonging to their own union, but many of the men came from other unions. All applications for relief would be considered.

In the Metropolis.

In London, the Central Unemployment Committee passed resolutions last week requesting the District Committee to open their registers yesterday, and it is understood that this was done by most of them. Mr. Burns is asked to make a provisional grant, enabling the Hollessey Bay Colony to be brought up to its full strength, and the County Council to start any other necessary work.

It is said that in Islington over 400 householders have given up their residences and gone to live in lodgings.

In view of bad trade, Judge Edge, who requires at Wood Green County Court definite evidence of means, has refused several committal orders.

According to the Rev. J. H. Anderson, chairman of the Works Committee, there is possible employment for 5,000 men.

The Works Committee of the Camberwell Borough Council will recommend that body to vote £1,000 for tree planting.

At a meeting of the Woolwich District Committee, the following resolution was carried: "That a communication be addressed to the Secretary of State for War urging the necessity of a larger share of the nation's work being given to the national workshop, and, further, that the Government be urged to carry out the proposals of the Henderson Committee immediately so as to secure that the Arsenal shall always be employed, and that, when munitions of war are not required, the men shall be engaged in making implements of peace."

Three Years for Stealing Apples.

Among out-of-work men charged at Edgware with having stolen a shillingworth of apples from an orchard one, a young labourer of 22, named Joseph Freeman, was sent on to Middlesex Sessions because his previous record was bad.

Sir Ralph Littler on Saturday sentenced him to three years' penal servitude and two years' police supervision!

An All-London Meeting.

Friday, October 23, has been fixed for the conference on the unemployed question, which is being convened by the Battersea Borough Council, and to which all the other borough councils in the metropolis have been invited to send delegates.

The Government's Responsibility.

Mr. E. Garnet Man, writing to the "Times," says about the Woolwich discharges:

"One woman told me how her husband was tramping the country to find work. Until his discharge they had been living in comparative comfort. They had been able to buy their cottage, but now were unable to sell it as the population had so decreased and there were no buyers. Starvation stared them in the face."

"These discharges have occurred in all the Government centres of industry. Thousands have been thrown out of work since the advent of the present Government to power. When it is considered that if an ironclad costs one million in building, £800,000 is spent on labour, an idea may be formed of the loss to working men the present policy has caused."

"The Government plea that these reductions have been made to reduce taxation is a false one. Is it not wiser to spend our money on the Navy and Army, which is really money spent as an insurance, than on relief works for the unemployed?—schemes which are too often merely makeshifts to disguise the fact of the whole being nothing but charity in disguise."

"Taking the average of five to each family, and not counting military discharges, it may be calculated that over 150,000 have been thrown into poverty by official false economy."

"The remark of a labourer seeking employment when asked what he thought of old-age pensions is instructive. He replied: 'As work is getting scarcer, in a few years all the labourers will have died from starvation before they get to the right age.'"

In Ireland.

At a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Belfast Corporation, Sir Robert Anderson, the Lord Mayor, reported that the Local Government Board had decided at his request to make a grant to the Corporation to relieve the distress which is prevalent in the city; and his Lordship intimated that he intended to take immediate steps to establish a labour bureau.

The Birmingham clergy have urged upon their parishioners special self-denial to alleviate distress.

Unemployed cheered the Coventry council's announcement of £2,000 for new works and £170 for children's breakfasts.

THE COTTON MASTERS.

How They Rushed the Situation.

There is yet ground for hope that the lock-out in Lancashire will not lead to a long and bitter struggle; but, if it fails to do so, this will be no fault of the measures by which it was wantonly forced on. The cotton masters acted with an insolent consciousness of their power.

They indeed gave the operative spinners time for a second ballot, the result of which was that their demand for a 5 per cent. reduction of wages in January could not be opposed. But to the card-room operatives they refused the time for such a ballot; and these were locked out on Saturday, the date at which the reduction had first been threatened.

No doubt a second ballot of the card-room operatives may still be taken; but meanwhile this rushing policy has made bad blood. It is as if the workers had been sharply reminded of their dependent position, with a view to drive a wedge between spinners and carders.

About 110,000 were at once thrown idle and deprived of £131,000 a week; and unless the dispute be adjusted half a million cotton-workers will be playing within a month. Of the 110,000 more than 20,000 were women, and if the strike extends to the weaving side of the industry the number of women will exceed the number of men.

Hostile Feeling of Carders.

The lead in promoting a settlement that was expected from the cardroom workers is not yet forthcoming. No second ballot of their members is being prepared for; indeed, the president of the Cardroom Workers' Amalgamation, Mr. J. A. Crinion, told a "Daily News" correspondent that there was no immediate intention of taking one.

Asked whether he did not think that a ballot taken on the modified terms proposing to defer the 5 per cent. reduction in wages until next January, would win acquiescence from his members, Mr. Crinion said: "Frankly, I do not. That is why we are not taking another ballot. Our members feel keenly that the Employers' Federation treated us with scant courtesy in giving us a point-blank refusal when we asked for a fortnight's grace in order to submit the new terms to a second vote. They preferred to lock us out; and we prefer now to show them that we do not intend to cave in."

How the workers' leaders feel about it may be gathered from the following comment, said by the "Daily Chronicle" to have been made by one of them: "I have done my best to prevent a lock-out, but now I'm taking my coat off. The employers declare that a fortnight's stoppage will do the trade a lot of good. I daresay it will, but the fight once begun, we shall not start work when it suits the federation."

"We began the last great strike with only £8,000, and carried it on for twenty weeks. We had 20,000 members for that, and you can work out the problem for yourself how far we can carry 35,000 members with accumulated funds amounting to a quarter of a million, and the further factor that a good proportion of strike pay will come from the Federation of Trade Unions."

The Control of Capital.

"It is not a pleasant thing to say," remarks Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., "but even organised labour is not in these days a match for federated capital. The operatives may resist. Resistance will bring starvation to hundreds of thousands; it will bring ruin to hundreds of tradesmen, who are no parties to the dispute. In the end some sort of pretence of arbitration will be resorted to, and work will be resumed, with the employers victorious and the operatives crushed."

"It is a most high-handed and unjustified proceeding, and it will leave a rankling

sense of wrong behind, which will embitter the relations between the two parties. But it will, let us hope, also strengthen the growing opinion that such disputes should not be left to employers and workpeople only."

"Capitalism claims as the main justification for its existence that it is fulfilling a necessary social service. We may not all accept that contention; but capitalism cannot in these days be permitted to disregard public interests altogether in order to serve its own."

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Their Inauguration.

Yesterday saw the inauguration of old age pensions in Great Britain. The date should be remembered.

Some half a million people of seventy and upwards will be able to obtain the papers necessary to enter the claim for pensions which will commence in January next. Readers who are aware of eligible cases that may be overlooked should do their utmost to call attention to them.

The "Daily News" looks well ahead. It says:—"It is a revolution in the life of the poor that we are about to witness—a revolution which would have rejoiced the heart of Ruskin, who, in those days when he was preaching social reform and being called 'a mad governess' for his pains, was especially passionate in insisting that the 'soldier of the ploughshare' was as much entitled to a pension as the soldier of the sword."

Women on London Committee.

The committee appointed by the L.C.C. on Tuesday is defective in having no representative of the Women's Labour League. One was proposed, but only as an amendment to a committee's list, which had presumably been carefully drafted without regard to the special claims of women workers.

The Council appointed as Pensions Committee twenty-one of its own members and twelve non-members, the latter including four ladies:

Mrs. Bland Sutton, organiser of the Happy Evening Association.

Miss Leigh Browne, secretary of the Women's Local Government Society.

Miss Morton, daughter of Mr. A. C. Morton, M.P.

Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant, daughter of the late Lord Penrhyn.

Mr. Hayes Fischer said that the Act will cost London £500,000 a year. Despite the Local Government Board's promise, no one yet knew the pensioners' districts.

Mr. Ernest Gray accused the Local Government Board of forcing regulations on the councils which had not the force of law.

Mr. C. S. Loch's name was objected to by the Labour members owing to his charity work, but a motion to substitute Mr. F. R. Cooper and one to give the City of London a separate sub-committee were both defeated.

Poisoned for 8s. 6d. a Week.

Alderman Edwards, of Burslem, in a statement to the Arbitration Board sitting at Stoke, contended that it was quite impossible for a man to keep up the standard of physique necessary to enable him to withstand the hardships of his work on the existing wages of 5s. per day.

But the case of some women is worse. Married women, leadworkers, are paid 8s. 6d. for toiling a whole week among the deadly poison!

Prison Commission and Juvenile Offenders.

The Folly of Mere Punishment.

The report of the Commissioners of Prisons, for the year ending March 31 last, contains some interesting and significant statements with regard to juvenile offenders.

The Commissioners are beginning to ask themselves whether preventative measures should not be taken more generally. They refer in particular to the absence of any system of control and organisation for the employment of the young as one of the principal causes of wrong-doing.

"When a boy leaves school, the hands of organisation and compulsion are lifted from his shoulders. If the son of poor parents, his father has no influence, and also no time, to get him work; and should he himself find a job that does not lead him into a dead alley at 18, he is fortunate. Over eighty per cent. of the boys convicted admit that they were not employed when they got into trouble."

The report of the Borstal Committee of Pentonville says that when once the fear of prison has been put an end to by actual experience, these boys come back again and again, sometimes as many as four and five times in a year.

This is pretty conclusive proof of the oft-repeated statement that imprisonment is of no use in such cases; and that the only possible method of dealing with the boys is to give them useful employment instead of leaving them to drift into whatever badness the streets are too well able to offer them.

Workmen's Dwellings.

The writer of a letter to the "Daily News" makes some interesting statements as to workmen's life in Berlin. He says:—

"In the working class districts there are avenues of fine, stately, and almost palatial dwellings. It is not exaggerating to state that ninety-nine per cent. of the working classes live in greater comfort than the majority of the lower middle-classes in England, so far as their houses are concerned. A typical Berlin working-class district presents to the eye a succession of Northumberland Avenues."

Whether the conditions in Berlin be better or worse than in an English town is surely rather outside the question. Comparisons are odious, and the German landlord could as easily say that housing on the English plan is cheaper, and build accordingly. The trouble is that workmen's dwellings in England are unfit for human habitation.

That is quite sufficient for all purposes.

Women Clerks.

A meeting in connection with the National Union of Clerks was held in London last week with the object of forming a branch for Southwark. Mr. J. A. Dawes (L.C.C.) said that there was no worse paid class of workers in the country, owing to the difficulty of persuading them to combine.

Mr. Herbert H. Elvin (general secretary to the Union), referring to the competition of women clerks, said it was a delicate question to deal with, but one that must be faced. In Manchester a firm had dismissed a large number of male clerks, to whom they had paid £150 a year, and taken on girls at £1 and £1 5s. per week.

If a woman was equal to the work of a man she should receive the pay of a man, and one of the conditions of the Union in receiving women members was that they would not under-cut men.

It was also necessary to fight for a minimum wage of 35s. for every clerk who had attained the age of twenty-one.

An unemployed carpenter, Thomas Hazel, threw himself in front of a train on Saturday near Plumstead. His left arm was mutilated, but he is expected to live.

Engineers' Strike Ended.

It has been announced this week that the North-East Coast engineers have accepted the settlement of their dispute. The main point on which the ballot was taken, whether the men would submit to a reduction of 1s. per week in their wages, was carried by a majority of 870.

The cost of the strike has been enormous. At least 8,000 engineers were involved. They received £1 a week strike allowance, made up by 10s. from the A.S.E. ordinary funds, 5s. from the contingency fund, and 5s. from the General Federation of Trade Unions. The outlay was therefore:—

8,000 men at £1 a week	£8,000
30 weeks at the above rate	£240,000
The loss in wages has amounted to nearly half a million sterling, as thus:—	
8,000 men at 36s. per week for 30 weeks	£432,000

The general effect of the strike is incalculable—"Newcastle Chronicle."

Miners' Union in Wales.

At a meeting of Dolwais Colliery workmen at Merthyr Tydvil recently, Mr. Thomas Richards, M.P., secretary of the South Wales Miners' Federation, strongly advised the miners to strengthen their union. In the event of a possible struggle with employers, South Wales was a weak spot in the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, as compared with England and Scotland. In these latter the monthly contribution was 2s., as against 1s. in Wales.

The Teaching Profession.

Foreign Teachers' Tour.

About one hundred of the Canadian and American teachers who are visiting England were on Tuesday evening entertained at a conversation at the London Day Training College, under the joint auspices of the Central Reception Committee for London and the London Teachers' Association Reception Committee.

By this function a welcome was extended to the visitors on behalf of the various educational institutions of London.

The teachers were received by the chairman and vice-chairman of the Education Committee of the London County Council and by education officers attached to that body, also by the officers of the London Teachers' Association.

Demand for an Apology.

"Perhaps they do not reside in Brentford because they are afraid to."

"They do not care twopenny for the children; all they care about is money; they are the greatest trade unionists that ever lived." These two observations, made respectively by two Brentford Council school managers during a discussion as to whether local teachers should not be compelled to reside in the town in which they earn their money, have raised a storm in Brentford which may culminate in a strike.

The teachers have passed a resolution alleging that the remarks were "unjust and uncalled for . . . a gross libel . . . that the gentlemen in question should be requested to prove these charges of indifference or unreservedly withdraw them."

Lady Doctors and School Inspection.

The Manchester Education Committee has decided to appoint three assistant medical officers for schools, none of them to be a woman. It is obvious that if ever there was a field of work in which a lady doctor could be singularly useful, it is in the inspection of school children. More than half the children to be inspected are girls, and half the teachers are women—"Manchester Guardian."

More than 1,200 representatives from various countries are attending the International Moral Education Congress which opened yesterday at the University of London.

The Suffrage Campaign.

Bristol and Newcastle.

The suffrage demonstration on Clifton Downs last Saturday was attended by 5,000 people, of whom very few were hostile; and it passed off with immense spirit and entire success.

On the seven platforms were the best-known workers of the National Women's Social and Political Union—Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Mrs. Drummond, Miss Millicent Brown, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Miss Annie Kenney, Miss Mary Gaythorpe, Miss New, Miss Dorothy Pethick, Miss Brackenbury, Miss Jessie Kenney, Miss Gladys Keevil, Miss Nancy Lightman, &c. Miss Lilian Williamson was conspicuous in cap and gown.

A resolution was carried calling upon the Government to give votes to women without delay.

The Newcastle campaign has been conducted with all the accustomed vigour of the organisation. It has served, evidently, to open the eyes of a good many people who were still ignorant of the justice of women's demand.

Mrs. Dora Montefiore.

Mrs. Montefiore has written for the "Daily Dispatch" an article in favour of adult suffrage. She says:—

"Many astute reactionary politicians make use of the cry 'Votes for Women' to extend the influence of position and of property."

"Lady Frances Balfour, in the 'World's Work' of January, 1907, said:—'Women's suffrage would almost certainly act as a barrier against some of the extreme measures which are the hope of the ultra-Radicals.'"

"Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, in the 'Times' of November 23, 1907, remarked:—'That women's suffrage must come as a part of a great scheme of adult suffrage, does not commend itself to any of the women's suffrage societies. Some of us do not wish for adult suffrage.'"

"Miss Pankhurst, writing to the 'Daily Mail' of January 13, said:—'Many people are still under the impression that we claim the vote for every woman, but this is not the case. On the contrary, our demand is the essentially moderate one that women occupying a position and fulfilling responsibilities equal to those of a man voter shall be placed on the roll of electors.'"

"The average wage of working women is 7s. 6d. a week. Half, then, could the majority of them qualify—even under the single room, at four shillings a week, qualification?'"

Newcastle Election.

The electoral party campaign at Newcastle has been finely troubled by the Socialist candidate, Alderman Hartley, of Bradford, who, as a whole-hearted Communist and a man of rare personality, had no difficulty in drawing together all sections of his party. The poll yesterday did not show the whole strength of Socialism in Newcastle, but it still surprised a good many opponents.

Saturday was a field-day. The candidate spoke at two mass meetings, with Mr. Blatchford in the chair. He was supported with an enthusiasm that marks the growing impatience of the workers with a system of haphazard employment and slavish lives. Newcastle has its slums. "Mr. Renwick," said Alderman Hartley, referring to the Tory candidate, "would not stable his horses in some of the houses in which electors have to live."

The candidate's election expenses are being subscribed. Saturday's post alone brought him £73 from rich sympathisers.

"The fewer newspapers you read the better you will be!" the Pope has been telling his clergy.

Wild enthusiasm for international peace marked the visit of British M.P.'s to Berlin.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

The Portsmouth Conference.

The Executive of the League met in London on Monday last. There were present Mrs. Bruce Glasier, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Nodin, Mrs. Pete Curran, Sister Kurison, Mrs. Stone, of Hull, Mrs. MacDonald, and Mrs. Middleton; whilst Miss Bondfield, Miss MacArthur, and Miss Margaret Smith were, unfortunately, absent.

Among the business, the preliminary arrangements were set in order for the annual conference to be held at Portsmouth next January. The Labour Party Conference is fixed for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, January 27, 28, and 29, and we women have decided to hold ours on the preceding day, Tuesday, 26th, so please will all branches book that date and prepare to send the full number of delegates to which they are entitled?

Mrs. Middleton will visit the Portsmouth Women's Labour League to discuss the details of arrangements, halls, &c.

New Branches.

On Thursday last, Miss Bondfield addressed an inaugural meeting of the Thornton Heath branch of the League. The meeting was an open air one, with a good attendance and enthusiastic audience. Miss Ward took the chair, and after the speeches, several additional members handed in their names. A business meeting is called for Thursday of next week, when the branch will elect officials and sketch out its plan of campaign.

For further particulars apply to Mrs. Bullen, 11b, George Street, Croydon.

At Darnoll, near Sheffield, there is also a new branch, and the secretary, Mrs. Bains, 26, Irving Street, Darnoll, will be glad to hear from sympathisers in that district.

Programme of Central London Lectures.

The Central London branch has now issued an attractive little folded blue card which contains its syllabus of lectures for the season. On the back of the card the object and methods of the League are printed, together with an intimation that the branch meetings are held at 3, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., on the first Tuesday in each month alternately at 3.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. (to suit women with home duties in the evening alternately with those whose only leisure time is evening). The October meeting will be at 7 p.m.

Inside the card the syllabus of special lectures appears. These are to be held, on the third Tuesday in each month, at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, Charing Cross, at 8 p.m. There is certainly a good variety about the lectures, and our readers will be treated to a summary of each one in THE WOMAN WORKER the week that it is delivered. A Labour M.P. will take the chair on each occasion.

The following is the list:—

October 20.—Miss Clementina Black, or "Married Women's Work." Chairman, Arthur Henderson, M.P.

November 17.—Miss Margaret Macmillan, on "Medical Inspection of School Children" (illustrated by lantern slides). Chairman, Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P.

December 15.—Mrs. J. Ramsay MacDonald, on "Mere Palliatives." Chairman, G. H. Roberts, M.P.

January 19, 1909.—Miss Millicent Murby, on "Samuel Butler the Third." Chairman, J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.

February 16.—Mrs. Despard on "Unemployed Women." Chairman, Will Crooks, M.P.

March 16.—Miss Margaret Bondfield, on "Work of Women on the London County Council." Chairman, D. J. Shackleton, M.P.

A few numbered and reserved seats, price 6d. each, or 2s. 6d. for the complete series, may be had on application to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. P. H. Nodin, "Minook," Kenley, Surrey.

An East African tribe ruled only by a family of witch women has been discovered by Lieut.-Col. Bright, British frontier commissioner.

The Delight of Feeling Fresh

and "Fit" is one of the most desirable things in life. How fine it is to walk with head erect, to feel the blood coursing freely through the veins, to have the glow of health in one's cheeks, bright eyes, and freedom from ache or pain! It is good to be alive! Given such a state of health, a man or woman can look out upon life and its work and pleasure with confidence. Work will be welcome, and no longer a drudgery; while pleasures can be enjoyed to the full capacity. There can be no buoyancy, however, without health, which, alas! many do not possess. Good health

Comes after using

BEECHAM'S PILLS, a medicine of proved worth, as thousands can testify. These pills are specially prepared to counteract and remove all irregularities of the organs of assimilation and digestion—the seat of most of "the ills that flesh is heir to." There never was a time like the present, when the hurry and worry of life was so great, and it is small wonder, therefore, if beneath the stress and strain of modern conditions the hardest worked organs of the body are the first to get out of order. A dose of Beecham's Pills will, however, speedily tone up the system. The periodical use of this well tried medicine will obviate sick head-ache, biliousness, and other distressing results of irregular action of the stomach, bowels, liver, and kidneys. If you are wise you will never be without a box of

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