

The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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

[FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 21. [NEW SERIES.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1908.

ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

THE GO-BY TO WORKLESS WOMEN.

ANNOT E. ROBINSON.

The Last Word	MARY R. MACARTHUR.
Proceedings of the Promised Land Society	J. J. MALLON.
Sorrows of a Suffragette	EDITH M. BARKER.
Law and Order	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
The Lancashire Lock-Out	WM. C. ANDERSON.
A Bard at the Braes— <i>The Crofter Rising</i>	MARGARET McMILLAN.
Old Songs for New— <i>A Book of the Hour</i>	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
Short Story—"Susy's Mansion"	E. SOUTHWART.
Serial Story—"Barbara West"	KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
Home Notes	DOROTHY WORRALL.
The Children's Page— <i>Work and Play</i>	PEG.
Our Prize Page—"A Dream of John Ball"	
Employment Bureau	PANDORA.
Talks with the Doctor	Dr. X.Y.Z.
Complaints and the Law	PORTIA.
For Poor Mothers	EDA BERLON.
Readings—	
<i>Friandless and Hungry</i> - Charlotte Brontë.	
<i>Carmen</i> - Prosper Mérimée.	
<i>Letter to Lady Hamilton</i> Nelson.	
<i>One of Goethe's Loves</i> - G. H. Lewes.	
<i>Esther Praeger: A Lost Comrade.</i>	
Verse—	
<i>Dawn</i> - ETHEL CARNIE.	
<i>Bravery</i> - MABEL SILVESTER.	
<i>Kirstie Greene</i> - T. C. B.	
<i>Love and Song</i> - Thomson.	
<i>A Dreamer</i> - Anon.	
Women's Labour League— <i>Unemployment</i>	Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
Correspondence— <i>The Suffrage; Thoughtless Women Clerks.</i>	
News of the Week— <i>Ministers at Bow Street; The Home Work Report; A Revolutionary Party.</i>	

SUSY'S MANSION.

By E. Southwart.

Hannah Maria, her once chubby cheeks now thin, her good-humoured face lined with anxiety, was sitting on a chair near the table, with a slate in front of her. The writing on it looked simple enough: "Doctor's bill, 30s.; rent, 12s.; money borrowed, 50s." Simple, but the line that shows the total was looking at Hannah Maria with a stare so hard that for the moment her courage had gone.

She had been wiping away the tears as they came, but now they were dropping on the slate. Ah, that tears could have wiped the figures out!

"What does it come to, Hannah Maria?" asked Susy.

"Four-pound-twelve, mother," she answered.

There was a stifled cry, then silence.

"An' what does Mary Ann say?"

"She says if I'll promise to pay back as fast as I can, she'll pay it all off for us."

"An' she says I must go to—?"

The thing had been said once; it was too terrible to repeat. And there was no need for any answer.

"I can't, Hannah Maria," wailed Susy. "I've lived in this house forty-eight year. You were all born here. Abe an' th' childer were buried thro' here. I won't bother the' long, Hannah Maria; they'll soon be takin' me an' all."

The tears still dropped on the slate.

"Are ta stalled on me (tired of me)?" asked Susy, with the querulous unreasonableness of old age and sorrow.

"Mother!"

"Well, what doesn't ta think o' some- 'at for, then? Try an' think o' some other way, Hannah Maria. Thou'rt all I have left, don't let 'em tak' me away thro' the'."

The helpless pleading was worse than the unjust blame. Had she not thought until she felt her reason must give way? Her head sank on the slate, for not a word would come.

"I'll live on dry cake," pleaded Susy.

"Tha knows I don't eat much; it'll not cost much to keep me at home."

"They'll keep you better there, mother," said Hannah Maria.

"Does ta think I care ought about eatin'? Tha knows very well it's thee I want—an'—an' my awn home!"

Yes, Hannah Maria did know. Just their plain home and each other; that was all they asked of life. Their lives had been simple and harmless. All the way through they had worked according to their strength and ability; but for the cruel misfortune which had caused the chief worker to be laid up for two months with a broken leg they would even now be able to "look the

whole world in the face." And Susy was sixty-eight: there was talk of old age pensions for folk that were seventy.

An idea came like a flash of sunlight to the brain of Hannah Maria.

"Happen, mother—happen you needn't go to th' Workhouse for long!"

"What does ta mean, child?"

Hannah Maria, though turned forty, was still a child to the mother.

"If you'll go to th' workhouse for a bit, we can happen store th' furniture somewhere, an' I can go into lodgin's, then we sha'n't have rent to pay, an' one can live cheaper nor two. I shall be able to pay th' debt i' next to no time; then you can come back home, an' we can go on livin' as we have done before."

What a wonderful talisman is hope! Susy had turned an eager face upon her daughter.

"I can addle (earn) about twelve shillin' a week when we aren't slack, an' I dare say Binns 'll keep me for six, so you see I should be able to save half. That'll be—"

Hannah Maria began to work a sum of hope alongside the sum of despair, Susy waiting to learn the term of banishment.

"You ought to be home again in sixteen week," said Hannah Maria.

"Why," said Susy, her dear old face once more beaming, "that's not so long, child."

How slowly the weeks were passing for Susy in the workhouse! Each Saturday a pathetic little drama was enacted there.

"Another week gone, Hannah Maria! How mony is it?"

"Seven, mother."

"Nobut another nine, then I s'll be at home again. Is t' furniter all right?"

"Ay, I saw it yesterday."

"We'll put all just as we had it afore. We'll have a right do when I come home, Hannah Maria. We'll have some herrin' t' first night; then Topsy can have her share. She'll be fain to see me."

Always the last words Hannah Maria heard were, "It won't be long now."

How could she tell her? Every week she went with her courage screwed to the top, but Susy's hopeful greeting sent it oozing out of the toes of her No. 7 boots. For, alas! the seventh week found the debt still at four-pounds-twelve. With a heroism known only to herself, she had struggled through the first week's work, and then had been obliged to stay at home a fortnight. On going back again, her work was poor, and after "felling out" she had worked for three weeks at one loom. So it had been as much as she could do to find the weekly six shillings for her lodgings.

Hoping against hope that some

eleventh-hour miracle would be wrought, Hannah Maria put off a dreaded task until the fourteenth Saturday. It was cruel. Susy's face was so beaming when she gave the usual greeting: "Nobut two week now, Hannah Maria!"

Hannah Maria never knew how she managed to tell, but she got through somehow.

And Susy's brain could not take it in. Her release had been such a certain hope; there had been no doubts or questionings whatever; and now to be told that the great day must be postponed!

"How long did ta say, Hannah Maria?"

"I don't know, mother. I haven't—I haven't been able to pay ought yet."

"Hannah Maria!"

It was a long time before Hannah Maria forgot that cry.

"But the Lord 'll provide!" said the pleading, tremulous voice. "Th' Book says so, tha knows."

"Ay, mother."

The following Saturday Susy was in bed. She had regained a little of her old content; but with hope she seemed to have lost her hold on life itself.

"Read me my chapter, Hannah Maria."

The chapter was read which had comforted before many an aged soul.

"Many mansions," repeated Susy. "It doesn't say ought about a big jun where they put th' poor owd folk all together, does it? No. . . . I wonder if there'll be enough to go round, so as thee an' me an' th' other childer an' Abe can have one to werselves."

"There'll be eight on us altogether. I think God 'll let us have one of us own. I wonder what they'll be like, Hannah Maria. Does ta think they'll be as big as Shackleton's?"

"I shouldn't be capt (surprised), mother."

"With a big garden, an' posies up th' garden walk," said Susy. Then she added: "But I don't care about th' mansion. If He'll give us a little house an' let us live together I'll be content."

On Wednesday she went to her mansion.

Hannah Maria gave vent to a cry as near resentment as her nature would allow. "To think 'at my own mother had nobody but strangers to look after her at th' finish! I'd have given all I had—all I had—if she could have died at home."

Poor Hannah Maria! Her "all" was far too little to buy such a luxury.

FLOWER AND BEE.

It seems to me we should rather be the flower than the bee; for it is a false notion that more is gained by receiving than giving. The flower, I doubt not, receives a fair guerdon—its leaves blush deeper in the next spring. Let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like buzzing here and there; but let us open our leaves, and be passive and receptive—budding patiently under the eye of Apollo, and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit. Sap will be given us for meat, and dew for drink.—KEATS.

Esther Praeger.

THE STORY OF A LOST COMRADE.*

Mrs. Cooper lives at Fieldgate Mansions, Myrdle Street, which runs out of Fieldgate Street, Whitechapel Road.

There Esther Praeger came to live when she left her mother's home in Warsaw three years ago. She was then only fifteen years old, but tall and stout, and exceptionally beautiful, with flashing dark eyes of the Eastern type.

Wonderfully in advance of her years, mentally and physically, and in intellect of quite extraordinary powers, even at that early age she was cut out for the leader of any cause she espoused. She would engage in political discussion with a vehemence that almost frightened older folk.

Conscious of her beauty and ability, rebelling at the squalor and poverty of her life as a trouser finisher, she would scornfully comment: "Fancy me earning 7½d. a dozen finishing trousers!"

Several times, and at various trades, her brother-in-law and sister tried to accustom her to steady employment. She would exclaim bitterly: "I cannot bear to go about like this," with glances of contempt at her plain clothing. "Look how beautifully the English girls are dressed, and I should look more beautiful than any of them."

"After a time," said Mrs. Cooper, who is her sister, "we put her with friends; but she got away from them. Then I heard she had been seen richly dressed; and my heart sick with dread, and my thoughts full of what her mother would think, I sought her everywhere for days together."

"At last I found her, dressed quietly, and as she declared she was at work, although she would not tell me where, I was satisfied and happy again."

The happiness did not last long. . . . [The story tells how the sister saw her in another mood, when she laughed merrily and ran away, and how afterwards she promised to come home, but never did.]

"One day I was marketing in Morgan Street when suddenly I came in contact with Esther. She looked at me so pleadingly, as if she was asking for forgiveness. But I hardened my heart against her, and turned my head away."

"Then I went home and cried—oh, so bitterly."

"When next I saw her she was in a coffin at the mortuary. My heart felt as if it would burst as I remembered how I had told her I hated her like poison. Yet it was not her, but the life she was living I hated."

"Now I grieve that I turned my head away, and would not speak to her. God forgive me!"

"What a holiday for us! On Simchus Torah (Day of Rejoicing) of all days! Yet God knows how I loved her, and how I tried to win her back."

"I walked about for hours sometimes pleading with her. Once I took a man to see her, who talked to her of mar-

* Esther Praeger, a young Jewess, living in a second floor back at 3, Bernard Street, Bloomsbury, was murdered by an unknown man in the early hours of Saturday.

riage and a wedding ring, but she only laughed.

"She was such a lovable girl, with eyes that smiled, and a look that would make anyone love her."

"Her folly was dress. She longed for fine clothes, and envied those who could have them. I must keep it from her mother in Warsaw, who loved her dearly, and would break her heart if she knew; and I must keep it from her brother in Paris, for fear he tells her mother."—"Daily Chronicle."

DAWN.

We have watched long through the darkness for the coming of the dawn;

We have dreamed how the first trembling ray would shine
Down upon the misty hollows, where the evil night-owl hoots.

How its light would glide along by peak and pine;
But the long dark hours seem endless—whilst the famished children weep,

And our hearts with wounded hopes are all an-ache—
And we beat away the spectre who would whisper in our ears

That the golden light of morn will never break.

Nay: we cannot give our Hope up—it was born at midnight drear,
And it crooning fills our lap through sunless hours,

And soft babbles of the shrouded meads tired waiting to reveal
Song of birds, and voice of brooks, and tinted flowers.

Oh, there's something like a golden bell that rings within the soul,
And the gloom can only mildly dull its tone,

Shouting out that Freedom cometh, cometh surely to mankind,
And shall throw her sunny scarf from zone to zone.

For the world is growing wiser—the sad tears that flood men's sight
Help them to a clearer vision day by day;

As we clasp hands through the blackness we feel sure that, soon or late,
O'er the hill's dark crest will ride that welcome ray.

And the sobbing of the children shall be turned to laughter sweet,
And Woman shall go honoured, noble, wise;

Linking arms with Man, her comrade, as the highway stretches white,
When the tears have washed the darkness from our eyes.

ETHEL CARNIE.

The people are difficult to govern only because of the tyranny of their superiors, which is the cause of their trouble. They make light of death because of the difficulty of living, which is the cause of their indifference to it.—LAOTZE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PROMISED LAND SOCIETY.

By Our Special Correspondent.

The long-expected first meeting of the Promised Land Society was held on Tuesday, October 6, in the large Queen's Hall.

The hall was completely packed some time before the opening of the proceedings, and among those turned away were Mr. Beerbohm Tree, General Booth, and the President of the Local Government Board. It is understood that the gentleman last named, who attended in Court dress, had an appetitive seizure on being refused admission, and has since threatened reprisals on Mr. Will Crooks.

On the suggestion of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, secretary *pro tem.*, it was resolved to appoint a chairman.

In moving that Mr. Robert Blatchford take the chair, Mrs. Humphry Ward deplored the growth of the W.S.P.U. Nevertheless, she said there were still true women in England—she knew at least four of them—who would never go willingly to the polling-booth. She appealed to her sister-members not to be led away from their homely tasks of washing and mending, by which only could their real emancipation be secured.

Several hundred members of the W.S.P.U. and kindred societies rose to reply to Mrs. Ward, but were persuaded to postpone their remarks.

A Striking Tribute.

The Marquis of Rosebery then seconded the motion, and said that, for his part, he esteemed Mr. Blatchford so highly that he was prepared to undertake his funeral oration at the shortest notice. The noble Marquis, however, intimated that an increase in bazaars and jumble sales had made his autumn bookings extremely heavy, and, without wishing to hurry Mr. Blatchford, he would deprecate any undue delay in completing arrangements.

Mr. Blatchford was then elected unanimously. Having feelingly acknowledged the kind words that had fallen from his seconder, the Chairman said he had a good many autumn bookings himself, but would see what could be done to meet the offer of his noble friend. He reminded the latter, however, that his funeral oration had been done several times already in the "Clarion."

Mr. Blatchford then briefly opened the proceedings, by saying that he saw in this meeting another expression of the profound and permanent longing for peace and goodwill that animated even the worst men—he was not alluding to Mr. Dan Irving. It was also, in his view, a striking proof of the reality of the demand for a citizen army.

The Only Way.

In a moving peroration, Mr. Blatchford pleaded for an infinite love and tenderness to animate human relations, without which, he said, it was quite futile to think of "busting" the Liberal Party.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald said he had not as yet put the finishing touches to the constitution, but they might safely leave that in his hands. (Cries of "Query!" from the Extreme Left.) For

the rest, Mr. MacDonald said he would content himself with echoing the Chairman's noble plea for a sober and well-organised movement. If every twopenny-ha'penny branch was to fight elections whenever it thought fit—

The Chairman suggested that the speaker was thinking of some other organisation. Mr. MacDonald said that that was so, and resumed his seat.

At this point a gentleman who was wearing a false nose and blue spectacles, and who subsequently was found to be Mr. Sam Hobson, asked to be allowed to put a question.

A Grave Charge.

"Speaking with a full sense of responsibility," said Mr. Hobson, "I desire to ask Mr. MacDonald whether he has, during the last few days, received a present of several boxes of cigars from a leading Cabinet Minister?"

This question created the wildest excitement, and the Chairman had difficulty in silencing the clamour of the Extreme Left. Quiet having been restored, Mr. MacDonald replied that he was a non-smoker, and had never received cigars from anyone.

Mr. Hobson was thereupon ejected, members of the S.D.P. protesting.

Mr. Eustace Miles, who wore gymnastic costume and asked to be allowed to continue his dumbbell exercise while speaking, urged that the Promised Land was not necessarily an external affair. Peace within, said Mr. Miles, is the real ideal, and such peace could be won immediately by those who would rationalise their diet.

Mr. Miles here distributed several hundreds of his "higher life" tea-cakes, and, attempting to turn a double somersault, fell upon the table and was carried away.

Teutonic Treachery.

Mr. Maxse, of the "National Observer," said it was all very well talking of the Promised Land provided that the Germans were not allowed to turn us out of this one. Even the ideal of peace within was not possible so long as German sausages were allowed to work their ravages upon the race. Quoting from "Home Grown Statistics," Mr. Maxse dwelt upon the significant increase of German bands, the members of which were, he said, agents of the coming invasion.

Mrs. Bruce Glasier said that before pledging herself unreservedly to the Promised Land Society, she would like to be sure it meditated no attack upon the Home. They were quite wrong when they said that the average man hated the home. He revered it too much to get familiar with it. He kept away from it simply because it was so sacred. Mrs. Glasier told of the transforming effects of matrimony, and instanced the case of a country lout she had known whose appearance improved with each addition to his family, until, when he was the father of ten children, he won a prize for facial beauty. Mrs. Glasier could not hold out any such prospect to many of her comrades, but

even a little improvement would be welcome.

Heroic Declaration.

Mr. W. C. Anderson said the discussion, so far, had only touched superficial matters. What was really of moment was the growth of monopoly. It was no good going to the Promised Land if they found that it had already been taken over by a syndicate. Mr. Anderson quoted figures to show that the Barbers' Federation owned now 2,500,000 shops, and consequently had unlimited power to decide how Labour men should get their hair cut. But he, for one, would not bow to this tyrannical Federation. The motto for him and for all who wished to defeat this odious trust, was the good old motto, "Keep your hair on."

Mr. Anderson then recited the whole of Burns's poems, and sat down amidst much enthusiasm, receiving especial congratulations from Bruce Glasier, Hall Caine, and Ben Tillet.

Mrs. Ramsay MacDonald, in continuing the debate, said she had listened to all the arguments adduced without hearing anything calculated to modify her view as to the inefficacy of wages boards. As one who did not believe in half measures, she was not prepared to tamper with low wages unless at the same time she could remedy unemployment, child labour, wooden legs, and whooping cough. Only Revolutionary Socialism could remedy all these, and therefore, Mrs. MacDonald said, she was a Revolutionary Socialist.

Mrs. Macdonald Sings.

She concluded by singing four verses of "The Red Flag," during which Mr. Harry Quelch fainted and was borne out. At the conclusion of Mrs. MacDonald's spirited declaration, a gentleman understood to be a Tolstoyan Anarchist turned out the lights, and the meeting adjourned in much confusion.

J. J. MALLON.

A DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hive of men,
Heartweary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away,
For a dreamer lives for ever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavour
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives for ever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity,
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child mind choked with weeds,

The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.
No, no; from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.

Let us dream as of yore by the river,
And be loved for the dream away;
For a dreamer lives for ever,
And a thinker dies in a day. ANON.

LAW AND ORDER.

By Keighley Snowden.

Thinking calmly over the scenes of last week, one gets them into focus. Women do this at a glance: a man needs time and a quiet pipe.

Victor Grayson's rebuke to the Mother of Parliaments has shocked the political Press. They have called it indecent, outrageous, and deplorable; trivial, flashy, and theatrical; purposeless and illogical—belittled it, in fact, in every respectable tone of voice.

But the plain fact is—we all felt it when Grayson made his blunt protest and so retired—that the Mother of Parliaments had deserved some sort of snub.

Let the manner of it go. In the long run that won't matter. Let the quarrel with his patient colleagues, and theirs with him, thresh itself out and be forgotten. What I have in mind is the situation when he kicked over the traces.

The scene focussed clearly and first, for me, is that of Tuesday night in last week. Five thousand police, horse and foot, kept the doors against starving men (and some of them against a band of gallant women) while the Mother of Parliaments held a funny debate on small boys and cigarettes.

To let that pass would have been degenerate. It would have stultified humanity. Happily, there was one young man in public life with impatient instincts; and the simple and fitting thing he did shook all decent people like a dramatic moment in a play.

That does not make it theatrical. It was, of course, sincerely done—as his colleagues' work has been.

Civil War.

The day before, a Tory evening paper had had a leading article on law and order, advocating civil war. That is to say, it had cried out for "special constables."

The crowds had by that time vanished, and the sinister hint came to nothing—looked, in fact, a little foolish. But, over my pipe, I find it wicked. It was more so than the misbehaviour of those few constables who lost their tempers and did brutal things on Tuesday night. It was equally well meant, of course; and in other circumstances (which I will not let myself imagine) it would have been hailed as "common sense" by nine Englishmen out of ten. Its wickedness is part of the social system that Tories and Liberals alike believe in.

The system is one of civil war already. Consider. Those who are dying by it appeal to those who live at their expense, for means to live and fight a little longer; and part of the answer is horses galloped at unarmed men and women; people thrust into a blind alley until their bodies break the iron railings there; a protesting Englishman or two struck in the face.

This is what law and order mean to us. Men demand the right to work, the right to live; and this demand is such a menace to the system that, even though they carry no arms, but simply gather in a crowd, law and order re-

quire them to be intimidated and rough-riden at any cost.

Does it matter much what weapons are used? Is there any exact name for such a state of things but civil war?

As in Russia.

The means employed against Socialism and freedom in Russia are harsher, but they are not in principle or purpose at all different.

They are needed to maintain the inequalities of rank, and fortune, and opportunity that constitute what is called civilisation in both countries. They will be needed as long as these continue. Do away with inequality, and, obviously, there will be no more nursery talk of law and order.

So it comes to this, that a pair of words deemed very precious are so much cant; and that the poor man who feels his English liberty outraged by such parades of force, and whose blood boils to no present purpose at sanctioned acts of cruelty, is moved by a true instinct.

Liberty to starve is a cloakless mockery. It is what we have won and contrived during a good many troubled centuries; but there must be some millions of us who doubt sincerely if it was worth so many heroisms and so much bloodshed. Another sort of liberty should be worth more.

For my own part, I am sure it is. I only do not think that bloodshed is necessary. Education will do instead. And without education nothing is possible.

What we want has been already bought and paid for—overpaid, many times. The business now is just to verify the reckoning and take it; but the arithmetic is for the time being too much for us.

KIRSTIE GREENE.

I sing a sang
O' Kirstie Greene,
Wha's muckle pairt
Is love, I ween—
A cannie lass as ever seen,
An' neither braid ne slender.

O' height no lang,
But just atween
The alt an' cort—
She hits the mean;
An' ains a pair o' hazel een
Whence peeps a saul maist tender.

So gangs thro' life
Wi' smilin' face,
An' stidfast hairt
For acts o' grace—
A heaven maks o' ilka place
To whilk kind fate may send her.

When storms are rife,
And white's the main
Wi' swirlin' snaw
Or blindin' rain,
These blaw her guidman hame
again—
An' sairve but to commend her.

T. C. B.

CARMEN.

One evening, at the hour when there is nothing to be seen, I was smoking, leaning upon the parapet of the quay, when a woman ascended the steps which led down to the river, and seated herself close to me. . . . She wore a red skirt, very short, which exposed to view her white silk stockings, with many a hole in them, and tiny shoes of Morocco leather, tied with scarlet ribbons. She had thrown back her mantilla so as to display her shoulders and an immense bunch of acacia blossom, which was stuck in her chemise. She also carried a flower in her mouth, and she walked with a movement of a thoroughbred filly from the Cardova stud. In my country a woman in such a costume would have made people cross themselves. At Seville everyone paid some gay compliment to the girl on her appearance. She replied to them all, looking sideways as she went along, with her hand on her hip, as bold as the true gipsy she was. . . . I very much doubt whether Mademoiselle Carmen was of the true blood—at any rate, she was the prettiest of all the women of her race whom I ever met. . . . Her skin, though quite smooth, approached somewhat to the coppery tinge. Her eyes were obliquely set, but large and full; her lips rather thick, but well cut, and permitted the teeth—white as blanched almonds—to be seen. Her hair was perhaps a trifle coarse, but had a blue sheen running through it, like that one sees in a raven's wings, and was long and luxuriant. Not to weary you with a detailed description, I will merely say that with each fault she united a good point, which came out perhaps more by virtue of the contrast. She was of a strange and savage beauty—a face which at first surprised you, but it was one you could never forget. Her eyes especially had an expression at once voluptuous and fierce, which I have never since noticed in any human eyes. "Eye of gipsy, eye of wolf" is a Spanish saying which denotes quick observation. . . . Indeed, I doubt whether in all her life that girl ever spoke a word of truth. But when she spoke I believed her. She was stronger than I. She talked broken Basque, and I believed she came from Navarre. Her eyes, mouth, and complexion stamped her a gipsy. . . . I expressed a wish to see her dance, but where could we find castanets? She, without hesitation, took the old woman's only plate, smashed it in pieces, and then danced the *romalis*, clattering the pieces of the plate as if they had been castanets of ebony or ivory. One would never feel bored with a girl like her—I can answer for that!

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

Bishop Welldon deplores effeminacy among the sons of rich parents. Everybody ought to learn once in his life what it is to be painfully hungry.

Anciently, in India, priests were employed to sit on the doorstep of any man who owed a debt, and starve till it was paid. Now, in our own country there is the debt of the State to workless men and women. . . .

THE GO-BY TO WORKLESS WOMEN.
A Protest and an Appeal.

By Mrs. Annot E. Robinson.

My heart is sick and sore. For the past three or four weeks I have spent my mornings at the entrance to the Women's Registry of Unemployment, at the Albert Street Police Station, Manchester; and I have seen so many pinched faces, heard so many stories of human failure and misery, that on this bright October morning I cannot get into tune with Nature, because I cannot forget.

Yesterday I called at a house in Manchester. It was perfectly neat and clean; and there was not a scrap of food or a penny piece within its four walls.

There were two women there—mother and daughter. The daughter is eighteen, and herself within a few weeks of being a mother. The father of the child that is to be has disappeared; before going he said that he had got another girl into trouble already. As I entered the older woman was setting out on her daily search for work. She is strong and capable, although she is no longer young.

She had had no breakfast, and her worn, tired face made one's heart ache. But she has set her heart on seeing her daughter through her trouble. Indeed, the girl cries feebly if one mentions a hospital.

Manchester Indifferent.

But there is no work. I sat there hopeless and helpless—with a tide of wild rebellion in my veins.

You see, our Distress Committeece won't spend money on relief work for women. £50,000 on relief work for men: nothing for women. Women don't count. They have children, parents, ailing relatives dependent on them; they are hungry, cold, some of them even homeless, and dependent on the casual lodging-house when they can raise the coppers; but it is all one to Manchester.

Late one Saturday night, when it was raining hard, two women came to me. They were homeless and penniless. My husband and I took them to a Shelter for Women maintained by a religious body.

The matron could not take them in; the place was full; but I stepped inside to try to persuade her to find room. She looked at me with severe meaning in her eye, and, glancing at my husband, asked if "this man" was with me. I came away daunted, and begged a shilling from a publican and a sinner, and the women had a roof over their heads that night.

But that was a chance. You see, if relief work is provided for women, some who are not respectable may be tempted to leave off sinning, and that would be a sad waste of public money. Ah, I am sick of hypocrisy.

Of all the awful facts in this world of ours to-day, the most awful is the cheapness of women. A woman, except in a few highly organised trades and one or two of the professions, is not re-

garded in the market as a human being who deserves, in return for her labour, to receive enough to live upon. She is a creature who ought to be married, and dependent for part of her living on a man.

For Equal Treatment.

How she is underpaid all of us know. In Manchester to-day, the common rate of pay for kitchen work in restaurants is 6s. a week. Many middle-aged women receive 3s. as domestic servants.

But another result of thus regarding the woman as economically dependent is that, when a time of acute distress arrives, the claims of the woman worker and those whom she supports are neglected. I repeat. In Manchester this winter £50,000 of public money is being spent on relief work for men, and not one penny on working women.

There is no defence. It is an age of conferences and congresses, where people talk about the sacredness of motherhood, and yet I am asking myself in a dull sort of way if there is any vestige of practical meaning behind this talk. If the community revered motherhood it would be impossible that we should have widows, mothers, and guardians of children begging for work—begging to earn bread to feed the children. Day after day they hear the heart-breaking answer, "Nothing for you."

A duty laid upon every thinking woman to-day is to demand equal treatment for the unemployed woman and the unemployed man. This is essentially a battle which must be fought by women for women. It is woman's business.

The Labour Party.

The Labour Party is neglecting it. The claims of the out-of-work woman are given the go-by.

It may be that in some dim and distant future every woman will have a home, and will not have to fight for a living. At present we must take things as they are; and this is the fact—that in the struggle to-day the unemployed women are being everywhere trampled down into the mud of the streets.

Women Socialists and I.L.P.'ers must unite and demand fair play for their sex. Only the women can do it.

[In her column of "Women's Labour League Notes," Mrs. J. R. MacDonald announces a campaign to this effect.—Ed.]

BRAVERY.

Sing, brave heart, tho' the day is cold,
And the clouds are dark with rain;
Sing till the warmth of the sun shine out,
And the sky be clear again.

Sing, brave heart, tho' a bitter grief,
May sere your soul to-day;
Show a brave front to the sad old world,
Till sorrow has passed away.

MABEL SILVESTER.

NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON.

San Josef, February 8, 1801.

My dear Lady,—Mr. Davison demands the privilege of carrying back an answer to your kind letter; and I am sure he will be very punctual in the delivery.

I am not in very good spirits; and, except that our country demands all our services and abilities to bring about an honourable peace, nothing should prevent my being the bearer of my own letter. But, my dear friend, I know you are so true and loyal an Englishwoman that you would hate those who would not stand forth in defence of our King, laws, religion, and all that is dear to us.

It is your sex that makes us go forth; and it seems to tell us—"None but the brave deserve the fair!" and if we fall we still live in the hearts of those females. You are dear to us. It is your sex that rewards us; it is your sex who cherish our memories; and you, my dear, honoured friend, are, believe me, the first, the best, of your sex.

I have been the world around, and in every corner of it, and never yet saw your equal, or even one which could be put in comparison with you.

You know how to reward virtue, honour, and courage; and never to ask if it is placed in a Prince, Duke, Lord, or peasant; and I hope, one day, to see you, in peace, before I set out for Bronte, which I am resolved to do. . . . Only tell me how I can be useful to you and Sir William, and believe nothing could give me more pleasure, being with the greatest truth, my dear lady, your most obliged and affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's
CHLORODYNE

Used by Doctors and the Public for over half a century.

The BEST REMEDY KNOWN for
COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DIARRHŒA,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT,
TOOTHACHE.

Convincing Medical Testimony with each bottle. Refuse imitations. Every Bottle of Genuine Chlorodyne bears on the stamp the name of the Inventor.

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE.
Of all Chemists, 1/4, 2/6, 4/6.

A LUXURY
PENNY MAGGI'S
BOUILLON CUBES.

Each cube, price 1d., yields instantly half a pint of lovely clear soup by the simple addition of boiling water.

Sold by all grocers.

Sample sent on receipt of two postage stamps by

COSENZA & CO., 95, Wigmore St., W.

FRIENDLESS AND HUNGRY.

I entered the shop; a woman was there. Seeing a respectably-dressed person, a lady, as she supposed, she came forward with civility. How could she serve me? I was seized with shame; my tongue would not utter the request I had prepared. I dared not offer her the half-worn gloves, the creased handkerchief; besides, I felt it would be absurd. I only begged permission to sit down a moment, as I was tired. Disappointed in the expectation of a customer, she coolly acceded to my request. She pointed to a seat; I sank into it. I felt sorely urged to weep; but conscious how unseasonable such a manifestation would be, I restrained it. Soon I asked her "If there were any dressmaker or plain-work-woman in the village?"

"Yes; two or three. Quite as many as there was employment for."

I reflected. I was driven to the point now. I was brought face to face with Necessity. I stood in the position of one without a resource, without a friend, without a coin. I must do something. What? I must apply somewhere. Where?

"Did she know of any place in the neighbourhood where a servant was wanted?"

"Nay; she couldn't say."
"What was the chief trade in this place? What did most of the people do?"

"Some were farm labourers, a good

deal worked at Mr. Oliver's needle-factory, and at the foundry."

"Did Mr. Oliver employ women?"
"Nay; it was men's work."
"And what do the women do?"
"I knawn't," was the answer. "Some does one thing, and some another. Poor folk mun get on as they can."

She seemed to be tired of my questions; and, indeed, what claim had I to importune her? A neighbour or two came in, my chair was evidently wanted. I took leave.

I passed up the street, looking as I went at all the houses to the right hand and to the left; but I could discover no pretext, nor see an inducement to enter any. I rambled round the hamlet, going sometimes to a little distance, and returning again, for an hour or more. Much exhausted, and suffering greatly now for want of food, I turned aside into a lane, and sat under the hedge. Ere many minutes had elapsed I was again on my feet, however, and again searching something—a resource, or at least an informant. A pretty little house stood at the top of the lane, with a garden before it, exquisitely neat, and brilliantly blooming. I stopped at it. What business had I to approach the white door, or touch the glittering knocker? In what way could it possibly be the interest of the inhabitants of that dwelling to serve me? Yet I drew near and knocked. A mild-looking, cleanly-attired young woman opened the door. In such a voice as might be expected from a hopeless heart and fainting frame—a voice wretchedly low and faltering—I asked if a servant was wanted here?

"No," said she. "We do not keep a servant."

"Can you tell me where I could get employment of any kind?" I continued. "I am a stranger, without acquaintance in this place. I want some work, no matter what."

But it was not her business to think for me, or to seek a place for me; besides, in her eyes, how doubtful must have appeared my character, position, tale. She shook her head, she "was sorry she could give me no information," and the white door closed, quite gently and civilly; but it shut me out. If she had held it open a little longer I believe I should have begged a piece of bread.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

DANGEROUS TRADES.

New Home Office Regulations.

The Home Office have issued drafts of new regulations under the Factory and Workshops Act in regard to tinning and vitreous enamelling.

Certain modifications of what was recommended have been made to meet points raised by manufacturers.

It is provided that all persons employed be examined by a surgeon once in every three months, and the surgeon have power of suspension in any case which he thinks warrants it.

In the regulations regarding tinning it is proposed that no female person shall be employed in either "dipping" or "wiping." No lead is to be used in the tinning of metal hollow ware.

No child under sixteen years of age may be employed in any enamelling process.

THE LANCASHIRE LOCK-OUT. ONE OF GOETHE'S LOVES

By William C. Anderson.

The Lancashire lock-out drags wearily on. Prospects of settlement seem more remote than they did a week or a fortnight ago.

The General Federation of Trade Unions, whose funds are being drained of £23,000 a week, has naturally been exerting itself to secure terms for an honourable peace. Good work has been done by the Federation. It found leaders of the operatives at war among themselves. It brought them together—an imperative step if disastrous defeat was to be averted.

Great importance was attached to the conference convened by the Federation in Manchester last Saturday. Apart from officials of the Federation, the executives of the three sections—operative spinners, cardroom workers, and weavers—were fully represented.

Previously the Weavers' Amalgamation had had no direct voice in negotiations. They are not immediately affected by the proposed 5 per cent. reduction. But the lock-out of the spinners has curtailed the supply of yarn, and it is estimated that as a result of this, together with the general depression, some 50,000 weavers have been thrown out of work. In any case, it is wholly to the good that, in their future deliberations, the operatives will have the benefit of the wide experience and shrewd knowledge of men like Mr. Shackleton and Mr. Cross.

The Conference lasted four hours. Unfortunately, it was found impossible to arrive at an understanding by which the dispute could be ended; and alert reporters were able to obtain no item of news beyond the fact that the Federation, having brought the three societies together, would in future leave the whole matter with them.

Mr. Pete Curran, M.P., who presided, has better hopes than this somewhat bald summary might lead us to expect. "Our hope is," he says—"and we have good ground for believing this will happen—that some common basis of agreement will be arrived at, whereby the dispute may be brought to a satisfactory and dignified finish on both sides."

Meanwhile the lock-out enters its fifth week.

History of the Dispute.

In previous articles I have referred to the indecent haste with which employers sought to dock wages immediately they emerged from a trade boom which left them gorged with gain.

The spinners signed an agreement, accepting the reduction. They believed that a quarrel at this moment would play into the employers' hands. To manufacturers with large quantities of cloth in stock and with orders falling off, a short stoppage of spindles and looms was not particularly unwelcome or inconvenient. So it was felt by many spinners that their interests would best be served by husbanding their resources, and, if need should be, striking for an advance the moment a recurring cycle of prosperity justified that step.

The cardroom workers have proved more obdurate.

They regard the action of the employers as high-handed and unwarrantable, the action of the operative spinners as "weak and vacillating." Nevertheless, even the cardroom officials have shown themselves prepared to make reasonable concessions. They offered to accept a five per cent. reduction now, provided the masters would re-open the question in January and discuss it in the light of the condition of trade three months hence.

Here, surely, was a proposition which the employers might have embraced. It committed them to nothing. But they have brushed aside every advance, and have asked for absolute and unconditional surrender.

The Situation.

Let the workers face the facts.

What are the bitter fruits of this stubborn and unbending conduct on the part of the employers?

To begin with, from 150,000 to 160,000 cotton workers are idle—65 per cent. of the spinners, 95 per cent. of the cardroom workers. How many workers have indirectly been thrown out of employment it is impossible to compute. In a month the unions have paid out £150,000 in benefits—accumulated funds gathered together during fifteen years of comparative peace. In addition to this, some £500,000 have already been lost in wages—altogether a rather expensive method of settling the issue in dispute.

There is stagnation in every textile town.

In Droylsden, for instance, out of a dozen mills only three are running, and distress is so acute that the next meeting of the Co-operative Society will consider a proposal for a £100 grant to assist members. In towns like Oldham, Rochdale, and Bury, a good deal of hunger is being patiently borne. In Oldham, alone, a thousand children are going hungry to school.

Says a writer in a Manchester journal: "A flying visit to some of the cotton towns in Lancashire when the lock-out started revealed a populace, gay of mien, jaunty of step, with smiles on their faces and optimism in their careless attitudes. Another visit to these towns last week showed that the comedy had lost its savour. Shadows are materialising on the Lancashire stage."

How long will the dead-lock continue? Is it not possible for the Board of Trade to intervene? Is there not here an opportunity to test the practical utility of Mr. Churchill's newly-established Arbitration Court?

Or must we stand helplessly by, and watch poverty and distress gaining ground in the industrial centres of Lancashire?

Oh, great captains of industry, have you no heart above stocks and shares? If not, then, indeed, the death-knell of capitalism has sounded. For Labour is rapidly realising its political power, and its arms are already tightening about the pillars of its oppression.

The Baroness von Stein, lady of the court, and wife of the Master of the Horse, was, both by family and position, a considerable person. She was the mother of seven children, and had reached that age which, in fascinating women, is of perilous fascination—the age of three-and-thirty. We can understand something of her power if we look at her portrait, and imagine those delicate, coquettish features animated with the lures of sensibility, gaiety, and experience of the world. She sang well, sketched well, talked well, appreciated poetry, and handled sentiment with the delicate tact of a woman of the world. Her pretty fingers had turned over many a serious book; and she knew how to gather honey from weeds. With moral deficiencies, she was to all acquaintances a perfectly charming woman.

It was at Pymont that Goethe first saw the Frau von Stein's portrait, and was three nights sleepless in consequence of Zimmermann's description of her. Under her portrait Goethe wrote: "What a glorious poem it would be to see how the world mirrors itself in this soul! She sees the world as it is, and yet withal sees it through the medium of love."

G. H. LEWES.



HIDDEN TREASURE.

Lift the rock. The gold is there.

Perhaps the rock in your way is the use of tea and coffee. With many these drinks congest the liver, dull the brain and ruin nerves and stomach.

The delicious beverage

POSTUM

is the lever that has removed many rocks, because it feeds the brain and nerve centres, and has helped many a man to find the treasure.

Liberal free sample for this coupon.

Name
Address
Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 90, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.	

Sold by Grocers and Stores 1/- per pkt.
Costs less than tea or coffee.

CADBURY'S
GOCOA
ABSOLUTELY PURE THEREFORE BEST

BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts repayable on Demand.

2 PER CENT. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business Transacted.

Almanack with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

WHAT OF THE

JAEGER

Pure Wool
UNDERWEAR?

Every Garment is Guaranteed.

The fabric is tested for purity & quality—not a particle of cotton enters into the JAEGER Stockinet—not a suspicion of dye. The most suitable wool the World produces is selected. Skilled workmanship is employed. Every detail is studied to give comfort to the wearer & to ensure satisfaction.

Insist upon having "JAEGER." Look for the Diamond Trade-mark label.

Guaranteed against Shrinkage. Fixed Moderate Prices.

126, Regent Street, W. 30, Sloane Street, S.W.
102, Kensington High Street, W. 115, Victoria Street, S.W.
456, Strand, Charing Cross, W.C. 85 & 86, Cheapside, E.C.

Price List & Patterns free. The JAEGER GOODS are sold in most towns.
Address sent on application to Head Office:—95, MILTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

Old Songs for New.*

There is one poem of Francis Thompson's that must, I think, have been in the mind of Mr. Arthur Symonds when that critic said that Thompson "had no message, but he dropt sentences by the way." It is called "The After Woman."

If you do not know Francis Thompson's poems, I will only say, to begin with, that about twelve months ago a genius as bold in far-fetched splendours as Shakespeare was, but unhappy, died in a hospital in St. John's Wood. So do not read his verse when you wake ill slept, or to please an idle mood; but choose an hour when all shines clear and quietly, and put up the stray lock from before your eyes.

Now, then, "The After Woman." If you are ready for great words and images, here they are:

Daughters of the ancient Eve,
We know the gifts ye gave—and give.
Who knows the gifts which you shall give,
Daughter of the newer Eve?
You, if my soul be augur, you
Shall—O what shall you not, Sweet, do?
The celestial traitress play,
And all mankind to bliss betray;
With sacrosanct cajoleries
And starry treachery of your eyes,
Tempt us back to Paradise!
Make heavenly trespass—ay, press in
Where faint the fledge-foot seraphin.

This should have been Francis Thompson's "message"—but he was unhappy. He only sounded the note once, I think, in all his gorgeous and impassioned music. It is a short poem, and ends abruptly:

But here my lips are still,
Until
You and the hour shall be revealed,
This song is sung, and sung not, and its
words are sealed.

The hour had struck, and a lonely genius had not heard it. The fire of his imagination fed itself on all old-world beliefs and sorrows, like a blaze of dry leaves, and to me it seems that he choked in the acrid smoke of it. Yet the After Woman was revealed; and some sense of her nearness could not fail to visit him.

The fact that he did not recognise her is the tragedy of Francis Thompson; for hear how fine a cry he utters:

Give me song, as She is, new,
Earth should turn in time thereto!
New, and new, and thrice so new,
All old sweets, New Sweet, meant you!
Fair, I had a dream of thee
When my young heart beat prophecy,
And in apparition elate
Thy little breasts knew waxed great,
Sister of the Canticle,
And thee for God grown marriageable.

For ended is the Mystery Play
When Christ is Life, and you the Way.

Because his verse was noble and his life so sad, those women who do not know him will like to hear a little of his story. Sickly and young, he came to London very poor, and, like De Quincey, knew Oxford Street "for a stony-hearted stepmother." That is to

* Selected Poems of Francis Thompson. (5s. net. London: Methuen and Co.)

say, he passed many nights on the London pavements, before (and after) his genius was known to friends.

If you read of De Quincey's "Ann" a fortnight ago, you will come with sympathies awake to a matchless passage in "A Child's Kiss," where Francis Thompson tells of a similar incident:

Once, bright Sylvia! in days not far,
Once—in that nightmare-time which still
doth haunt

My dreams, a grim unbidden visitant—
Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star.

Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly

For time to shoot his barbed minutes at me;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled
of strength,

I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child, like thee, a spring-flower; but a
flower

Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.

She passed—O brave, sad, loveliest, tender
thing!

And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

I do not know what you feel about that magical and most pathetic passage; but it seems to me to arraign our social order. Unanswerably we are condemned by it, and yet poor Thompson meant nothing of the sort.

"Man's unconquerable mind" sustained him, but never rose to revolt in him: he faced the worst for himself bravely, because he knew how great his muse was, but did not demand the best for others. And it seems to me that, if the worst had been less terrible, if he had been sure of bread and love as he was of empty honour, his verse would have flowered where it flames and smokes and flickers ghostly, and his heart, kept young, would have still "beat prophecy" undaunted.

Instead of delving Catholic philosophy, such a spirit should have hailed in imperishable verse the New Age. "O Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets!"

Perhaps, in spite of us, he might have sung new songs if Lucidé had lived. Who was Lucidé? I do not know who she was; but he did sing a wonderful song to her memory. It is called "Dream-Trust."

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern Heaven:
Thrilling with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven:
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey;
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;
There was no change in her deep heart.
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.

I joyed for me, I joyed for her—
Who with the past meet girt about
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

Though that was written in a London garret, and by a man who knew the pains of hunger and of opium, it is yet a song; and blither cause must surely have called forth blither music.

There was one almost happy time of his life, passed at Storrington; and as a record of this he left us beautiful poems on children. To show how light his touch could be, I quote some verse from one of these, called "Daisy":

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day.

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went, and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

Even here, you see, he must bewail himself.

It is all an honest anchorite can do; and Thompson was an anchorite whose fancy—far stronger than his reason was—stretched him out upon the rack of sad old mysticisms.

He belonged to the Past, with its dark creed, and sang, I think, its swan-song; in which the higher his notes climbed, the deeper was his sadness. I could show you a soul in hell—the hell of his grim religion. He sometimes reached its ruthless consolations too, no doubt; but, alas, for the lost new songs!

KEIGHTLEY SNOWDEN.

Miss Constance Smith's Report on the Employment of Children, drawn up by request of the British section of the International Association for Labour Legislation, may be had of the Twentieth Century Press, price 6d.

Ruskin
RUSKIN HOMESPUN
(Honest Cloth)
Straight from Mill to Wearer.
PATTERNS FREE
of Ladies' Costume Cloths, Shirtings, Art
Serges, &c., whichever preferred; also
Gent's Suitings, Blankets, &c. Test their
value. Write, Dept. 6,
RUSKIN HOMESPUN CO. (Founded by John
Ruskin), Laxey, I. of Man,
or Station Street,
Huddersfield.

A BARD AT THE BRAES.

By Margaret McMillan.

Alone in the darkness, Mairi sits by the hearth. Long ago young Mrs. Nicholson has gone to bed. The children sleep in the wide box bed by the wall; and in the tiny bothy a great silence reigns, broken only by the light breathing of the dreamers.

Outside is the vast night with its wandering voices. The sea moans and beats against the cliffs, and the wind rises and falls as if it had met a conqueror. Mairi, alone by the hearth, thinks of the mountains so near, so inaccessible; of the pale waters between their shadows; and the moonlight shed suddenly on the wild ravine of Harta Corrie.

Ah! In the Coolins to-night! How lonely! How terrible! She shudders, gazing into the crimson heart of the peat fire.

The little village is not lovely; but it is a place of wounded hearts, of stricken pride. In many a lowly dwelling there is a woman wounded by the police bâtons or flying stones, and in one house an old woman who fell down is perhaps dying. Mairi thinks of all this, and gradually her mind closes in on self.

She looks back on her own life and its sorrows.

All the years of her widowhood look black to her, and she remembers how once, in Glasgow, she was accused of robbing a fellow-servant. (It was at this time, and under the spur of anguish, that her Genius awoke, and she emerged from her ordeal with spotless character and new-born fame. In prison she wrote her first Song.)

The chill of age and grief is on her as she sits watching the dying fire.

Slowly and stiffly she rises, and draws off her mutch and hood. Her gray hair falls round her face and about her shoulders in a soft, white cloud. Putting her hands on the low window-sill she leans forward, and her head sinks on the smoke-stained ledge.

"Yes, it is all over," she said to herself. "Life is over. And what was life to me? What was I? If my heart had not been broken I would not even have known that I could sing."

Dimly, at that moment, she felt within her the stirring of great powers. She had spun, and cut peats, and baked, and washed, and reared children. And that was well. But that was all. Should that have really been all? "No," said a voice in her heart, "Mairi an Orian, that need not have been all." Then, because she was a great soul and not a small one, her thoughts drifted to the sorrowing woman near her.

"They are all dumb," she thought. "They are all asleep. But I am waking just as I am nearing Sleep—the Long Sleep."

Strange are such thoughts when they come to an old woman—an illiterate. But life is stranger, and sadder, than fiction. Mairi felt the unutterable pang, the pang of a soul that knows it can never learn the Meaning of Life, but must know very well the bitterness of death. All the joy she had given and

the love that made it possible seemed to vanish from her heart; and she forgot—or turned away from the thought of—the children. She lay down on the bed by her hostess' side, and lay with wide, dry eyes looking into the darkness.

But as the dawn stole into the room a strange vision came to Mairi.

It was the self-same Dawn-light, cool and still, but rosy, that followed her over the threshold of sleep.

She stood again in the Glea, where she was once young, and heard the soft, full warbling of the thrushes. Up from the ruffled silver of the sea came a little wind, bearing the faint perfume of spring flowers near the shore; the mountain stream sang between the banks fringed with young fern; and the Cucullins were traversed by clouds as light as gossamer, as swift as birds.

And in her heart there was a restless joy, a stirring happiness, and up to her lips, parted in ecstasy, fluttered a wild, sweet song, a song of Youth, and Hope, and Gladness.

And—what is strange—when she awoke there was the same fair light in the poor room, and the joy in her heart did not vanish, but remained.

"Mairi, where are you going? What are you doing?" moaned her companion, who had been dreaming of a prison cell.

Mairi had got up and was dressing hastily, walking with swift though heavy steps through the room.

"Hush! Hush, my dear! You will be waking the children," said Mairi. "I will be getting ready to go away to-day, for it is not here I should be when those I love are in sorrow."

"Why shouldn't you be here?" said the young mother, sitting up and wonderingly gazing at her. "It is we who are in trouble, isn't it? Och, me an diugh!" and she rocked herself to and fro as the full weight of remembrance flooded back.

"I am going to Inverness," said Mairi. "I will see the Members of Parliament and all them that can help."

"What can you do? Are you wild?" cried the other in bewilderment. "They will not listen to you."

"What can I do? I don't know," said Mairi gravely. "I only know that I can do big—big things."

She paused, and went on, speaking slowly, as if forcing a way through heavy thoughts.

"I am an ignorant woman. I have no education. We are cheated. You and I and all of us. I am like the poor houses we build—without windows. No matter. I am going to do what is in me to do. And who are they that they should withstand me?"

"They won't listen to you," moaned the other again.

"No doubt I'll not go well through," said Mairi, paying no attention to her. "I'll stumble on something, and I may open a door. But afterwards—afterwards, I'll be in the dark again. When one has no education one is always at the mercy of others, however clever one

is. A man grows so pleased when he succeeds, and he does not know when he has failed. . . . Oh, I see it all now—in flashes. What I will do will be a small thing after all, for I cannot see far. No matter. They will listen to me. The people in Inverness and in London will hear me!"

"O Mairi!" cried the other, half-frightened, but cheered by something in the elder woman's face and voice. "Who knows? Everyone does what you say; and your voice is like a charm for the children. Wait till I make you some tea, anyhow."

And she got up and made tea ready.

An hour later Mairi was out on the road alone, and walking with quick steps. The sea was calm and blue, and the small islands were black with scarts. All the little homes were quiet as yet, and no thread of blue smoke rose from the roof or wandered out from the walls.

There was no living creature on the road—save Mairi. Alone she walked, her head bent a little, her lips resolute.

Alone she was going to do a big thing for the crofters.

LOVE AND SONG.

The wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song;
And when Love sits down to the banquet
Love sits long. THOMSON.

Commercial co-operation is a means towards the end for which Socialists are working.—A Correspondent in the "Co-operative News."

A COCOA & MUCH MORE.

A Food, a Beverage, and something that will give the body all the strength and vitality it is capable of taking.

A widespread and increasing popularity of Dr. Tibble's Vi-Cocoa amount to a dietetic revolution of the first importance. Vi-Cocoa is a food at the same time that it is a beverage, not only easily digestible, but also promoting the digestion of other food.

Good healthy specimens of men and women can only be built up out of good building material, but this does not necessarily mean a costly one.

The workingman's sixpence, sensibly expended, will do him as much good as the rich man's five-pound note: more often than not does the latter harm. The very best value to be obtained for that small coin of the realm is to be found in a packet of Vi-Cocoa, a Food Beverage of unequalled excellence.

You can try it free of expense. Write to Vi-Cocoa, 12, Henry Street, London, W.C., for a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibble's Vi-Cocoa, free and post paid. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home.



BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(continued).
Glimpses of Unknown Mischiefs.

They chanced in the course of this airing to pass Barbara in one of the principal streets. She was crossing to the other side when Darbyshire caught sight of her, saying below his breath, "Hullo! There's Barbara. She doesn't see us." A moment later she had glanced aside, smiled brightly, and bowed; but in doing so she perceptibly hastened on.

It was evident that she had seen them before crossing; perhaps had crossed in order to avoid them. Enoch was agitated, though he kept a good face on it.

"See the queenly grace!" Jack murmured, not looking at him. "My goodness! bewitching. But any other girl would have cut you slick—cruel. . . . Don't think she looks very well, though." "Not well?" queried Enoch.

They did not discuss her, some interruption occurring. His own impression of it had only been that she looked a shade less the girl and more the woman, but in the best of health as she always found herself. It troubled him that she had passed Darbyshire on his account. However, he could suppose the marriage not yet known to her, and he turned off the incident with a mention of that probability.

"Barbara's getting on," said Jack, with conviction. "Soon be floating off to London, Crystal Palace, and swell drawing-rooms. Just made for it, too. Hold her own, my boy, and won't lose her head not a little bit."

In the months that followed on to Christmas, Enoch's thoughts of her were fading clouds—with that estimate and prophecy for a silver lining.

But, to begin with, he had found a puglist to give him lessons at eightpence an hour—a light-weight of sullen and pasty countenance, whom he visited twice a week in the upper room of a back-street public-house. He suffered the breathless mortifications of a novice in the noble art, because he still dreamed of a chance meeting with Varley. Also he denied himself the late hours with Macdonald and Penny, blaming bad habits as the cause of his amazing weakness when hit in the stomach, and of a certain nervousness at first in face of the lively adversary.

His reward for all this was a cheerful state of mind, with forgetfulness of grave problems. He had his boy's health again.

When he had attained sufficient nerve and quickness to counter on the pasty face now and then, and give a lesson to Macdonald, his pleasure in going about Merchanton was much enhanced. He kept a sprightly outlook for adventure. Moreover, he did his desk work with a will, ignoring Mr. Alderman Smith. But, his rival having one day passed him by with no behaviour more provocative than a stare, he saw that, in any encounter, he would have to be again the aggressor; and for this his grudge was inadequate. The boxing lessons were dropped, and the pasty-faced youth told another patron, very libellously, that Watson did not like hard-hitting.

At Christmas Enoch went to Shepton for a week-end.

When he reflected that in nine months he had only once been at home, that visit was imperative. The fact struck a pang of self-reproach.

He shrank, it is true, from a Shepton Sunday—the two-hours-long sermons with their doleful fervour of infatuation, the necessity of wearing a mask. For to show his true mind was still impossible. The antique faith of his father and mother was sacred to him; it contained their happiness, their life; and to make himself so much as understood, he must bring them to share his heresy. No, the estrangement had to be accepted; he must go, and conform, and make up to them a little of his shameful, undeliberate neglect.

An extraordinary gladness took him at the thought of buying presents. He could give them pleasure, at any rate.

He reckoned up his savings. After paying his landlady and putting apart five shillings for the railway fare, he would have £7 5s. 9d. to spend from. It was not a fortune; since he broke with Barbara there had been certain bills to pay, and among them one for Darbyshire's wedding gift (as handsome as he could make it without delaying long); but, even with £7 5s. 9d., he had emotions in finding out how far that sum would go among the December shops.

Spending all you have upon others—if it suffices for that use—is a way to reconcile yourself to its not being more; and the others in this case were a father and mother who, as memories of the thrifty home instructed Enoch, had grudged nothing for his education and start in life. Thinking of what he owed to them, he had it like a revelation that he owed them everything!

His apathy seemed not only shameful but strange: he could not account for it.

But in a gradely carriageful of country folk he found Christmas and the sound of home suddenly about him. His confident good cheer of the Saturday market-night returned.

When the come-and-go traffic of intermediate stations left him at last alone, he sat expectant, pleasantly excited, thinking of his presents and a way to smuggle them into the house. At all events he would surprise the household, coming unannounced.

Shepton station: and it seemed to him years ago that he saw it last. Out, with his parcels.

Christmas was two days past, yet they were still chorusing "Christians, awake!" in one carriage of the train. A man said to him, with deliberate judgment, "Now, there's goosie an' puddin' i' that!"—an expression of the Yorkshire faith in hard eating that sounded reasonable. He seemed to see goose and pudding in the comfortable air of most passengers; they had lately risen regenerate from the vulgar grace pronounced in Yorkshire after meat, a pat on the pacified stomach and one word—"There!"—as if a duty had been accomplished for all time. The train's departure left an extraordinary calm, in contrast with Merchanton; and whereas he had come from dirty

streets, here it was dry clean frost, and heartsome. He could breathe.

A country sense of leisure attained him to humorous observation. There was a quaint gaiety, like that of paper favours on a May-day cart-horse, in the early decorative style of shop windows—the alternate apple and orange against the sills, dispreed as it were for a modest effect; a limp string of magenta-pink roses at the chemist's; little stiff triumphal flags cockading cuts of bacon. He could smile at these, pleased with the simple wish to please; but the old "Methody Chapel," a plain cubical shell of stone with square windows, had no sentiment to cast a kindly glamour on its ugliness. Being a reminder of the morrow, it almost put him out.

The street broadens out, for Shepton, spaciouly; and a Norman castle dominates it from higher ground, with the ambitious motto, "Desormais," in stone letters against the sky between its gate-towers. That, he thought, looked English, of a piece with the goose and pudding; and Shepton for the home-comer bore itself with a staunch good humour.

Slyly, like a practical joker, he entered his father's house by the front door. The front door opened directly into a best room. Normally, you went in by the back way to the "living room," which was a breakfast-dining-room and kitchen all in one—the heart of the house. Now, to-day the best room had a fire burning, a sign of company entertained; and he heard an occasional clink of knife-and-fork play while bestowing his parcels.

They were at a late dinner—all in good time!

His quiet appearing made a fine flutter at the table, where the old folk were feasting with an uncle and aunt and one of his cousins, a girl who had bloomed unrecognisably into womanhood since the days when he romped with her. The welcome was even more than he had looked for—his name cried out in all tones of gladness, the quiet mother tremulous when he kissed her, and his father grasping hands with a "Well, my lad! Just in time," that made no account at all of long absence; while his uncle dealt him a great blow on the back, and the girl's good face of country health was alight with pleasure.

He had a fleeting sense of something amiss in the other thoughts of home he had nursed. How did this heartiness fit with the kind of piety that repelled him?

That was the last of shadow. He sat down to the table-cheer, laughing like the rest at his uncle's sallies, relishing known flavours of the Christmas fare (none like his mother's), and feeling that it was a great thing to be at home. Merchanton, when after a time they questioned him about his life there, came to mind like a place in another country, where thought and feeling had been alienated; he answered with an odd sensation of reporting upon another self—whose fortunes he had to take some credit for, while doubting him.

In after years, Enoch likened himself—this other self of Merchanton—to a tuft of grass floating cockahoop on a stream, and much distracted by its eddies; not at all in the way to thrive, being rootless. Even now, in a pause of the talk, he found himself wishing

that he might have taken root in Shepton—wishing the place had been less an intellectual pinfold, more the open and windy hill-side—because of the warm hearts that sunned him there. He was too young to be aware that a man's courage could have made it so.

However, that bravery of high sprits which is courage in the young lifted him clear above self-consciousness.

Positively Enoch was witty, quick to feel and think in the mood of those about him; and what pleasure his gifts bestowed! There was a set of furs for his mother, and a big meerscham pipe for his father, both immoderately admired.

And he had his cousin Ellen out skating. With what a light heart he enjoyed that sport, going the long roll of the outside edge with her! He took a boyish pride in her fine good looks, liked her plain talk and musical, ready laugh; was braced as much by the contact of her splendid health—as by the winter air. Now and again he gladly spoke with an acquaintance, forgotten until the face appeared. And in doffing his skates, well breathed, Enoch had another sharp perception of the contrast between such hearty life in touch with Nature, and the unexpansive petty life of towns, to which he was committed.

Committed, yes. But not to a petted girl's caprice, thank goodness!—and Barbara was dismissed with a fling of the skates over his shoulder.

The two were at home again with appetites for mince-pie and cake by six o'clock, and drank hugely of weak tea with the viands. Yorkshire fashion, the seniors egged them on to fare sumptuously. It has to be confessed that in Yorkshire there survives, too lustily, a Viking zeal for the belly. There is more teetotalism than temperance. But in any case it was Christmas, which comes but once a year.

"Come, another happy month! They're little 'uns. Ye willn't? Well—it's grand cake—cut 'em a slice o' cake a-piece; and then they'll happen fancy a mince-pie at-after. Plenty o' water in that kettle! Take a walk round; ye can never tell how much room there is! Take a walk round and let stuff settle!" These were the good encouragements of Uncle Lot.

That standing dish, "The Messiah," came in for their evening's entertainment. Enoch had still money left to pay for the whole party. His reward, however, was less their satisfaction, or the music, than to sit by his cousin and share a playful bag of sweets with her, that lay in her lap to let him think he stole them.

Yet the music was good. With its own famous chorus, and with soloists from the dales round about, Shepton, by a novel stroke of enterprise (much debated), had reinforced a local orchestra with "foreign talent."

Those of you who had the happiness to be born in the north jump at once to the situation. Foreign talent did not mean in this case German instrumentalists, but a first and second violin and one cornet hired from larger towns. Where every household proudly owned a member of the orchestra, enterprise of that sort could have but doubtful credit. Little had been heard for a month but wistful dogmatism and vaticination—still in the air for Handel's soothing overture to exorcise. The mischief came, you must know, of wanting

to be fine last year—bringing in a Merchanton conductor, who had forced it on the oratorio committee with a threat of throwing up his job.

There was the innovation, plain to be seen—a lady violinist!—in whom Enoch, with a tremor, discovered some general likeness to Barbara West. The common emotion was expressed by Uncle Lot, who spoke out for all ears.

"Well, that caps all!" he said. "Hao yo' seen? First fiddle's a woman." Enoch put him to silence with an airy "Oh, that! That's nothing new." The exclamation had reflected on Barbara also.

Humbly subsiding, the excellent uncle left him to regret that superciliousness. Where Enoch sat, the back of her shoulder turned towards him had Barbara's graceful fall; and had she not been slim, with a paler ear, and neck, and forearm, he might have grown excited wondering if this were she. His eyes were often upon her, an exquisite figure in pale green silk, with a jet necklet and bracelet. He fell to thinking how much sweeter Barbara would have looked, however, especially with the hair drawn up in that attractive style from the neck—a new fashion.

Her way of handling the silk handkerchief and putting the fiddle to her chin awoke a suspicion in him; her way of turning the leaves too. The conductor spoke to her once, between the numbers, with a manner so suitable to Barbara that—

Surely she was older and taller, this lady. But the suspicion grew to urgent uneasiness. When she put up a hand to her hair once, he was almost satisfied: at a half turn of her head, showing more of the profile, he fell into perplexity.

He saw Barbara's face after the second interval, as she came upon the platform; and he was startled.

He was startled by the change that four months had made in her. The mouth had lost its look of pleasant satisfaction—the doll's look, as he called it. She was, or had been, ill, he thought; and it struck him as very unlike her not to glance about among the audience. He put away the notion that she feared to see him there (she must have had some thoughts of him in coming to Shepton), because that interpretation of her manner was at once insufficient and overweening. With respect to himself he could only infer—hardly aware of the hurt to his pride—that she was not very anxious to meet him again. Still, he wished she had betrayed a little interest; for the idea that Barbara was unhappy troubled him, and would not be put aside.

No; if he had been able to think himself the cause, Enoch Watson's pulses must have leaped with hope. He knew her too well to entertain delusion. In such a case Barbara would not have left him all this time in doubt.

Curiosity grew strong in him, and darkened. Almost as if he had known this to be the last time that she would play in public.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A House of Cowardice.

There is in Merchanton a street of mean repute, that sags down to the banked-up railway from a road where drays and carts are noisily passing all

day long, and the children run bare-footed. At one corner stands a small beerhouse, at the other a greengrocer's; and you may infer the poor spirit of the people who live in that quarter from the fact that these establishments have dirty windows. The tradesmen doubtless know their business. Avoiding any show of brightness, they appeal to that sense of homely squalor which has inspired a northern proverb of the city dregs: "The clartier the cosier." A dingy music-hall neighbours the beerhouse, touting upon the road.

It is down this narrow street, which has a special fetor on warm days and many pools of slush throughout the winter, that you approach Hanover Terrace—a few good houses built on a time among fields, and now blocked in by the low embankment.

The street is wretched; the terrace sinister. There is but one class of the population whose needs and pretensions can be reconciled by houses of such a size in that environment.

In the outward seeming of these houses there is nothing so gay as their sad tenants. They lack paint. The large doors are scarce distinguishable from their ornamental stonework of post and lintel, and look as if they would not open, business being done at the back: while the sooty brickwork has an aspect very woe-begone, due to the overflow of faulty easing-spouts. The windows, it is true, appear marvelously well curtained to all who pass in the trains; but that is part of the internal decoration. Humid soil in what at first were gardens seems to have been poisoned against the worms; at most, a little dull green moss grows upon it. The flagged pathways are greener. They are also desperately uneven: with the heavy steps above them, which cant and dip, sliding away from the unobtrusive doors, they have an air of sottishness. An outworn gentility in houses can sink no lower.

(To be continued.)



"A MOST CONVINCING COMPLEXION"

is a remark that may be taken two ways: certainly the effect of Oatine upon the complexion is wonderfully convincing. When one has observed how the use of Oatine has transformed a clogged, greasy, and blackhead studded complexion into a soft, fresh, velvety skin, the proof is more than convincing.

Get the habit of using Oatine every night and morning. Get the habit at once—it will be one of the best things you ever did. You often wish for something to assist nature in retaining or reclaiming your good looks. Oatine will do this, that is the reason of its popularity.

OATINE does what Soap cannot do, that is, it gets down into the pores and removes the grime, makes the skin healthy, and produces a soft, peach-like complexion.

Oatine
FACE CREAM

is perfectly pure and does not grow hair. It can be obtained, price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. a jar, from all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE OF OATINE FACE CREAM will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our Book "Beauty Hints," or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 260, Denman St., S.E.

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

A copy of the paper will be posted every week to any address, either at home or abroad, at the following prepaid rates:—

	HOME.	ABROAD.
	s. d.	s. d.
THREE MONTHS	1 8	2 2
SIX MONTHS	3 3	4 4
TWELVE MONTHS ...	6 6	8 8

Single copies may be had by post on forwarding two penny stamps.

LONDON SOCIALIST ORCHESTRA.

Grand Orchestral Concert

will be given by the above Orchestra AT MYDDELTON HALL, Almeida Street, Upper Street, Islington, N.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, at 8 p.m.

Assisted by Miss ROSA DALLOW, Miss SARA HENDY, Mr. FRANK BETTERTON, Mr. J. WATSON, Mr. E. A. ROBINSON, And Others.

A High-class Programme of Music will be Performed. Tickets 6d. and 1s. To be obtained from the "Clarion" Office, 44, Worship Street, E.C.4; S. D. P., Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, W.C.2, and local branches; at the Hall on night of performance, and from the Secretary, JOHN WEINHART, 166, Stanhope Street, N.W.

TUITION FOR EXAMS. AND GENERAL CULTURE. Expert Tutors. Low Fees. Special Commercial and Literary Courses. Educational Booklet Free.

J. M. RATHBONE, A.C.P. Phoenix Correspondence College, GUILDFORD.

BY POST

INDIGESTION Is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS arouse the stomach to action. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear.

Ask for WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS. And remember there is NO PILL "JUST AS GOOD."

By post 14 stamps. WHELPTON & SON, 4, Crane Court, LONDON, E.C.

THE SKITTLES INN, LETCHWORTH.

FELLOWSHIP.	REST.
RECREATION.	SUSTENANCE.
MEALS.	No Intoxicants Sold.
	GAMES.

WANTED. Fifteen Words, or three Lines..... 1s. Every additional five Words or less 4d. Advertisements of a Trade Nature are charged at the usual rate of 6d. per Line.

FRENCH Lady, experienced, gives French lessons; reading and conversation a speciality; pupils visited and received.—Mlle. Autra, 23, Romola Road, Norwood Road, Hornie Hill.

LONDON—CROYDON.—Morris Boarding House, opposite Waddon Station; roomy, detached; bath, garden, cycle room.

NOTTINGHAM LACE. Lovely Valenciennes, Torchons. Insertion, five yards given FREE in our Assorted 1/2-Parcels. Carriage paid. * TAYLOR, STATION ROAD, ILKESTON.

Dad Gets a Shock.

Father—"Hullo! What on earth has struck that laundry of ours! Here's actually a white handkerchief that looks white and doesn't smell like a chemical factory."

Anty Drudge—"That's no laundry work. That's Fels-Naptha soap, and I've been showing your wife how to use it. Now you can pay her the money you've been spending on the laundry."

Fels-Naptha soap is an invention. It does what no other soap ever made can do. It makes clothes pure white without boiling or scalding, and with only enough rubbing to rinse out the dirt already loosened.

After you've soaped the clothes with Fels-Naptha and rolled them, you put them to soak about thirty minutes in cold or luke-warm water. Meanwhile, you're free to do something else.

Then, when you're ready, all you've got to do is to rub the clothes slightly and rinse thoroughly. The wash is done and ready for the line, with little labour on your part, and absolutely no boiling or scalding.

Why not let Fels-Naptha do it?

Fels = Naptha

will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

THE WOMAN WORKER. OCTOBER 23, 1908.

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, with which stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed, may be directed to THE EDITOR, THE WOMAN WORKER, UTOPIA PRESS, WORKSHIP 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.

This week these notes must be brief, for the unhappy writer is in the clutches of the influenza fiend, and, it may be added, for the benefit of disappointed and justly infuriated lecture secretaries, that the only effect of telegraphic appeals and protests is to make the disagreeable demon even more unpleasant.

I am exceedingly sorry that a few long-standing engagements have been cancelled, but it had to be.

I hear most encouraging reports of the Woman Worker Re-union and Social which our ever-active Pioneers have arranged for Wednesday, November 4, at the Holborn Town Hall. Our programme is to lack no attraction, and Mr. Blatchford in

the chair will be supported not only by most of our contributors, but also by many of the best known people in the Socialist and Labour movement.

On the musical side, Madame Georgia Pearce is arranging an attractive programme. The price of tickets is 1s., inclusive of refreshments, and as the number for sale are limited, readers who have not yet secured one had better apply at once.

The disputes at Rotherhithe and Bethnal Green, to which I alluded last week, still continue. In neither case does there seem any chance of immediate settlement. During my enforced absence the campaign has been conducted with marked ability by Miss Esther Dicks, who, I hear, has made specially effective speeches at the organising meetings which have been held outside both factories daily. Voluntary open-air speakers are badly wanted, and offers of help will be appreciated.

The National Union of Women Workers has been holding its Annual Conference at Aberdeen. In these days the word worker is coming to have a wider interpretation.

The National Union is not, as one might suppose by its title, a trade union of wage-earning women, but rather an organisation consisting mainly of middle and upper-class women who are interested in "social, philanthropic, or religious work."

Unfortunately, experience has taught us the futility of looking to such bodies for an advanced lead on social questions, and the discussion on Wages Boards last week gives us no encouragement to alter our view.

Miss Shera, on behalf of the Christian Social Union, moved a resolution calling for the establishment of a Legal Minimum Wage in Sweated Industries.

This was seconded by Miss Mary Phillips, of the Industrial Law Committee. Mrs. J. R. MacDonald had followed her invariable custom on all occasions when Wages Boards are under discussion, and had placed on the paper an amendment "urging that the most helpless victims of low wages—the old, the children, those suffering from the results of unemployment, and those women who have children or other relatives dependent on their care—should be dealt with by legislative action directed to their special circumstances." Miss Walker, Dundee, stated that "she could not understand the meaning of the amendment"; and I have a good deal of sympathy with her. For, frankly, I am in the same plight, only I am inclined to doubt that it has any meaning.

In the absence of Mrs. MacDonal, Mrs. Lewis Donaldson, Leicester, moved the amendment, and then the fun began.

Mrs. Ellis, of Leicester, advised the Conference "to look with suspicion on any legislation which arbitrarily interfered with the working of economic

laws." After this lofty sentiment had been duly applauded, the lady continued that it was safest to be "on the side of the angels who feared to tread," and concluded her remarks by the sapient maxim that "the longest way round was the shortest way there!"

The report of Mrs. Ellis' speech puzzles me almost as much as did the amendment she was supposed to be seconding.

But there! The influenza fiend must be responsible for my dulness! Miss Edith Lawson put in the usual plea of the Freedom of Labour Defence Association: "Poor women strongly objected to any legislation, because it was certain of decreasing the amount of work without decreasing the number of women who wanted work."

This weighty argument was further developed by Miss Blanche Leffington, who announced that every plea to pass this legislation was a plea not to pass it. They could not make a manufacturer employ any women at all, but they could drive more women on to the streets.

Lady Griselda Cheape advocated an import duty on all ready-made goods, upon which there were cries of "No politics," and the Conference was thrown into confusion for some minutes.

When this had abated Mrs. Swanwick said there was only one remedy, which was "votes for women," which remark, according to the Press, was followed by laughter, cheers, hisses, and interruption. The thing reads like a political extravaganza.

Finally the Conference came to a really sensible decision, agreeing on the motion of Mrs. Creighton that owing to the inavailability of giving an ignorant vote the resolution should be postponed for a year in order to give the branches an opportunity to study the question. Wise indeed was the sage who once said that the moment we realised that we knew nothing we were beginning to know something.

At the time of writing every one is looking very anxiously for Mr. Asquith's promised pronouncement as to the intentions of the Government in regard to unemployment.

TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

VII. Here is a hint for WOMAN WORKER Pioneers.

All about you are workshops and factories in which young women and girls are employed—2,000,000 of them at least. Most of them do not yet know that there is a journal which fights their battle.

Volunteers are needed to go to the factory gates of a Friday night—

- (1) To distribute specimen copies;
- (2) To sell current copies;
- (3) To show contents bills;
- (4) To distribute leaflets advertising THE WOMAN WORKER.

It is rumoured freely that the Cabinet have had to contend with the opposition of Mr. John Burns to their scheme, and rumour adds, quite unnecessarily, that Mr. John Burns's objection is not to the moderate character of the Government proposals. It is a grim commentary on the John Burns of later years that no one to-day appears to doubt the truth of the rumour.

The Man and the Moment.

To make a violent protest effective two things are necessary—the man and the moment; and at the London County Council meeting ten days ago the man, in the person of Mr. Frank Smith, chose the right moment to give an effective expression to his indictment of the London County Council for their inaction in dealing with the unemployed crisis.

The Manner of It.

Then there is the manner of it. Many of the men on the Labour bench do not see eye to eye with Mr. Frank Smith. Some of them are more moderate than the most moderate man in the Parliamentary Labour Party. Yet when the chairman of the London County Council appealed to force, Labour presented a united front in the face of the enemy. The arm of the Labour bench, it is true, was broken, but the Moderates did not succeed in ejecting Mr. Smith, and the meeting had to be adjourned.

A Critical Note.

Very different were the two consecutive scenes of which Mr. Grayson was the chief figure in the House of Commons last week. I know that at least one revered leader, and many, it may even be the majority, of the rank and file of the Socialist movement, will disagree with me; but, nevertheless, believing it, I must say that in my opinion Mr. Grayson chose the wrong moment.

He did the right thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way. If the protest had been made a day earlier, or a week later, it might, at least, have been relevant.

If it had been made without hurling the word "Traitor" at men some of whom have grown grey in the service of the unemployed, a painful cleavage might have been averted.

Nor is Mr. Grayson alone to be blamed. One can guess how hard it must have been for men like Keir

Hardie, George Barnes, Philip Snowden, and others to sit silent in the House of Commons in the face of a charge so unwarranted; but remembering that Philip Snowden is a much older man than Victor Grayson, and that he occupies a more responsible position, one feels that his speech at Blackburn last Sunday, parts of which, I am sure, he must already regret, showed a lamentable lack of restraint. The unworthiness of a taunt does not excuse an unworthy rejoinder.

It is a sorry day for the Fox and Labour Movement when the chosen representatives in the face of the enemy, and of the world, exchange the "cour-

tesies" which have given the capitalist Press occasion for many a joyful jibe during the last week. It is the old fable of the fox and the cheese.

The workers' division is the oppressors' opportunity. One gets wearied and disheartened by this eternal bickering and wrangling when so much waits to be done.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

THE CHILDREN'S BILL.

Second Reading Carried.

The debates on the second reading of the Children's Bill, which was carried on Monday, were fairly free from conscious partizanship, though not from prejudice. The Bill does a great many useful things, but fails, after all, to bring us up in all respects to continental standards.

The Arbitration Court.

Mr. Churchill's three "panels"—lists of names—from which the Board of Trade will nominate a chairman and two or four members to be an Arbitration Court for any labour dispute thought to require intervention, has been published. There is no woman on either the panel of chairmen, that of employers, or that of workers.

The workers empanelled are:—Messrs. G. N. Barnes, M.P., R. Bell, M.P., C. W. Bowerman, M.P., W. Brace, M.P., John Burnett, T. Burt, M.P., Frank Chandler, W. J. Davis, James Gavin, A. H. Gill, M.P., A. Henderson, M.P., G. D. Kelley, M.P., J. D. Prior, E. L. Richardson, D. J. Shackleton, M.P., and T. Smith.

It is stated that the lists may be added to from time to time.

Scholarships Going A-Begging.

Report was made to the London County Council last week that only eleven candidates had applied for the eighteen cookery scholarships at the National Training School of Cookery offered by the Council this summer, when particulars were inserted in the chief daily and domestic journals.

Only nine of the eleven candidates presented themselves for examination, and these were awarded scholarships. The question of abolishing the scholarships is under consideration on the ground that they are not meeting any great need.

Messrs. Elsbury and Fletcher, leaders of the unemployed in Sheffield—the former a Socialist candidate for the City Council—have been imprisoned for four days for addressing Sunday meetings in the parks. Local bye-laws make an offence of this.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

Get your paper NEXT WEEK on

WEDNESDAY.

This, instead of Friday, will in future be the day of publication of THE WOMAN WORKER.

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.

T. W.—Your letter has been handed on and welcomed.

J. N. T. (East Ham).—It is to be well considered.

A. H. (Salford).—Thanks for your good cheer.

PROGRESS.—Special thanks for your letter advertising THE WOMAN WORKER in the "Railway Clerk."

E. M. A. and M. C. B.—Your verse is very beautiful and welcome.

Thoughtless Women Clerks.

Dear Editor,—I think the National Union of Clerks should be advertised much more than it is, especially among women clerks; for, although I have been one for some years, I did not know until quite recently that the Union admitted women as members.

Why not circulate particulars of the Union in drapers' houses, for instance, where mostly women are employed?

But the fault mostly lies with employers. A woman would be only laughed at, and out of employment for the rest of her life, if she were to ask a man's wage, however efficient she might be. It is easy to ask, "Where is the woman who will decline underpaid work and suffer even a slight inconvenience upon principle?"

I know one who is now out of employment because she will not work longer than fifty-two hours a week, and it means far more than a "slight inconvenience."

DRAPER'S CLERK.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—As you know, the National Union of Clerks (65 and 66, Wool Exchange) is conducting a vigorous campaign against the present system of paying some men and women a scandalous wage.

Its members believe that, though clever people should be suitably rewarded, it is not fair to push weaker brothers and sisters to the wall simply and solely because they are not smart enough to push with the rest. Take the cases you meet with any day in the week.

Miss A is a shorthand writer and typist, and takes down her notes in either English or German as the firm requires. As she is altogether very capable, her salary is £110 per annum.

Miss B can do only simple routine work, mainly addressing circulars, &c. Her limitations are so great, the odds against her so tremendous, that her advancement is out of the question. Her physical condition is so poor that a few months in the country would be deemed advisable by any doctor; yet, as she earns 12s. a week, and maintains (?) herself entirely on that, she must go on bearing her burden till the world of employers view things in a different light.

Miss C is a correspondent in French, and can take down shorthand in that language at 100 words per minute. Her career has up to now been a rosy one; but in any case she does not care a button about the condition of the labour market, as she will soon be married.

And so on ad infinitum! What a world it is!

Ruskin tried to teach us:—The strong must help the weak, even in this most competitive of ages. And though the task seems hopeless, this is what the National Union of Clerks is trying to bring about.—Yours always fraternally, M.M.M.

Are We Downhearted?

Dear Madam,—Many thanks for your note re Proportional Representation. I wrote to the address you kindly sent, and have received satisfactory information on the subject.

I hope we shall not have the second ballot planted in this country: though it appears as though that might be the next move of the anti-Socialist politicians. However, even should they succeed, it may delay but cannot prevent our coming triumph: praise be! I think nothing short of a general Armageddon could do that. Crushed in one place, our cause will come up smiling in another.

I find that a good plan to advertise THE WOMAN WORKER is to put it on the tables of railway waiting-rooms. I put it there pretty regularly on various platforms; together with "Votes for Women," which I am helping with all my might, although I am an Adult Suffragist, and although I cannot myself qualify under present franchise conditions. I shall continue to help the present agitation as long as the law insults all womanhood by drawing a sex line.

The attitude towards this question taken by some of our Adult Suffragist friends seems strange and incomprehensible to me. If those of them who are at present voters were to practice what they preached to the women, they could hardly allow their own names to remain on the register. It is inconsistent to be voting themselves and blaming the women for wishing to do the same thing on the same terms.

Besides, after all, are our faith and hope in our cause to be so weak that we can allow a cowardly fear of a few thousand reactionary voters to sway us? Surely not. That would be unworthy even if all the qualified women were known to be against us.

Surely, we can give our enemy all that the rules of the game entitle him to, and then fight him? Yes, and beat him.

I would say to my good friends and democrats: "Are we downhearted?"—Yours truly, B. B.

Burton Joyce, October 16.

A Pulpit Helper.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I am writing to tell you of an incident that I think will give you some pleasure, as it did me.

I have lately attended the Irwell Street Wesleyan Mission (Salford), with great pleasure and benefit to myself; and although I knew that Mr. Gregory, the pastor, was in sympathy with the workers (in fact, I should say he is a Socialist), yet it was a very pleasant surprise to hear him last Sunday, when making a quotation from THE WOMAN WORKER, speak openly of the paper and say, "It is a very grand paper." And the place was packed.

I think it is so nice to have one's work really appreciated, and I felt so pleased to hear Mr. Gregory mention your paper, that I could not resist writing to you.—With very best wishes, believe me, yours, fraternally, Seadley, Salford. (Mrs.) A. HATTON.

The Education of Labour.

A Workers' Educational Association has been formed to promote the interests of the democracy in higher education.

Mr. W. Temple, of Oxford, a son of the Archbishop, is the first president, and, in his opening address on Sunday in Birmingham, he said that at Oxford there is "a new sense of the duty towards Labour."

Professor Muirhead said the workers were waking up, and hungry for knowledge.

Mr. W. J. Morgan (Birmingham) spoke in favour of the opening of continuation schools in the afternoon. He did not think the time was ripe for raising the school age.

It was decided to hold next year's conference at Sheffield, when it is to be hoped that somebody will say a word for girls.

Mothers Who Drink.

A report prepared by the Chief Constable of Birmingham stated that in sixteen days, during which an officer watched one public house, he saw 2,781 women go in to drink.

The Chief Constable adds that the practice of taking infants and young children to public houses at all hours is general. Women give infants beer to drink to make them sleepy and quiet.

THE HOME WORK REPORT.

Extraordinary Blunder.

The Legal Committee of the Women's Industrial College has discovered a strange mistake in the report of the Select Committee on Home Work. A letter pointing it out has been sent to the Press, signed by Miss Clementine Black, Mr. G. C. Cope, Mrs. J. R. Macdonald, and Miss Papworth.

The eighth recommendation of the report is as follows:—

"That the provisions of Section 9 of the Public Health Act, 1875, with regard to factories and workshops which are not kept clean or are ill-ventilated or overcrowded, should be extended to rooms in which home work is done, and power should be given to sanitary and factory inspectors to inspect them and secure the enforcement of the law."

But Section 9 contains no such provisions. It is a description of rural districts and authorities. The Legal Committee are at a loss to know what section was intended, and they remark:—

"Such errors detract from the weight of the Committee's rejection of our licensing proposals."

"The two reasons which they give for condemning as too drastic our proposal to insist upon home-workers obtaining a license from an inspector are, in our opinion, reasons in favour of such licenses."

"The Committee say that the additional number of inspectors required would be very large, which sustains our contention that the present inspection quite fails to cover the ground."

"They also state that to require a license would put difficulties in the way of the 'occasional worker.' As the irregular pressure of competition brought about by these casual workers is one of the chief causes of the disorganised and low standard of efficiency amongst home-workers, we claim it as an advantage of our licensing proposals that they would tend to discourage the 'occasional worker.'"

THE PIONEERS' OPENING NIGHT.

TO LONDON READERS

The First Annual

"WOMAN WORKER" REUNION

WILL BE HELD AT

HOLBORN TOWN HALL,

Wednesday, November 4, 1908.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD in the Chair

SUPPORTED BY

Victor Grayson, M.P., Mary R. Macarthur, Winnie Blatchford, Ethel Carnie, Margaret Bondfield, A. Neil Lyons, J. J. Mallon, W. C. Anderson, and many friends.

SONGS, SPEECHES,

RECITATIONS, & FELLOWSHIP.

TICKETS (including light refreshments) 1s. from local I.L.P., S.D.P., and all Women's and Labour organisations, or from

HENRY G. PERRY,

108, Storks Road,

Bermcnsey, S.E.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Your Career.

DREAMING.

We all have our dreams. Some of us even believe in them, and wait hopefully for their fulfilment.

One or two of us are sceptical, and pay no heed to them. We find ourselves cooks and bottle-washers when we should prefer to write the novel of the year, hang in the Academy, or lead armies to victory; and we say, "What matter? I missed it. Another may be more successful, and, anyhow, my puddings are very good and my bottles clean," and so console ourselves—some-what.

Others, finding themselves at the gas stove and the sink, or the clerk's desk, say, "I am a believer in dreams. My dream *must* come true"—and it does, more or less. The novel is reviewed in the local "Trumpet," the picture is "skied," and the member for Slosheum is returned—to very little purpose.

OPTIMISM.

However, dreaming is a pleasant occupation. It helps one through. And if one dreams cheerfully, it does one good.

It is your duty, then, to dream, and this week it shall be your duty to tell your dreams to us.

Tell us, in 200 words, what you would like to do, to be, or to suffer—if you had the ruling of your own destinies. Send your dreams to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., not later than Tuesday morning, and the best shall have a prize of one guinea.

JOHN BALL.

Here is another dream—that of the Mad Priest—told beautifully by our own poet and friend, William Morris; and here are your opinions on both the dreamer and John Ball:

THE PRIZE LETTER.

Morris's style is as clear-cut and powerful as Chaucer's; his language as rich, flowing, and varied in colouring as that of Spenser; and he is at his best in "A Dream of John Ball." The book is one of the classics of modern Socialism, and is a finished and artistic picture of medieval times.

Parts, such as the "Speech at the Cross" and the "Battle at the Township's End," are indeed pure poetry; and the whole book is a "well of English," from which liquid diamonds may be drawn at will.

Good John Ball and his Fellowship—foreshadowers of Socialism—receive the justice long denied them by bourgeois historians, and in such a form as no other "teller of rhymes" can match in power or beauty.

The writer saw the futility of any rising which lacked definite purpose. This is shown in the discussion with Ball, who is bidden be of good cheer, for the "Fellowship of Men shall endure."

There it lies—a plain book with red covers. I have read it by the fireside, in the fields, and—despite warnings—in the snug shelter of the bedclothes; and always it conjures up the odour of ploughed fields and the "talk of good fellows round the alehouse bench."

A hot summer's day; a cool arbour of stone, quarried seven centuries ago; a drone of bees in a leafy garden; and the scent of—

"Roses with spicy fannings inter-breathed."

Picture these, and you have the ideal conditions of my first acquaintance with "A Dream of John Ball." What wonder, then, if I emphatically pronounce it the finest book of the nineteenth century?—HERBERT SHEPARD, Sidbury, Sidmouth.

Helps Reverie.

Whenever I see the swallows darting on a summer evening, the picture of John Ball at the Cross rises in my mind, and whenever I think of John Ball there comes that accompaniment of the squeaking of the swifts.

No book ever was such an incentive to reverie as this prose poem of William Morris. The word music—"through the orchard closes," "dead and gone from the earth," "betwixt the living and the dead"; the deft touches of the artist's hand—the withered poppy, the stone dust on the grass, the rutty road at the township's end; the sad sweetness of the talk in the church; the melody of the old time speech and the restraint of the telling, all combine to give the smoothness and the glamour of dream.

Oliver Schreiner gives as the greatest blessing of life that "the ideal shall be real." But it is a sad pleasure to the onlooker; for sorrow for the life that fails is ever present, and it is the unborn generation of the days to come who reap the fruit of progress though they know not of the planter of the seed—the Idealist, the mover and the shaker of the world for ever.—(Mrs.) T. JOHNSON, Monton.

An Appreciation.

In this work Morris reaches the heights of exquisite prose-poetry, and the spirit of the beautiful hovers round us as we read.

What rich medievalism breathes out the description of the pothouse parlour, with its true, if simple, decoration; and who would not be served by the "well-made comely girl clad in a close-fitting gown of bright blue cloth—with hair hung down unbound?" Ah, me, who would not?

See John Ball, pained and weary, his strong character (would he not, also, have turned the money changers out of the Temple?), but, withal his gentleness and transparent honesty; hear him at the Cross; fight the fight at the Township's End; feel the hushed silence of the Church wherein lay the dead of the battle; and hear the talk of things to come 'twixt John and his new friend: it is to know that the gospel and the prophecy were spoken by men with whom the tie of Fellowship was as "a flowery band to bind us to the earth."

Reader, canst lay down the book and not take John Ball's wish unto thyself: "Hopeful strife and blameless peace—in one word, Life."? Then, farewell; thy way I trow not.—THOS. W. WILKINSON, Ipswich.

Sacrilege to Criticise.

Criticise "John Ball"! As well ask for a criticism of a sunset, of Killarney by moonlight, or of a first baby's first tooth.

It is not a dream, but an inspiration. They are no mere puppets, these men whom William Morris has portrayed for us, but living, human beings, very flesh and blood—with hearts throbbing in harmony with our own in revolt against tyranny and oppression. And, as we stand with Will Green at the Cross, we can hear the very voice of the Mad Priest, can see his every gesture, and find ourselves instinctively feeling for our trusty bow-and-quiver so that we may worthily play our part in the skirmish that is to follow.

Or, even if we should succeed in throwing off this spell, and simply think of the composition of the work, here again do we find criticism beyond us.

It is a prose poem worthy to rank with the best of the world's literature; and 'twere the veriest sacrilege to think of criticism in connection with it.

Few literary works there be with which

some slight fault could not be found; but "A Dream of John Ball" is one of them.—C. FORBES KIRK, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

The Golden Age.

It is a long time since I first read William Morris's fine eulogy of England's precursor of Socialism, but I still retain this small gem of a book as my favourite.

The wonderful English used here by Morris is only equalled by that fine spirit and touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, in the deep Fellowship and real Brotherhood permeating this prose poem.

On pages 33 and 36 there are enough philosophy and wisdom to carry us past all our struggles of to-day—enabling us to teach our children noble ideals, and fitting us for that dawn when a kindlier wind shall blow. Mad priest of Kent, forsooth!

Oh, that we could be infected with this madness, this clearer vision to see the inner heart of things! Then England should be merrie indeed.

The 150 years following the teaching and martyrdom of John Ball were the happiest and most prosperous ever known for the English labourer; and I like to think of William Morris as a prototype—a replica of the Mad Priest—and of his work as a sign of the coming Golden Age.—MRS. DALBERT, Northwich.

Brings Hope.

A book which makes the past to live again as we read, setting forth in strong virile prose the story of a strenuous day in the life of one of our great leaders and his followers, the brave Kentish yeomen. A book, though not without sadness, yet full of hope; the sadness of apparent failure in the present, the hope of a future great triumph. A book of Fellowship and of the love of comrades. Only now are we beginning to learn what manner of man was this John Ball.

Courty, Froissart, mendacious Hume, followed by a long line of biased historians, have held him up to opprobrium and shame, but now a clearer vision is vouchsafed us of this Greatheart, this true man who, for love of his fellows, lay in the archbishop's dungeon, and later, when his work was done, laid down his life for the Fellowship.

What more triumphant martyrdom than that of the poor priest, John Ball? What fitter epitaph could he have than this?—"Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."—W. G. NEWMAN, Derby.

Teachers and Pensions.

Indefensible Action of the L.C.C.

The London Teachers' Association held its annual meeting on Saturday.

The membership, 15,000, was reported to have increased during the year by 1,276.

Mr. C. W. Hole, the retiring president, criticised the attitude of the L.C.C. toward the teachers' superannuation scheme. He was extremely disappointed with it; the teachers received less superannuation than any other body of officers. Although the scheme was primarily enlarged because it was found they were not being treated generously, the teachers had not been included.

Mr. W. P. Folland, the new president, also protested that members were being excluded from benefits which Parliament had deliberately conferred upon them.

London shopkeepers who have been scared by speeches made to the unemployed are insuring against riot.

South London Liberals, venturing on Saturday to hold an open-air meeting on Peckham Rye, were given a bad time by local Socialists, who sang to them. Dr. Macnamara and Sir John Benn were the chief speakers.

Complaints & the Law.

The comfortable theory that our labour laws, if not perfectly administered, are at least much better enforced than foreign laws are will, I fear, receive somewhat of a shock when the International Association for Labour Legislation brings out its projected report on the administration of labour laws in various countries.

A certain amount of information on this subject has recently come into my hands. Among other things, I find that Germany has between 400 and 500 inspectors of industry, while here there are under 200, although the number of persons in inspected work-places is about the same in the two countries. Truly, the number of inspectors is not everything; but I have other reasons for believing as I do.

I asked a Russian gentleman the other day about the enforcing of Russian factory and workshop laws, which are in many ways excellent on paper. His reply was not unexpected, namely, that where the trade unions are strong the workmen insist upon the law being carried out.

Women workers, look to it that you insist, too! Insist through THE WOMAN WORKER. Complain again and again, until things are right; and, above all, do not get into the fatal habit of putting up with things!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B.—Unfortunately in jam factories it is not illegal to work from 6 to 8 between June and the end of September, provided that certain breaks for meals are allowed. But, in case it is still going on, I am reporting the matter. There is, as yet, no law regulating wages, so that a fourteen hours day at a shilling is no offence in the eye of the law.

A READER OF "THE WOMAN WORKER."—Divorce is a luxury for the rich! It would cost you about £30, even if the case were not disputed; for you would be obliged to have a solicitor and counsel, and to come up to London for the purpose. If the case were disputed, it would cost the witnesses' expenses also.

PORTIA.

Talks with the Doctor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIKING.—Constitutional treatment is evidently what you require in addition to the local. Endeavour to cure the constipation by use of fruit, whole meal bread, and well-masticated food. Try adding an equal part of yellow oxide of mercury ointment to the vaseline, and using as before.

BERTHA.—Get your eyes tested by a doctor, a specialist by preference, and use spectacles if he prescribes them. Meanwhile bathe the eyes night and morning with boric acid lotion (two grains to the ounce) and apply a little Ung. Hydrarg. Oxid. Flav. to the lids at night.

J. W. (Birmingham).—It is best in a case of this kind to cut all the hair off as short as can be done. Any matting of the hair acts as a breeding ground for the microbes that cause the trouble and spread it about. With long hair it is impossible to prevent matting. When the hair is cut short soak the scalp with hot water until it is quite soft (do not use soap), and then rub into the sore places a little Unguent. Hydrarg. Nitrat.—dil. If you do this every night the trouble should go in a very few days; but it all depends on the pains you take to get the skin soft, all traces of discharge from the sores wiped away, and almost supernatural cleanliness achieved.

POPE.—You do not say whether you are married or not. Do I gather correctly that you are? Get your teeth seen to by a good dentist, and learn to eat your meals slowly and at regular hours. There is magic in

both of these things. Further, do not take any fluid at meal times, but drink plenty of water, or milk, between meals. Give up tea and coffee altogether, take very little butcher's meat, and always eat regularly. But let me have some more information.

T. W. L.—Glad you feel so much better. The treatment is evidently simple, as you say, but is usually also eminently effective.

POSITIVE KNOWLEDGE.—I propose dealing more fully in an article next week with the points you raise. The "cure" consists in keeping the level of your health as high as possible during the intervals. At the time large hot poultices of linseed meal, covering the whole of the lower part of the stomach, may be found of service.

PARCHES.—The slight hæmorrhages you mention may be caused by a good many conditions; the most obvious is a rather spare and insufficient dietary. Do you eat enough? Not all vegetarians do. Try adding more cheese and more milk (say an extra pint) to your daily consumption. It is, however, possible your kidneys are at fault. If you suspect this you had better take the journey of five miles to "the local M.D." Do you get enough fresh food, fresh un-boiled milk, and fresh fruit? This is important.

ANOTHER POOR SOUL.—The fact of your suffering from intestinal catarrh confirms me in my belief that your and your friend's dietary is at fault. You had better give me a list of the things you eat and drink.

X.Y.Z.

The Employment Bureau

Conducted by Pandora.

[Correspondents must please note that Pandora cannot reply by post.]

TYPING AND SHORTHAND (G. W.).—I do not know of any school in your neighbourhood, though I have no doubt that if you looked in the local paper you would find the address of one. The South-Western Polytechnic, Manresa Road, Chelsea, has a very good course for secretarial work, which includes book-keeping as well as typing and shorthand, and as you are desirous of taking up secretarial work later, I should strongly advise this. Of course you know of Pitman's Metropolitan School in Southampton Row, and Clark's College, Chancery Lane, where you can attend afternoon and evening classes? I ought to tell you it is much more difficult to get secretarial work than typing and shorthand, and requires far higher qualifications.

ADVICE FOR A FRIEND (Mrs. de G.).—If your friend is thoroughly healthy, she would be taken as a probationer in a general hospital, or she might take up midwifery or monthly nursing—more suitable, perhaps, in her circumstances. The training for the two latter occupations is short and inexpensive, and a thoroughly capable woman can nearly always get work. Age does not interfere nearly so much in this work as in most other branches. As you do not say where your friend lives, I cannot give you suitable addresses.

ADVERTISEMENT WRITING (Unsettled).—I do not think the prospects in this work are good, unless you are exceptionally gifted. Like the poet, the successful advertisement writer is "born, not made." Still, you might try your luck. Try to write a telling advertisement for a particular article, and send it to the proprietor, and see what happens. But I could not honestly advise you to pay fees for training unless I knew something of your capacity.

TRAINING FOR THE COLONIES (Jim's Sister).—You may get what you require at the Swanley Horticultural College, or at Arlesley House, Arlesley, Hitchin, or nearer your own home at the Colonial Training College, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire. I certainly think three to six months' training should be quite sufficient, as you are a domesticated person.

WORK FOR A WOMAN OF SIXTY (E. H.).—I wish I could help you. Perhaps, by stating here that you are a good needlewoman, fond of children, domesticated and active, I may be able to bring you to the notice of someone who may utilise your services. I have kept your address for future reference.

FOR POOR MOTHERS.

V.—Warm Vests for Young and Old.

Anyone able to do plain knitting can make one of these comforts in spare moments almost without thinking about it.

A wool dealer will give information as to the amount of wool required, according to the size of the person for whom it is intended. Wool of natural colour is much the nicest.

Cast on required number of stitches, knit two and purl two until sufficiently long for front piece; finish off along the top, leaving stitches sufficient for shoulder strap; knit this; then cast on again until the same number of stitches are obtained as for the front. Knit two and purl two as before till same size as front, then finish off. Take up the same number of stitches on shoulder as for first shoulder strap; knit this and join it to the other side.

Take a darning needle or wool needle full of the same kind of wool, and oversew the sides, beginning at the lower end and sewing upwards; finish off under the arm, leaving ample room for armholes when finished. If desired, armholes and neck can be trimmed off with a plain or fancy crochet heading.

As you know, I am ready to explain more fully if there is anything you don't understand.

EDA BERLON.

There have been eight children burnt to death in the last nine months through wearing flannelette clothing, and Mr. G. R. Sims has started an agitation to have the use of it forbidden by law. He quotes the Manchester coroner as saying that 80 per cent. of the deaths of children by fire are due to it, and the "Lancet" as saying that flannelette nightdresses are as dangerous "as if they were saturated in spirit."

Mr. Sims adds: "It is the custom in certain shops for the salesmen and saleswomen to represent as non-inflammable material which is as inflammable as any on the market, and which has only been dressed with a preparation that merely makes it non-flaming until it has been washed."



YOU CAN KNIT
THIS TAM-O-SHANTER
AND ALL KINDS OF
RIBBED SEAMLESS HOSIERY
WITH THE
AUTOMATIC KNITTER.

Supplied for Cash or Easy Terms.
Quickly Learnt. Tuition Free.
Customers supplied with work any distance.
Full Particulars from
W. W., 83, Southwark Street, London

SORROWS OF A SUFFRAGETTE.

By Edith M. Baker.

Our first meeting was over, and it had been a tremendous success. We had been unanimous, enthusiastic; all of us militants, thirsting for the fray. There were not many of us, it is true, but what of that!

They are cowards who fear to be in the right with two or three.

Our secretary, She—who-must-be-Obedy, swept a rapid, comprehensive glance over our ranks, like a general surveying his troops. We were silent. Yes, it is a fact, however incredible, that nobody spoke.

I had retreated to rather an obscure corner of the great drawing-room. I am young and a little nervous, not having been as yet singled out by Fate to fill any prominent position; but, for the moment, I was puffed out with pride to find myself among celebrated women, who would certainly make history, and might even die in a dungeon.

I am not pretending that I want to die anywhere; but a prospective halo has a wonderfully cheering influence upon a grey, monotonous life like mine. Still, I trembled when our secretary's eye rested upon me.

"You are canvassing I believe, Miss Boggles. Did you have any success yesterday?"

"Oh, yes," I answered eagerly. "I called on two or three people who were out of London, and upon another who was too ill to see me; then I went to such a dear old lady! She was most kind; it was a beautiful house. She promised to read all the pamphlets I left, but she said she was a staunch Conservative and very Low Church, and she would like to have a vote so that she could help to keep out all those 'horrid Radicals!'"

I laughed a little at my own report, but a cold shiver seemed to run around the room.

A Mission.

"To-morrow," said our secretary in frigid tones, "I should be glad if you will call upon women of an entirely different class; not the very poor, perhaps, but just respectable working women."

She glanced around the room once more, and her clear voice was raised as if for an oratorical effort.

"It is to the Woman Workers," she said, "that the labours of our Freedom League bring promise of a brighter, happier future. They belong, poor souls, to the worst paid class; their conditions are the worst; their wages are the worst, and only the vote can remove those crying evils."

Next morning I happened to meet our vicar—a tall, stout, kindly man who had prepared me for confirmation, and had kept an eye upon me ever since.

"Good morning, Miss Boggles," he began, in a loud, mellifluous voice. "I hear you are working for the Women's Suffrage."

I suppose I shrivelled, for he added hastily: "I have no fault to find. On the contrary, in these sadly materialistic days, I welcome the ever-in-

creasing influence of women. In every community women supply the religious element, not only in the churches, but also in the home. There are unfortunately many melancholy exceptions, notably amongst the Nonconformists; and even in my own little flock there are women of the lower class who are never seen in church, drunken, quarrelsome, dishonest. I tremble to think of their having a vote."

I was just going to ask him if he trembled when the drunken husbands voted, but he caught sight of one of his curates bearing down upon him, and with a wave of the hand, possibly meant for absolution, he hurried away.

Nervousness.

I waited nervously until the hour when all my "women workers" would have tidied their rooms and "cleaned" themselves. Then I started. At the first house I knocked and waited, then knocked again; and, after another wait, the door was opened by a stout, elderly woman, wrapped in an old red dressing-gown, and with a particularly weird grey shawl over her head. The poor thing was evidently ill; perhaps she had been in bed.

"I am so sorry to have disturbed you," I began. "I only called to ask if you are interested in Women's Suffrage, and if you would like to come to our meetings?"

"No, I don't want no votes," she answered sadly, "and I can't come nowhere. That there bronchitis has got the better o' me."

"I am so sorry if I brought you downstairs," But she only smiled, and shook her head as she closed the door.

At the next house a fair, pretty young woman came quickly, with two dear little children clinging to her cotton skirt. She looked at me with quite an awed expression.

"Oh, no, miss," she said. "I really couldn't. Bill wouldn't like me to mix myself up with such as them. Bill don't think it womanly, 'e don't, and I think myself, miss, as women is best at 'ome."

And here the baby set up a wild scream. The other child cried for sympathy, and in the midst of the hubbub I beat a retreat.

As I walked slowly on my attention was attracted by a brass plate announcing that Miss Hopper was a "ladies' dressmaker." Here, I said, there will be no Bill to make objections.

Miss Hopper proved to be a pleasant, dark-haired woman, who listened attentively. I tried to make my invitation as attractive as possible, and drew a glowing picture of our crowded at-homes at Caxton Hall. I mentioned the tea, and did not forget the cakes.

Frank Degenerates.

"What's that?" cried a cross old voice from within. "Votes, indeed! Pack o' rubbish! Shut the door, Bessie."

"There's no harm done," said Bessie, apologetically, "and no reason at all why you should not ask."

But I was left as usual *planteé* là.

Evidently the old mother was every bit as bad as Bill.

My heart was growing hot within me, and I was about to shake the dust of this miserable little street from off my feet, when I noticed a tall, gaunt female with a resolute expression standing at her garden gate. Here at last was the kind of woman who would want to vote.

"Are you interested in Woman's Suffrage?" I asked as I reached her.

She fixed me with rather a stony stare. Then her expression changed. "Come along in, miss," she said. "I should like to talk to you."

She pointed to a chair; and, taking one herself, planted her elbows on the little round table.

"Yes, the parson's been telling me about you," she began, "so I've been expecting ye ever since I heard you was going about telling things to a lot o' silly women."

Startled, I tried to answer, but she shook a bony fist.

"You ladies dunno what you're talkin' about. A workin' woman's place is her 'ome. She didn't ought to be 'ticed away from her cleaning and her mendin' just to meddle with men's affairs, and mix herself up with what don't concern her at all."

I got up. I also moved towards the door. She followed, talking loudly.

"So I've had my say, and you can tell them as sent ye that all us women can look after ourselves, and don't want none o' their interference."

But I was in the street.

Rage and Rain.

"I quite agree with you," I said. "No woman so stupid and pigheaded as you are is fit to vote."

Then the rain came pouring down and drenched me, and a squally west wind buffeted me, trying spitefully to tear my hat from off my head; so, clutching it, I hurried home.

The next morning I visited our secretary, and told her all my difficulties. I did not feel that I was in any way to blame, but when I ceased there was a long silence. Then she said: "Are you willing to be a sandwich woman?"

I gasped.

"My relations would not like it," I murmured indistinctly. But she heard. "When we fight for a great Cause," she said, "we cannot stop to consider our relations. But never mind, perhaps you would rather take out a piece of chalk and write 'Votes for Women' on the pavement?"

"Oh, I could not!" I cried, flushing crimson. "I should be so long writing it, and people would not be able to pass. I could not."

In Disgrace.

She looked at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Then," she replied in a tone of decision, "there is evidently only one thing that you are both able and willing to do. You must address envelopes."

She held out her hand; I was dismissed; and going out from her presence I realised what a soldier feels when his stripes are taken away.

Day after day I scribble on, cramp in my fingers and rebellion in my heart; yet even now, when my humiliation is complete, I lack the courage to fling aside my fountain pen and sally boldly forth, bearing a piece of chalk with which to write upon the pavement—

"VOTES FOR WOMEN."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE. Work and Play.

Oh, my dears, poor Peg is always getting into trouble about you. The latest complaint against me is that I seem to think children should do nothing but play.

I am assured that you have quite sufficient dislike to work already, and that I ought to "take advantage of my position," as Mr. Holdemite says, to impress upon you the Dignity of Labour—with very big capitals—which is the kind of teaching much approved by big capitalists, as you will find out later.

But I do not think that is my department, or that our Page is the place for it.

You children, as your letters tell me, "work hard at school." You have "home-work" in the evenings. Some help to earn their livelihood before their school-days are over—and being "half-timers" at work and school, are no-timers at play. And then perhaps they go to Sunday school, and sing, "Work for the night is coming."

If I may dare to tell the truth, my dears, I am dreadfully tired of it all. We have teachers of work in plenty. We need teachers of play—and time for learning it.

"Away to the Maypole Hie."

Time was in England, as Robin Good-fellow reminded me, when the workers had time for play, and knew how to make use of it. The "common" labourer then could take his part in madrigal and roundelay; the peasant lads and lasses danced joyously on their village greens, and joined in the merry make-believe and "dressing-up" of the plays acted at Christmas and Eastertide. And although—or perhaps because—they played heartily and often, they worked also heartily, and were doubtless as happy one way as the other.

And what they wrought, weaving or wood-carving, building or broidery, was beautiful and enduring. No sweated slave to-day can match the handiwork of those morris-dancers and roundelay-singers, who had not been made "dull boys" by "all work and no play."

Useful work, done under healthful and happy conditions, may be like play. Even washing. (Groans and cries of dissent—from your mothers, my dears.)

Gilded Chains.

A little girl who had read the Page in which I referred to the Princess Nausicaa and her maidens washing the "royal vestures" in the river, said, "Oh, there's no fun in being a princess, if you have to wash!" Now, my thought on first reading the story was, "There would be some fun in being a princess like that!" For all the princesses of whom I had read before had been so hedged round by "court etiquette," living, breathing, moving, sneezing—No! I do not think sneezing would be permitted at all—doing these things in fixed and prescribed ways, according to "precedent," that it would have been impossible to squeeze in edge-ways the teeniest, weeniest bit of fun.

And you say, "H'm! Where's the fun of washing days?"

Some of your mothers perhaps may have to wash in the "living-room," and you come in from school to a place full of steam, the floor all over little pools, and a smell of soap-suds which takes away your appetite for dinner—such dinner as is obtainable. And at tea-time, if it has not been a "good drying day," there will be lines full of wet clothing across the room, and a heavily-laden "clothes-horse," "maiden," or "winter-hedge"—it has different names in different counties—standing before the fire.

Not a pleasant place for home-lesson studying. And mother is so tired you think her "cross," and you say dolefully, "I hate washing-day!"

Another Picture.

But I do not think you would have hated Nausicaa's washing-day, my dears. She did not wash in a stuffy little kitchen, and "hang out" in a narrow backyard.

When she announced her intention of going a-washing, the queen-mother brought out "sumptuous viands and flavoured wines," which, with the "tunics" and "stoles" and "robes imperial" in need of purifying, were packed in the "royal car," into which Nausicaa and her maidens mounted, and drove swiftly to the river.

Dismounting there, they plunged their vestures into the "cleansing wave." They would choose a fine day, of course. And, as they rubbed and rinsed, the rippling water reflected the blue of a cloudless sky, and sportive breezes tossed the curls of the merry laundresses. The laving ended, the robes were spread out to dry on the strand "to imbibe the solar ray"—which means, in our English, to dry in the sunshine—and Nausicaa and her "damsels bright" sat down to enjoy the "sumptuous viands" provided by the thoughtful queen.

After the meal, "o'er the green mead the sportive virgins play," says old Homer. "Tost and re-tost, the ball incessant flies."

They were not maids-of-all-work, you see, but had provided for feasting and sporting also. Can you imagine a merrier picnic than those girls would have by the riverside?

And would they not all the more enjoy play and banquet for having first earned them by useful labour?

Ah, if we were wise in faery wisdom, nearly all necessary work could be made healthful and happy. And if there were any unpleasant labour which could not be done by machinery, of the kind which is now pushed on those whom misfortune and injustice have rendered helpless, the people who had learnt brotherhood in fairyland would ask for their share of it.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

When princesses were laundresses "the washer-lady" would not be looked down upon. One of our stupid Real-Word fancies, so far removed from fairy facts, is that the useless fine lady who does nothing but look pretty in costly garments, woven and made up for her by others, and who even for their putting on requires the assistance of

another woman, is "superior" to the spinners, weavers, lace-makers, and many others whose combined labour and skill enable her to be so daintily attired.

And the "gentleman" who sits at a well-spread table in the beautifully-furnished dining-room of a magnificent mansion—because he has money to buy these things, though he may have no other recommendation—is "superior" to the men who built the mansion, and made the table and other furniture, and who, traversing the ocean and ranging the wilds, procured for his feast luxuries "far-fetched and dear-bought."

Topsy-Turvy.

So that those who wish to be "superior" and "respected" try to avoid working with their hands!

A lady lecturer said to me once, "I would much rather be a cook, but a lecturer has respect and position, and a cook has not." Which is a topsy-turvy state of things.

If the Superior Persons who look down upon those who supply all their comforts and luxuries were compelled to choose as to which should be swept off the earth, the lecturers or the manual labourers, craftsmen, and "servants," they would say to each other: "Oh, well, the poor, dear lecturers are awfully interesting people, and we shall be so sorry to lose them. But my dears, what could we do without builders and weavers, and cooks and washer-women?"

And surely the people the world could not possibly do without are just those to whom respect and consideration should be given.

"Society."

Mr. Holdemite talks to me beautifully about "Society."

"We must have the 'untouched and ornamental at the top,'" he says. But I think Nausicaa, sharing with her maidens both in work and play, serving her father's guests as gracefully as she trod the dance, was a truer princess than those who are set aloof from their fellows in ornamental idleness. And Peg would rather play her part amongst the attendants and maidens, would rather feel the clasping arms of little children whom she may tend and comfort, or the touch of the over-worked mother to whom she has given a helping hand, than be the most beautiful "untouched and ornamental" princess that ever wore purple and ermine.

And here you children say, "Ah, now! You are teaching work, after all."

Say, rather, love and service after Nature's way, in which play is work, and work is play. We speak of the sunbeams playing, of dancing leaves, of smiling meads, and laughing streamlets; and all these—playing, laughing, dancing—are doing their appointed work. So it should be with children.

And later—the Dignity of Labour? In useful service, and to win the necessities and comforts of life, yes! But the Dignity of Drudgery—for the Superior Person's profit—No! No! No!

PEG.

It is such a wonderful world that I cannot find in my heart to sigh for fresh beauty.—MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

HOME NOTES.

By Dorothy Worrall.

Before properly beginning the Home Notes this week I must thank you for all the nice letters you have written to me. It is so pleasing to get a little encouragement, and you may be sure I appreciate it.

While mother is away, I am having a real good time setting

The House to Rights—

arranging the ornaments differently, and moving the pictures from one room to another. So many people, when they settle down in a house, hang up their pictures and that's the end of it. They never dream of changing them about. Now, that seems such a pity to me!

If you live in the same rooms year after year, and see the same pictures in the same places, you end by not seeing them at all—at any rate, not taking any notice of them, which amounts to the same thing. But if you alter their positions from time to time you don't get to the "not seeing" stage.

Of course, there was something that made me start this upheaval.

That is the logic I have heard ever since I was "so high." When I did something naughty and told mother I didn't know how it happened, she used to say, "You can't have an effect without a cause." Rather hard words for a little girl to understand, but no doubt true.

My cause in this case was a very beautiful one. I brought two lovely pictures back with me from Paris, and I didn't know where to put them, as my room looked just right. However, where there's a will there's a way, and the difficulty was soon overcome—by taking all my other pictures down. Then began a real

Revolution in a Bedroom:

for when I started to put them up again, somehow many of them didn't look right.

I wondered how it was. Then I knew. It was because the French pictures were so good. They seemed to cry out: "Don't put those pictures by us; they are not worthy."

So then, without giving myself time to repent, I went at it. Down came all my beloved photographs and nick-nacks that had been accumulating for years. I pushed them out of the door without looking at them, for I knew if I looked at them I was a lost Man. Next went all the pictures I was the least bit doubtful about. I was getting bolder now, and quite critical, and when the pictures seemed to say, "Have you no pity? Don't you remember how we pleased you once?" I replied sternly: "My room is going to be beautiful. Perhaps I'll keep you in an album, but you are not going to be hung up again."

And so I worked on till the room was finished. Then came my reward—a few good pictures that do one good to look on; over my bookshelves, instead of dozens of photos, a tall green vase, which is to have for a companion a copper bowl when I have saved enough money; one or two really beautiful ornaments—and that is all.

I wish you could see my room now. It looks so much better.

I am going to put my photographs back in the much-despised albums. They are much better there, for not only do they keep clean, but think how nice and genteel (!) it is to show visitors the family album.—I remember so well going with my grandmother to a proper old-fashioned country party. We drove up in state, and took off our things in the best spare bedroom—which had been aired for the occasion, but still retained a faint "shut-up" odour. Then, when we were all sitting in the parlour, and had finished telling each other

Our Pet Complaints

and remedies, the family albums were brought forth—as being the next stage in a properly-conducted party.

We were told elaborately who all the photos represented, and had to comment duly on each one before we were allowed to pass on to the next.

My stock of adjectives soon got exhausted, but the patience and amiability of the hostess, never! Sometimes we were told that one of the present members of the family was supposed to "favour" her great-aunt or uncle, as the case might be, whose photo we were then looking at. This began a serious business, for first of all we had to cover up the lower part of the face in the album, then look critically at Annie's forehead and eyes to see if they were a bit like "poor great-aunt," and if this didn't suit we covered up the forehead and eyes, and went through the performance again.

Till everyone was satisfied. As for the sumptuous "high tea"—

But there! I must get to business. High tea reminds me of it.

HINTS AND RECIPES.

I was asked the other week for a recipe for making damson wine. Since then several have been sent in, so I am giving the best of them, though I am afraid that damsons are nearly over. My own recipe is for a pudding, which is delicious both to look at and to taste, and has another advantage—that of being very wholesome.

FRIAR'S OMELET.—Six apples, 8oz bread-crumbs, 1oz butter, 1 egg, sugar to taste. Peel and core the apples, stew as for applesauce, add the beaten egg, sugar, and butter. Butter a pie-dish, line with bread-crumbs, pour in half the mixture, then put a layer of bread-crumbs, add rest of mixture, and put bread-crumbs on top. Bake twenty

minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out, sprinkle with sugar, and serve.

We all have to be economical nowadays, so the 5s. prize goes to Mrs. Wright, Exley, Highfield Road, Horbury, near Wakefield, for her recipe for boiling a ham without burning much fuel. For those who use gas stoves this hint will be invaluable.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Place the ham in the boiler, cover with cold water, allow to boil for one hour, not more. Then make up all crockets to keep in the steam, and allow to stand for about twelve hours. If boiled in the evening it will be ready for taking out first thing next morning. You will find the ham thoroughly cooked without being broken.

SCONES.—1lb flour, 4oz lard, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, pinch of salt, a few currants, 1 gill buttermilk, or milk cracked with vinegar. Mix dry ingredients first, then wet with buttermilk, roll out and cut into shape, bake in a moderate oven.—Mrs. Metcalfe, Long Preston, R.S.O.

DAMSON WINE.—Take 8lb of fruit to a gallon of water. Bruise the damsons, and pour the water boiling upon them. Let it stand two or three days. Draw off the liquor, and to every gallon of liquor add 3lb of sugar. Put it into a barrel and stop it closely. It should be kept several months before being used.—Mrs. Jackson, Retford.

COPPER KETTLES, coal-vases, &c., that have become discoloured can be quickly cleaned by cutting a lemon through, dipping it into fine bath-brick, then rubbing the articles to be cleaned with it. Polish with dry bath-brick and a soft cloth.—Mrs. H. Brock, Tipton.

BROWN BREAD.—1lb wheatmeal, ½oz yeast, 1 tablespoonful sugar, about ½ pint tepid water, 1 teaspoonful salt. Put the wheatmeal into a basin with the salt, cream the yeast and sugar, mix with the water, and stir it into the flour. Knead smooth, and let the dough rise one hour, then shape into a loaf, and bake in a good oven 40 minutes.—Alice Walmsley, Heywood.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. GARNER.—Your suggestion re WOMAN WORKER COOKERY BOOK is very good. Strange to say, I have been thinking of it for some little time. Of course, we should have to wait a while until there were plenty of recipes. Then perhaps things will happen.

MRS. HOWARD.—I am sorry that I do not personally know of any cookery school near to you, but would advise you to join a class at the nearest technical school. The instruction is good and very cheap, the usual fee being about half a crown for the course.

G. M. HARDING.—Thanks for your long letter. How I wish we could all follow your recipe for bottling blackberries. *Interally!* Sheffield must be a nicer place than I thought if that is how you get your fruit.

A Prize of 5s.

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

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN (1909 Model).

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star 2/6

Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each.

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium-pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements. One of the letters we daily receive: "Please send me THREE MORE PENS: the half-dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."



THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN is a marvel of simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had.

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each 5/6

Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers: **HYNART & CO., Ltd. (Dept. C.), 71, High Holborn, London, and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)**

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

UNEMPLOYED WOMEN.

Our Labour Leagues all over the country ought to make a point of urging that women should have their share of attention from the Distress Committees.

With the large number of women and girls in this country who are dependent on their own earnings, and the low wages and seasonal nature of so much of their work, the slack times bear specially hard on women wage-earners.

So far, but little has been done to provide work for women; and where this has been attempted it has met with misrepresentation and discouragement from quarters whence it might have expected at least fair play.

Strong Resentment at Mr. Burns's Attitude.

The Central London branch of the League, at its October meeting, passed unanimously the following resolution:

That this meeting strongly resents the conduct of the President of the Local Government Board in giving publicity in the House of Commons to erroneous statements as to the conduct of workrooms for unemployed women, and heartily supports Mrs. Tennant in her demand that the Women's Committee of the Central Unemployed Body shall be allowed to continue without restrictions the excellent work it is performing.

The branch also appointed seven of its members to go on a deputation to the Premier to urge practical proposals—not only for the continuance, but for the extension, of the workrooms for unemployed women in London; and for the chance to be given to women as well as to men of being trained on a farm colony and helped "back to the land."

Mr. Asquith has not yet appointed a time to meet the deputation.

A Universal Need.

The Wallace League is inquiring how things are done in London in order to copy (and let us hope improve upon them) in their district.

Every branch must have some unemployed women within its area during the present depressed state of trade.

Indeed, the depression reacts doubly upon women. It makes their work slack, and it increases the competition for the work, because the wives and daughters of unemployed men turn to and try to earn something.

The Unemployed Workmen Act includes women. Let us see that they benefit by it.

Blackburn Women to the Fore.

Mrs. Kate Hulme, secretary, sends us the following account of the League's work in Blackburn:

"It is now eight months since the Blackburn branch was formed, and we are adding new members at every meeting.

"We have taken an active part in conjunction with the Local Trades Council and the Social Democratic Party in stirring up interest in the feeding of school children. Seven large meetings have been held, at which we have provided speakers. We have also assisted in distributing 20,000 leaflets.

"Public interest has been thoroughly aroused, and before long the Education Committee will be compelled to adopt the Education (Provision of Meals) Act, 1906, instead of depending upon the present precarious charity methods of providing for necessitous children.

Housing and Overcrowding.

"The Housing Question is very acute in Blackburn, and we sent resolutions to the Town Council drawing attention to the matter. The Health Committee have been compelled to carry out an inquiry into the housing conditions, and as a result the

medical officer has issued a report which was published in THE WOMAN WORKER last week. The Town Council now recognise that they must build more houses.

"We commenced our winter season on October 7, when Councillor J. Smethurst gave us an instructive and interesting address on 'What women may do at Municipal Elections.'

"We appeal of readers in Blackburn of THE WOMAN WORKER to throw in their lot with our League. We meet the first Wednesday in each month at Weavers' Offices, Clayton Street. Our contributions are 2d. per month."

Mrs. Simm at Glasgow.

The National Executive asked our organiser, Mrs. Simm, to give a few days' work to Glasgow; and she has accordingly been up there addressing meetings and working up interest in the League's work.

On Sunday, October 11, a well-attended meeting was held under the auspices of the Govan I.L.P.

Make Way for the Women and Babies.

On Tuesday an excellent meeting was held at Clydebank. The I.L.P. hall was quite full of women—not one man present. Mrs. Simm, Miss Taylor (the Glasgow secretary), and Mrs. Craig (the Press secretary) addressed the women, many of whom had babies in arms.

After questions and discussions, Miss Rae moved that a branch of the W.L.L. be formed, and that they take action in the present municipal elections—protesting especially against the slums (four-storey) being built in their midst. This motion was carried, and a branch formed and officials appointed.

A large number of women in Clydebank are active members of the I.L.P.; and after considering the advantages of a national organisation of women, many of these expressed the hope that the I.L.P. and W.L.L. would be able to co-operate and work together for one common purpose.

Co-operation with Trade Unionists.

On Wednesday a meeting was held in Mid City Hall, Glasgow, under the auspices of the Dressmakers, Mantlemakers, Milliners, and Machinists' Union and the W.L.L.

Miss Taylor presided, and Mrs. Simm, Miss Hannan, Mrs. Hill, and Mrs. Hunter gave addresses. This meeting was very well attended, and the keenest interest taken in all the speeches. Appreciation of our efforts to show the need of political power as well as combination in unions was shown by the number of new members enrolled.

The secretary of the trade union also enrolled several new members.

Helping the I.L.P.

On Thursday Mrs. Simm went to a mid-day election meeting, and spoke in support of the candidature of Comrade G. D. Hardie; and many of the W.L.L. members are working hard in the respective wards for labour candidates. On Thursday night a meeting was held in Plantation I.L.P. rooms, and the women present decided to consider further the objects of the W.L.L. at a future meeting.

Women Socialists in New York.

The main object of this Conference, which met recently, was to found a women's organisation in connection with the Socialist party of New York State.

The women members of the party are beginning to feel that they have stood in the background as "official cake-bakers and money-collectors" long enough. They believe that with a separate organisation they will be able to reach thousands of women workers whom the party would never touch, and they want to concentrate on this side of the work.

There has been a good deal of opposition both from the party itself, the larger proportion of which are men, and from women at the Conference. After an earnest discussion, however, the resolution to form a separate organisation was carried.

It was not endorsed by the male section of the party, in spite of an eloquent appeal from two of the women delegates. We of the Women's Labour League have no doubt whatever that, after a few years' experience of its working, our comrades across the Atlantic will reach the same conclusion as our Labour party here, and admit the value of the new organisation.

WHY DO WOMEN WASTE

their hardly earned money upon inferior food when the best is nicer as well as more wholesome and more truly economical.

It has been proved that dogs die upon a diet of white bread, yet we feed ourselves and our children upon it and wonder why we suffer from dyspepsia, constipation, bad teeth, &c., &c.

You don't know how much better everything will taste, and how much better every one will be if you discard white flour entirely and use "ARTOX" Wholemeal.

A "CLARION" reader writes:

"We tried it first of all on a bit o' t'owd sort—a YORKSHIRE PUDDING, you know—and it was SIMPLY SCRUMPTIOUS. All are agreed as to the really fine quality of the bread, in fact, barely after a fortnight's trial we have about LOST THE TASTE FOR WHITE BREAD."

In

"ARTOX" WHOLEMEAL

you get every particle of the finest whole wheat, with all its wonderful nourishment, in a form most easy of digestion. By a patent process the sharp spicules of the bran, which in ordinary wheatmeal are so irritating to a weak stomach, are rendered harmless. The result is a highly nutritious and delicious wholemeal that makes BETTER BREAD, CAKES, PUDDINGS, and PASTRY than the most expensive white flour can produce. Once get the

FINE NATURAL NUTTY FLAVOUR

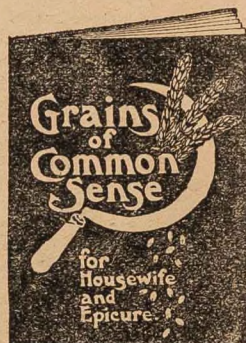
of Artox wholemeal you will want it used always in place of "superfine white."

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

OUR NEW DAINTY

BOOKLET

contains many valuable recipes for making delicious and nutritious puddings, cakes, pies, fancy bread, &c., so that your table will be the admiration of your friends if you avail yourself of our offer to send A COPY POST-FREE, with name of nearest agent,



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

Sold in 3lb, 7lb, and 14lb sealed linen bags; or 28lb will be sent direct, carriage paid, for 4s. 6d.

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

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

THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

UNEMPLOYMENT SCHEMES.

Nothing for Workless Women.

Neither in Mr. John Burns's speech last week at Tynemouth, nor in any Ministerial speech on unemployment—we write while Mr. Asquith's statement is still awaited—has it been indicated that provision will be made for workless women.

THE WOMAN WORKER called attention to this matter on September 18 in two articles.

A correspondent who had visited the London workrooms at Camberwell, Poplar, and St. Pancras, and found them doing excellent work in the hands of Mrs. Tennant, showed that Mr. Burns had not only no warrant for his damaging remarks upon them, but might have done much more for women under the Unemployed Act.

Mr. W. C. Anderson showed that more is done in foreign countries and in New Zealand, and added suggestions of his own.

Cheap as women's labour is, there are great numbers of women who can find nothing to do, both in London and in the provinces. It is true that still greater numbers who are at work starve slowly all the same, but this is not a good excuse for the Government's indifference.

In Manchester the question is acutely raised. Mrs. Annot E. Robinson, who sends us an article on the subject this week, has led a very spirited protest against the omission of the City Council to devote any part of its unemployment grant of £50,000 to the provision of women's work.

Mrs. J. R. MacDonald refers to the national question in her Notes on the Work of the Women's Labour League.

Tiding Over the Winter.

Statement as to Government Measures.

Mr. Asquith's long-expected statement may have somewhat changed the trend of the unemployed agitation ere this issue comes to our readers' hands.

The Government, however, propose to do nothing that can admit the Right to Work as a corollary of English liberty. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Burns have given one reason or another for evading the demand for recognition of this right.

Thus, the measures taken by the Government, whether adequate for the time being or not, are only expedients for tiding over a difficult winter.

Right to Work Campaign.

The Right to Work National Council has decided upon the formation of various committees for London, to consolidate all active organisations of Socialism and Labour.

Over a hundred delegates were present at a conference held in Clifford's Inn Hall on Monday night, and they represented the Independent Labour Party, the Social Democratic Party, all the trades councils of London, the Fabian Society, and various other bodies. A provisional executive committee of fifteen was elected.

This body was to meet to-day at the "Clarion Scouts" office, in New Court, Carey Street, to decide upon the plan of campaign.

A REVOLUTIONARY PARTY.

Mr. Grayson's Lead.

"We want a party strong, brave, noble, and self-sacrificing enough to build up in this country a fearless, educated, revolutionary party that will make the present House of Commons impossible to work."

This was the new note in Mr. Victor Grayson's speech at St. Pancras on Sunday. Speaking from the van of the Hunger-Marchers, he said:

"I appear before you to-night as an outcast following Jesus Christ. The Scribes and Pharisees have cast me out of their synagogue. I have committed the greatest crime that any human being can commit; I have told the truth to liars.

"This is my message to you to-night: 'If you see your child, your wife, or yourself starving you are a cad if you don't take food when you see it.' (Cheers.)

"Where are the police? If they charge me on that statement, I say to-night, with the utmost calm, I am proud to tell the hungry man that he is less than a man if he starves while he can steal.

"War is declared to-night. (Cheers.) We must fight every reactionary force.

"I am not going back to ask my constituency to run another election and spend £400 or £500. That would please the enemy. I am not going back. The Colne Valley delegates said to me, 'Don't come; we are satisfied. You were returned. Whether in or out of Parliament, we are satisfied with you.'"

Mr. Bernard Shaw's Adhesion.

In a telegram to the "Daily Dispatch" (Manchester), Mr. Bernard Shaw said:

"Grayson is as completely justified as Plimsoll. I shudder to think of the demoralising mess the House of Commons may make of the unemployed question unless it does exactly what the Fabian Society tells it. Meanwhile, the Government can at least set the unemployed free, to resort to the Poor Law by removing the penalty of disfranchisement."

Other adhesions to the new party in and out of the House, are freely discussed.

Mr. M. A. Heaton, of 79, Albert Palace Mansions, S.W., writes:—"I have no adequate words to express my admiration for Mr. Grayson's recent action in the House of Commons. Perhaps some other writer will appreciate his courage at a time when his own party appear to have failed him."

THE LABOUR PARTY.

Its Attitude to the Government.

Mr. Keir Hardie is reported to have said at Llanelli last week that if the Government programme proved unsatisfactory, "the Labour Party would adopt a policy which would cause much surprise." Meanwhile he denounced Mr. Victor Grayson as "a useless and irresponsible person."

The Labour Party has made no official protest on behalf of women workers; but Mr. Grayson's revolt against its method of bringing private pressure to bear, and against the indifference of Parliament, has been the subject of warm criticism by some of Mr. Hardie's followers.

At Bradford, Mr. Pete Curran, who was much interrupted—Mr. Grayson's name being loudly cheered—said the party had tried to preserve its dignity. They either had to submit to Mr. Grayson's leadership instead of Mr. Hardie's, or to stand by them-

selves; and they were not going to be "switched by a boy."

Mr. Philip Snowden and others reproach the leader of the new party with having already kept away from the House.

"A Matter of Life and Death."

Mr. Grayson's Exit from the House.

The behaviour of a section of the House in face of Mr. Victor Grayson's demand that the widespread and terrible distress should be treated as urgent, was ill-mannered.

The House was discussing the Licensing Bill in committee. Mr. Grayson, speaking amidst much interruption, managed to make the House hear that he felt it impossible for any decent man "to sit still in a chamber which was starving people wholesale when it could do something for them."

Members clamoured for "Order"; but when he said that, so long as he remained in the House, he should refuse to allow any other business to proceed, the Tories burst into laughter.

"To the people I represent here," Mr. Grayson remarked, "it is a matter of life and death. It is no laughing matter."

More laughter, however, mocked his refusal to leave unless compelled to do so.

BOOKS FOR WOMEN WORKERS.

THE BURDEN OF WOMAN. By FRANK MOND

Wrapper, 230 pp., 1s. 6d. net; by post, 1s. 9d.

"Contains things which ought to be said. The real burden is found to be the relations of the sexes in marriage and particularly in regard to congenital and other diseases."—*The Morning Leader*.

"A strong plea for the enfranchisement of women."—*The Western Mail*.

"The book's scope is very wide, and it discusses not a few very delicate topics fearlessly, but always with discretion and force, whilst its general tone is exceptional. Some of the statements are startling but painfully true."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

THE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD. By DR.

M. D. EDER. Limp canvas, 1s. net; by post, 1s. 2d.

"The author seeks to alter the prevalent views upon sex-merit, and believes that if Society cannot stand the ventilation of these subjects except in the boudoir and the smoking-room, then the sooner Society is abolished the better."—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The reader will find outlined a very bold yet eminently practical scheme to encourage the breeding and rearing of healthy children. Dr. Eder's views are boldly stated throughout."—*The Bristol Mercury*.

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION. By MILLENT MERRY. Wrapper, 6d.

net; by post, 7d.

"This book ought certainly to make Mr. Belford Bax readjust his views as to women's lack of power to form 'an objective and disinterested judgment' for a clearer, more moderate, and more precise presentation of the woman's point of view than this of Miss Murby it would be difficult to find. To those even who differ from her conclusions will come many plain statements of fact which will bear thinking over."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

WOMAN: A Few Shrieks. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. Paper, 6d. net; by post, 7d.

"As a vindication of the women's enfranchisement and this popular, clever, lively book is worth reading."—*The Christian Commonwealth*.

"A sprightly little volume which puts forward many forceful and convincing arguments."—*The Clarion*.

THE LEGAL SUBJECTION OF MEN. An Answer to the Suffragettes. By E. BELFORD BAX and Others. Wrappers, 6d. net; by post, 7d.

"The authors say—"The Suffragettes have succeeded in inducing a credulous public to believe that the female sex is groaning under the weight of the tyranny of man, and the time has come for confronting this assumption with a plain statement of Law and Fact. The facts show these individuals to be right in one point—namely, that sex-injustice and sex-inequality exist, but they exist wholly and solely in favour of women as against men."

Of all Booksellers or from the Publishers,

THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet St., London.

The final scene of the first day is thus reported:—

The Speaker: I must ask the hon. gentleman to withdraw from the House. (Cheers.) Mr. Grayson: If you send your machinery to remove me I shall withdraw willingly.

The Speaker: If the hon. member will not withdraw of his own accord I must ask the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove him.

Mr. Grayson: I am willing to leave because I feel the degradation of the company in which I find myself. I have the mandate of the unemployed behind me in asking for urgent legislation at the hands of this House. (Cries of "Order!") Oh, yes; you are well-fed human beings, but the unemployed are being goaded into disorder, and I refuse, therefore, absolutely, to be bullied into silence by this House.

The Speaker remained standing, and at last cried in a loud voice: "Will the Sergeant-at-Arms remove the hon. member?" (Loud cheers.)

The Sergeant-at-Arms rose, but Mr. Grayson promptly proceeded towards the doors, saying, "I leave the House with pleasure. I hope other members will leave it too." On the second day, when suspended, he added that he felt he gained in dignity by the protest. An inspector of police conducted him beyond the precincts, and told his men not to let Mr. Victor Grayson return.

An excited ejaculation addressed to some of his colleagues as he left the House has provoked reprisals.

Mr. Burns on "Panic Legislation."

Before Mr. Victor Grayson's revolt and the King's invitation to the President of the Local Government Board to spend a weekend at Sandringham, Mr. Burns, at Tyne-mouth, claimed that he had put forward all the work he could.

He said he did not believe there would be any legislation on the right to work or the unemployed problem during the present Session. (Shame.) Someone cried "Shame." He would tell that friend why. It was because Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden had stated that such legislation would be panic legislation, and would be worse than no legislation at all.

He estimated that by next March there would be spent in the distress areas on non-pauper relief more money than was spent during the Lancashire cotton famine.

But the war against poverty and unemployment was not a skirmish, not a single battle, but a long and dogged campaign of twenty, thirty, or a hundred years of patient mining and counter-mining; and among the forces to be defeated were their own ignorance, their own prejudice, their own selfishness, their own distractions, and their own disunion. (Loud cheers.)

Four women were ejected from this meeting for trying to call attention to the women's case.

Mr. Burns at Sandringham.

Mr. Burns went down to Sandringham with the Prince and Princess of Wales, "with whom it is well known," says the "Daily Chronicle," "that he is on terms of considerable intimacy."

He stayed at the King's Norfolk Palace over Saturday night, and not only had the usual opportunity of speech with the King after dinner, but walked with him in the Park on Sunday morning, and is described as having "had a very animated conversation."

L.C.C. Work for Unemployed.

Mr. Frank Smith's "disgraceful" scene at the last L.C.C. meeting has had some effect. On Tuesday the Council decided to put work in hand in the parks sufficient to provide employment for twenty weeks for 1,600 men. About £7,800 will be spent in this way.

The Council also adopted the Highway Committee's scheme to spend £280,000 on tramways.

These schemes do not satisfy the Labour men, but it is something to have wrung so much from the callous Moderates.

MINISTERS AT BOW STREET.

The Policy of Harassment.

More Suffragettes Imprisoned.

On Wednesday, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Herbert Gladstone were to attend at Bow Street Police Court to be questioned in the case against Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Drummond, and Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who were charged with inciting to disorder. As, however, they came at Mrs. Pankhurst's request, she was debarred from cross-examining her own witnesses.

At both hearings of the case, Bow Street was crowded and besieged by sympathisers. Sir Charles Wyndham watched the proceedings with great interest.

The opening day was made amusing by Miss Pankhurst's spirited cross-examination of Superintendent Wells. "You are aware, of course," she suggested, "that Mr. Herbert Gladstone has stated that these proceedings are instituted by the police and not by the Government?" (The witness hesitated.) "It is in all the newspapers."

"You have kept me so busily engaged that I have not had time to look at the papers." (Laughter.)

Had the Government been consulted on the point of trial by jury or as to the length of the sentences to be inflicted? He rather thought not.

"And do you know," Miss Pankhurst asked, "that Mr. Horace Smith, the magistrate, in a London drawing-room, asserted that in sentencing one of us to six weeks' imprisonment he was only doing what he was told to do?"

He did not know.

The Police and Politics.

Then Mrs. Pankhurst took up the cross-examination herself.

"You have recognised that this is a political movement?"

"Yes—but not in inciting to riot." "That is a matter of opinion. You know that in previous agitations responsible statesmen such as Mr. John Bright have advised the people to do exactly as we have done. Now, have not the women exercised great self-restraint, so that—"

"Great inconvenience has been caused, and much extra work thrown upon the police."

"Yes, we regret that exceedingly, but was there not much more violence shown by the crowd when Mr. John Burns and Mr. Cunningham Graham were arrested in Trafalgar Square?"

"Certainly more violence."

The case was resumed as we went to Press, and whether Mr. Curtis Bennett would himself decide it or commit the three leaders for trial there was a good deal of curiosity to see. Mrs. Pankhurst had raised a new point of great interest, of which more will be heard—that they were entitled to trial by a jury of peers.

It will be maintained that women ought to constitute the juries by whom women are tried.

"Obstruction" and Assault.

The following sentences for "obstructing the police" were passed on Suffragettes last week:—

Two months' imprisonment in lieu of sureties:—Miss M. A. Redhead and Miss Kathleen Tanner.

One month's:—Misses Wright, Codd, Lamb, Martin, and Capper.

A number of men who had interposed for their protection—sometimes provoked by unnecessary and ugly violence on the part of constables—were fined or imprisoned for assault. Their names include Harold Peck (fined £5), J. P. Bulter (three months' hard labour), Patrick Madden (two months' ditto), and Alfred Smith (six weeks).

Eight others were bound over to "good behaviour."

It has been claimed by some members of the W.S.P.U. that Mrs. Travers-Symons acted after consultation with the leaders, except as to the member she was to use. Mrs. Travers-Symons insists, however, that her act was "unpremeditated."

A Scandalous Accusation.

Mr. Tudor Walters, M.P., and a Suffragette.

During their week's remand, the three leaders of the W.S.P.U. were cheered by meetings that showed the utmost enthusiasm. One of them—held at the Queen's Hall on Monday—was marked by an eloquent outburst from Mrs. Pethick Lawrence against a story told by Mr. Tudor Walters, M.P., and by a strong declaration from Mrs. Pankhurst. The collection at this meeting realised £200.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who presided, said that members of Parliament, "having been outwitted by a woman," had begun to talk about the lack of sense of honour in women—which was a case of pot calling kettle smutty with a vengeance. Were there not 420 Members of Parliament pledged to carry out a measure who did nothing to redeem their promise? Where was their sense of honour?

In this connection she wished to refer to a story told by a Liberal Member of Parliament, which had emerged from the walls of the smoking-room.

It related how Mr. J. Tudor Walters (Member for the Brighton division of Sheffield) was followed by a suffragist in Palace Yard. Looking round, he says, he beheld a comely and charming damsel of some 18 or 19 summers close to his shoulder. When he remonstrated, she produced a card bearing the words, "Votes for Women." The policeman ordered her to leave, but instead of obeying, added the hon. Member, "she made a bound towards me and embraced me round the neck." (Laughter.)

"Don't laugh, my friends," said Mrs. Lawrence. "This is no matter for laughter. Mr. Walters goes on to say that it took two or three policemen to separate them. Now I have something to say to Mr. Tudor Walters.

The Lie Direct.

"I say, Mr. Tudor Walters, you are a shameless liar. (Loud cheers.) How dare you invent from your foul imagination a story like this to dishonour women? (Loud cheers.)"

"And I have something to say to Members of the House of Commons. Let them leave off talking about a sense of honour until they have cut out of their House this defiler of every standard of good breeding." (Loud cheers.)

Mrs. Pankhurst said that it was the Government who were instituting these proceedings in the police courts.

No Turning Back.

"I think they will find," she continued, "that though there is political cowardice among men, there is none among women."

"Women are slow to move; they are patient, they endure injustice a long time; but once they are roused they never turn back until they have won what they set out to win. That is our answer to the proceedings that are being taken, and it is an answer which is being given all over the country."

Mr. Tudor Walters has re-affirmed the truth of his anecdote and expresses his amazement that Mrs. Pethick Lawrence should take upon herself to deny it without a knowledge of the facts. He states that the incident took place some months ago.

The Ideal Nursery.

What Should be Done in Schools.

The Infants' Health Exhibition, opened by the Duchess of Albany in Devonshire Street, W.C., has a model school nursery, planned in accordance with a Board of Education report.

Here a number of little boys and girls may be seen living in hygienic and attractive surroundings.

It is an object-lesson to demonstrate, among other things, how a child's physique and his mind develop together. There are toys in profusion—all with a practical and educational interest—parrots, canaries, hutches of rabbits and guinea pigs.

MARRIED WOMEN'S WORK.

Lecture by Miss Clementina Black.

The first of a series of lectures, promoted by the Central London Branch of the Women's Labour League, was given by Miss Clementina Black at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, on Tuesday evening, when "Married Women's Work" was discussed.

Mr. T. F. Richards, M.P., presided in the necessary absence of Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P. He referred briefly but pointedly to the position of women in the boot and shoe industry, who had, owing to lack of organisation, allowed the price of their labour to decrease 50 per cent. below that previously commanded by the men for similar work.

Miss Black, whose painstaking work in connection with women's trades is one of the most valuable assets of the social student of to-day, urged that the work of married women should be considered from the economic, the family, and the personal points of view.

It was bad for any woman to be financially dependent upon others. The economic independence of woman commanded and gave respect. In her opinion there was no trade which could be so truly classed as a sweated industry as that of a mother keeping a family in a small working-class home on the small wages earned by the father. When these wages were so low as to compel the mother to take up home work, it could only be carried on at the expense of the attention, and care which would be given to the family. The incentive, however, was so great that it was impossible to resist.

There was no doubt that the work of married women in the industrial field tended to bring down wages, and the obvious remedy was to see that the husbands were paid adequate wages.

Among means of obviating the burdensome toil of married women, Miss Black pleaded for the abolition of individual kitchens and sculleries, and showed the tremendous waste and worry incurred in existing customs.

The work of the mother was as deserving of recognition as any other woman worker in the State; and a better application of the phrase in the marriage service about "endowing the wife with all one's worldly goods" would help considerably. In all walks of life they found husbands who failed to recognise the full value of women's work in the home.

If parents could be convinced that it is quite as important to find trades and professions for their girls as it is to train the boys, the outlook of women would be widened. Women who followed different branches of art as a rule were not worse paid than men. If she wrote a book, for instance, a woman's publisher did not seek to reduce the royalty because of her sex, and, if he did, her Trade Union—the Authors' Society—would soon interfere. Generally the same applied to public singers, actresses, &c., who were able to command full rates. In ordinary industry the tendency was all the other way.

Not a little of the worries of domestic life would be abolished by improvements and facilities for the more widespread use of domestic machinery and the application of womanly intelligence in the matter of house-planning.

The latter point was aptly emphasised in the discussion which followed by Mrs. Will Crooks, who complained of the small kitchens provided in working-class houses.

Replying to the question as to whether industrious women did not too frequently work in order to support lazy husbands and sons—as recently alleged by Mr. John Burns, M.P.—Miss Black confessed that she had known such cases. She had heard that a "laundress's husband" was a regular trade for some men. But this was by no means a question of sex. She was afraid that many working mothers had to support lazy daughters.

Mrs. MacDonald urged an adequate Right to Work Bill as a remedy for the lazy members of both sexes.

Votes of thanks concluded a very instructive lecture and interesting discussion.

A BEFRIENDED LITTLE "HELP."

Charge Against a Clergyman and His Wife.

Canon J. M. Lambert, of Hull, is under remand for a month, and Mrs. Lambert has been committed for trial, on a charge preferred by the S.P.C.C. of cruelty to a child named Mary Elizabeth Inman, whom they had "adopted."

Dr. Dingle, of Barmouth, their family physician, was attending a son of Canon Lambert at his Welsh house, when Miss E. H. Jukes, a trained nurse from the Midland Institute, one day entreated him to "come and see Mary Inman." He was led to a room where she lay in bed "in a most disreputable nightdress of an ingrained colour"; and he gave evidence that he found her much emaciated, extremely ill, and with a frightened expression.

"Her skin was dry and harsh, resembling parchment, the pulse was extremely feeble, and she had an irritable cough. There was nothing organically wrong with her, yet from her appearance he felt fearful of her life."

A Doctor and a Man.

Dr. Dingle told Mrs. Lambert he thought it a scandalous state of affairs, and in the event of the child's death he should refuse a certificate and order an inquest.

Whilst he stood expostulating, the cook came up and exclaimed, "Perhaps you would like to see some of Mary's food, doctor."

"I would," he answered. Then the cook showed him a plate of toast rinds, and something that looked like dripping fat.

The cook, Mrs. Ellen Gilmartin, who had since left this service, also gave evidence. She said that Mary got only the remnants of food, and sometimes would share the dog's. She did the housework, cleaned the silver, and did her own sewing and mending. Mrs. Lambert told her that if Mary did not do her work she was to give her a good whipping, and added: "The other cook used to say she had good strong hands."

Miss Jukes said the food given to Mary Inman was unfit for consumption. In reply to a remonstrance Mrs. Lambert said to her: "I hate the child; any food is good enough for her."

The little victim herself, looking very frail and ill, said Mrs. Lambert beat her with a stick and a poker, as well as with her hand. Maggots were in her dinner once or twice.

In defence, Mrs. Lambert stated that Mary Inman was the daughter of a charwoman, left with her six years ago rather than sent to a workhouse. She was adopted to be trained as a domestic servant.

The Canon asserted that the child had been fed abundantly and taken to picnics.

Shocking Tale of Starvation.

A Woman Foodless for Weeks.

At the Whitechapel Infirmary on Saturday the death of a woman named Emma Roberts was investigated.

This poor sister was found ill on the pavement, and taken to the infirmary by a woman giving the name of Mrs. Asquith.

On admission she told a nurse that she had been without food for weeks, and had been sleeping in the streets.

She had scarcely any clothing, and was practically wrapped up in brown paper pinned together.

Dr. Edgar Taunton, medical superintendent, said that death was due to pneumonia, accelerated by exposure and want of food.

Verdict: "Death from starvation."

THE MICROBE

AS FRIEND AND FOE.

is the title of a new book, by H. Valentine Knaggs, L.R.C.P. &c., which will interest those who believe in NATURAL METHODS OF HYGIENE AND DIET. Of all Booksellers and Health Food Stores, or post free for 1s. 2d. from JARROLD'S, 10, WARWICK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

P. R.

Someone had told me that these two letters stood for Physical Regeneration, and that they were stamped on certain biscuits and other products of a model factory in the South of London. There seemed to be a big claim involved in such a trade-mark. I therefore called on the Wallace P. R. Foods Company. The manager, Mr. Walter Buxton, was quite willing to enlighten me.

"I want to know about P. R.," I said.

"P. R. simply means physical regeneration," was the reply. "We call our products the P. R. Foods because they help to bring about a physical regeneration in those who live on them."

"How and why?" I asked.

"Because the P. R. Foods, which include bread, biscuits, cakes, and so on, are made on certain definite scientific principles—principles established by Mrs. C. Leigh Hunt Wallace, the President of the Physical Regeneration Society. Let me explain that Mrs. Wallace founded the Wallace P. R. Bakery (as it was then called). The business has rapidly grown, and now stands as a practical and tangible demonstration of those principles."

"And those principles are—?"

"They may be summed up thus: the absolute necessity for really pure food in the eradication of disease and the maintenance of health; and the equally great necessity for the avoidance of all artificial, one-sided, separated foods and food elements. For instance, white flour is never used in this factory, because it is a one-sided food substitute. We use only a very finely-ground entire wheatmeal. Then again, Mrs. Wallace's investigations and experiments, based largely on the pioneer work of her husband, Mr. Joseph Wallace, have demonstrated the close kinship between yeast and disease. We never use yeast."

"That sounds very revolutionary." "It is revolutionary. But you haven't heard all. The principles I spoke of are applied to every detail, and with the utmost thoroughness. Chemicals, substitutes, and all kinds of cheapening concoctions are widely employed in the manufacture of bread, biscuits, and all such articles. We use none whatever. Baking-powder, egg-powder, butter substitutes, colouring matter—none of these ever enter this factory. We use real eggs, real butter, and milk, which we sterilise, and we have our own apparatus for distilling every drop of water used. Not only this, but we employ the very best ingredients that money can buy."

"I can well believe it," I said. (For all this time I had been busy sampling the most excellent biscuits, sponge cakes, and other dainties.) "But what about the cost?"

"The cost is low considering the perfect purity and great food-value of the P. R. Foods. For instance, the P. R. Crispit is far preferable to ordinary bread, and quite as cheap."

Before I left I was taken over the factory, which is well ventilated, roomy, and above ground, and in every way worthy of the principles upon which it is run. I realised that here was an enterprise that should be of great interest to women workers.—(ADVT.)

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

BEECHAM'S

PILLS.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price 1s. 1½d. (56 pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 pills).