# oman Worker

# Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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### A GARDEN PARTY.

## By a Woman Politician.

I have been to a political garden

The invitations to it covered half a county, and so the one large building was continually occupied with guests for tea in relays. When I left, no speeches had been delivered: I had heard nothing, had only seen.

But what I saw must be told.

I had at first found myself in a stream of people, mostly women, who were passing through the big house to see it. The faces of these women almost overwhelmed me; I wanted to cry when I looked at them,

When people speak of doll-like women, they are thinking of rich women and new wax dolls. These were poor women, and they were like

old wooden dolls.

The faces were marked and scored.

Often the thin long line of lip slanted to one side or the other.

There are no large towns in our

There are no large towns in our county. Many of the women were country-folk. But "beauty born of murmuring sound" had not passed into their faces; to them "the floating clouds" had not lent their state; and the movements of these women were stiff and abrupt.

Some of them are my neighbours. meet them constantly without undue emotion.

It was the sight of them in hundreds passing through beautiful rooms that I had often seen filled with the other dolls—the pretty waxen ones—it was this that was so upsetting.

Later I become very happy. In spite of drenching rain, these people all around me were so happy,

and happiness is infectious.

I saw behind the lines on those faces I saw bening the lines on those faces the hard work that had engraved them. I saw strength of spirit, wit, and shrewdness, which had made the hard work possible, and had, in turn, been deepened and increased by it.

Yet something has injured these women.

I stood for some time behind our hosts, watching them receive their

The welcome was genuine and hearty.

The welcome was genuine and hearty, and each arriving face kindled under it till the lips parted in a smile—disclosing, in numbers of cases, broken teeth or a lack of teeth.

I thought this explained the slanting, crooked mouths which I had noticed; and I thought of all it stood for—the want of education and of money which had occasioned such habitual neglect,

and the many illnesses produced by ... that neglect.

The words of a gentleman who once

spoke to me against women's suffrage ran in my mind.

Working women, he said, have no time to vote, no time to be educated for voting, because "woman's work is never done." I think the unendingness of woman's work is one thing which has inverted these women. injured these women.

am impatient for them to have

I think that when they are recognised as citizens it will follow as a matter of course that they will claim and be given leisure and education.

I thought I had seen something else

behind those wrinkles.

Besides hard work I saw worry there
the worry that comes of a narrow
view, fixed on small family cares; as a frown comes when the eyes are focussed on something near.

But as, when eyes are raised to the horizon, the frown disappears and the forehead is smoothened, so calm will come to the mind, and to the face, which is its expression, when women can turn from family interests to the big national and human interests.

I do not think that any women are dolls, either waxen or wooden; but some of us have come to look like dolls because our souls have fallen, some into a stupor induced by excessive work, some into the sleep of idleness.

Annie Kenney says that the Suffragists are awakening the souls of the women. After what I saw at the garden party, I feel more than ever before how greatly we need to be

And I believe that the vote, and even the struggle to get it, will help to awaken us.

## DAYBREAK.

Look up! look up, dear girl! Put out the light, give leave to rosy dawn.

Life's yet in pawn;
But look how day comes promising gold
and pearl.

To sleep? Her pallet craves, But to her window the pure air comes free:

'Tis Liberty That breathes ere she awake to greet poor slaves.

Look out! Look out and see If in the East no tiptoe messenger A smile can spare

For you, dear slave, to teach you ecstasy. MARIANNE LAD.

# To Save Daisy Lord.

The agitation for Daisy Lord's release will in the end be national. There can be no doubt of this, in view of the fwo facts that men and women of all ranks and beliefs write to The Woman Worker and the "Clarion" for petitions, and that other journals, following the "Christian Commonwealth" and the "Daily News," are taking up her case, or admitting letters on it.

Last week the Women's Freedom League held in London a stirring demonstration in the matter. A report of this many he read in our news pages.

Why do I speak so strongly? For Mother's sake. Many are the times I have stood by the side of such young women, many the friends I have lost through my conduct, many the insults that have been thrown at me. But I take this stand because I was born illegitimate.

And the man has been scot-free now for 26 years. My mother, God bless her, will not divulge his name to me. She has been crucified almost daily — taunted, derided, shunned, smitten. Wherever she went to live it came out—she'd had an illegitimate child. Branded deep as shame.

And many a time have I wished that my mother had taken my sacred life when I was born.

fraved and distraught young mothers.

The agitation reveals a state of public

We continue to be overwhelmed with requests for petitions, many coming from readers who have been once from readers who have been once already supplied. House to-house visiting; the insertion of appeals in local papers; and the display of petitions in public libraries, at the gates of factories, and at the doors of places of worship are mentioned by correspondents as methods they find helpful.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I am very anxious for this to be a strong petition, as we have a case exactly similar awaiting trial at the Leicester Assizes—that of a girl, I believe, only 19 years of age. We mothers know girls cannot be in their right mind when the very life of them is cast away. Please send me six petitions.—Yours very truly, (Mrs.) Alice Hawkins. worship are mentioned by correspondents as methods they find helpful.

Of the letters which have reached us, only two are hostile to the plea. One insists on the old-world idea of punishment so bitterly that, for the writer's sake, we do not print it.

ceived as follows:

Already acknowledged, £24 14s. 11d.

demonstration in the matter. A report of this may be read in our news pages.

The most significant note of the speeches was a demand for some modification of the law in regard to child it am only a working man at a colliery, but will do my best to help you in the interests of justice and right. My name I wish to hide for the present. A Wennger Son.

Dear Miss Macarthur,-I wonder if the judge who sentenced Daisy Lord is a of Christian, and if he reflected that it was just fortune which placed her where she is.

I grant he recommended her to mercy The agitation reveals a state of public opinion very well diagnosed by a correspondent of the "Daily News":

"The feeling existing on Daisy Lord's case is striking evidence that the public conscience is far in advance of the so-called 'legalities' by which we try to called 'legalities' by which we try to called 'New Lord's and with the service of the so-called 'legalities' by which we try to called 'legal

Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

Dear Miss Macarthur,-I am very anxious

#### FORSAKEN MOTHERS.

I do not claim to have a wide ex-Gifts in aid of expenses have been reperience of these girl-mothers, but
many times it has been my sad but hopeful task to help in finding a home for a little child, handicapped before it has seen the light of day; and I can, Already acknowledged, £24 14s. 11d.

Mrs. Tarrant, 1s.; Liverpool Telegraphists,
8s. 9d.; J. Nugent, 6d.; Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, 2s.; A. Speakman, 1s.; T. Ketching,
1s. 6d.; S. Batts, 2s. 6d.; J. Peake, 1s.;
P. H. D., 1s.; Maud Healey, 5s.; M. F.
Barker, 1s.; E. J. F. Avery, 6d.; Mrs. Beggett,
8d.; Mrs. Wm. Slade, 1s. 6d.; "Fellowshipper," 7s.; N. Wickens, 1s.; Asnon, 1s.;
W. A. Nash, 1s.; F. H. Harris, 1s.; Mrs. S.
Davies, 1s.; John Eddie, 2s. 6d.; E. Morhimer Ash, 1s.; A Sincere Sympathiser, 2s.;
Miss Maud Jones, 1s.; A. Bamford, 9d.;
Mrs. M. Jameson Williams, 1s.
Total, £27 3s. 1d.

hopeful task to help in finding a home
for a little child, handicapped before
it has seen the light of day; and I can,
without fear of contradiction, maintain
that many such mothers have the stuff
of which the truest womanhood is
martyrdom, when they emerge from
lying-in hospitals deeply conscious of
the gulf between them and happier
women, when it is a throw of the dice
whether they will sink or rise, they
need wise help, good sense, love, and
tendered. W. A. Nash, Is.; F. H. Harris, Is.; Mrs. S. Davies, Is.; John Eddie, 2s. 6d.: E. Morimer Ash, Is.; A Sincere Sympathiser, 2s.; Miss Maud Jones, Is.; A. Bamford, 9d.: Mrs. M. Jameson Williams, Is.

Total, £27 3s. Id.

A few representative letters out of many eloquent ones are appended:—

Dear Miss Macarthur,—Will you please send me a petition? I do hope you and the others who are so nobly working will be successful in obtaining Daisy Lord's release, and afterwards in helping her to know and realise some of the beauty and happiness of life which, so far, has been denied her. I shall send a little towards the fund for her later on.

The Woman Worker is splendid, Miss Macarthur.—(Miss) M. D. Gay.

Prestonpans.

Will any of the dice is not dimly discerned as she feels the child at her breast—is achieved slowly and nobly whilst she works for her child. What, then, can be said in adequate condemnation of the procedure by which she is bereft of it at the moment of her sorest need and procedure by which she is bereft of it at the moment of her sorest need and procedure and the suffering and mental anguish. Her final regeneration—and there is scarce one of these young mothers in whom the idea is not dimly discerned as she feels the child at her breast—is achieved slowly and nobly whilst she works for her child. What, then, can be said in adequate condemnation of the procedure by which she is bereft of it at the moment of her sorest need and procedure by which she is bereft of it at the moment of her sorest need and procedure by the very act of creative need wise help, good sense, love, and the dice whether developed whether they will sink or rise, they made when he made me a light-o'-love He made me a mother too.

I've 'ad enough sin to last my time, If 'twas sin as I got it by, But it ain't no sin to stand by his kid An' work for it till I die.

But when he made me a petitore of the died and procede an Dear Miss Macarthur,—I feel in duty bound to apply for a petition.

Yes, it is true there are many Daisy Lords—and many culprits like her seducer going scot-free. Would to God something were done for the bringing to justice of these brutes of nature.

Cedure by which she is bereft of it at the moment of her soriest need and profoundest loneliness? Can anyone with experience question that from this singular method of "restoring the mother to society," the exact reverse must usually be the consequence?—

TRANCES H. Low.

Will anyone give this "bottom cat" a chance? Can—will—anyone adopt the child? My address is 226, Corporation Dwellings, Manchester, and I shall be happy to hear from anyone to whom the case appeals, and who may be able to help in any way.

### "IN TROUBLE."

September 18, 1908

## By Daisy Halling.

The utter helplessness and inarticulate misery of a girl I recently met obliges me to state her case.

I met her in a railway carriage going to Merthyr-her destination the work-house. She sat in a corner of the carriage, her face blotched with weeping, tears streaming down her face, and 6d. n her pocket, the gift of some charit-ble Welshwoman. A weak-minded-ooking mother, with a strong-minded-

ooking baby on her knee. She was taken from the Merthyr Workhouse when very young by people for whom she had to go round the village where they lived collecting pig-food (they had adopted some pigs as well), and to attend football matches selling oranges. Imagine the high ideals of womanhood she acquired.

The "hero" of this drama, the father f the strong-minded-looking baby, doesn't appear at all. The case should have been taken before the justices within twelve months of the baby's birth; as it was not, there is no claim on the father. Our orange girl and collector of pig-food is not "slick" in these matters; and is now a derelict on the world's cold doorstep, disowned by her "benefactors," before her the workhouse

Do you know these verses, from E. Nesbit's "Ballads and Lyrics of Social-

It's all for nothing, I've lost 'im now.

I suppose it 'ad to be.
But, oh! I never thought it of 'im,
Nor 'e never thought it of me. And all for a kiss on your evening out And a field where the grass was

And 'e has gone to God-knows-where, And I may go on the town.

The worst of all was the thing 'e said The night that 'e went away

He said 'e'd 'a married me right enough If I 'adn't 'a been so gay. Me gay! when I've cried, and I asked

him not, But 'e said 'e loved me so; An' whatever 'e wanted seemed right

An' how was a girl to know?

Well, the river is deep, and drowned folk sleep sound,
An' it might be the best to do;

## TO LADIES IN REVOLT.

## By Keighley Snowden.

expelled, with threats of the police.

You know it now to be a strong ally.
There is no longer any question, I think,

What then? What else can start missuppressing a journal that counts givings? among its contributors some of your brightest wits. But one feels a certain coldness. There has been no frank and We talk of wrongs that your hearts,

You are for the women workers of all I find that difficult to think. If it ready to treat the lowest with equal justice. You stand for liberty, and so Justice. You stand for liberty, and so do we; we look beyond your aim, indeed, but rouse them for your battle: I put aside the idea of jealousy. For, taking "Princess Ida" as a parable, I speak to Princess Ida herself, and not to the Lady Blenche. The appeal is to the Lady Blenche appeal app to the Lady Blanche. The appeal is to true women, to those who have hearts as well as heads.

Here are we who believe that manmade wrongs will only be redressed as woman's heart is freed to help humanity -and freed as you would free it first; who kindle hope and keep alive pity and indignation, and hold aloft the ideals of womanhood and manhood, and put a weapon now and then into weak hands and strengthen them—and some of your sisters take alarm. Why?

If they are for the women workers in the full sense that you yourselves are, and if they are no way jealous, what is to be said of such a quick intolerance, do you think? And why are they still

#### Methods.

f recruiting sergeants for your army. There is many another campaign still before us, but you want soldiers for this present war; and they are welcome, rich or poor, with great wrongs or little ones. So long as they are women it is all one.

great lover of women and a great democrat. In revolt, but ladies.

Were they indeed your sisters, these?

makes no more odds-for the purposethan what they suffer; your present leaders will be theirs. Betrayed with Daisy Lord, or wronged in wedlock, or sweated and starved to make both men and women rich-whatever their wrongs we need not scruple. You will not challenge our recruits.

But us? It does not follow that you will honour all the promises made by those who wear your ribbons. Or that spirit of fellowship—for others?

Which of our ways of bringing in re-

Which of our ways of bringing in recruits offends you, then? Any?

I know of none that should offend a soul. We talk of motherhood as well as justice; but your cause is not "whetting its edge to cut the race in two." You do not hold with the Lady Blanche—do you?—that pity and love are weakness. We talk of

The riddle is that hostility of some of your sisters, ladies, to a woman's paper ing, and ways of living and acting, and which is evidently their friend. on one occasion, when it was new, they banned it rather hastily and harshly. Seeing it sold with other papers at the Earl's Court demonstration, they had the workgirls selling it in the work of a better life, and part of our sense of this life's hideousness, and sorrow, and injustice. You do not hold with these. We are gay with hope, moreover; but so are you, notoriously.

What then? What else can start mis
The noblest pleasures? Shall we sit

sisterly welcome, and no sign of any too, denounce. Is it an offence to lay mends.

Discussing this, I have rejected as unyour leaders do? An impolicy? Were worthy of ladies in revolt some possible | we threatened with police for policy's sake?

classes, and so are we; I put aside the idea that you are not democratic, nor "great convention" as in Tennyson's

our humanity, policy was too mean a motive. I don't entertain it.

What are the man-made wrongs we speak of most, and look to you (and all who have free souls) to rid the world of? Are they not miseries among the greatest? Flesh and blood made cheap. Souls made cheap. Human lives of less account than the purses carried in gloved hands. Common starvations. Your own well-being built upon them, and on the slavery of certain millions of English women, men, and children—a slavery which, while your emancipation drew so near, became quite plausibly the worst the world has suffered. None of us able to live without contributing to it; none of us happy but at others'

Ours, if you will, is the humble duty

And some of you have the face to speak of the police to poor workgirls.

"Ladies in Revolt." I borrow the designation from George Meredith, a A child's warm, clinging hand to keep

What they may be hoping from revolt akes no more odds—for the purpose—tan what they suffer; your present they did, I should not understand their leadership or you.

There are no worse wrongs under the sun than we complain of. Cite them if you think there are. Your own wrongs are intolerable, and critical, and very old; we are for righting them, and helping you to right them. But is it

Must no wrongs but your own be named? Where is the fellowship, then? And why not named if yours include all

You know the lines? Ominous lines if there were need to fear them. Their author was wise, however, and knew your gentler side.

It is the side to which one looks for larger sympathies, good leading, the common weal in your movement—and cur welcome. But the welcome is overdue, and so we have to claim it.

#### HEART AND MIND.

and pore On books, until we know by Latin name

each flower
And every shell mysterious cast on ocean's shore?

Nay: 'twixt the rising sun and sullen set we find

That we must feed the heart, sweet consort of the mind.

Pent in itself, apart from social converse fair, Like a pale nun the heart doth lose its

No; by all that is sad in the plight of our humanity, policy was too mean a They govern with the mind, as greatly and as well; They are not the vile slaves that lying

lips oft tell. Husband and wife are they, and who

crush down the one
Fetter the other with the self-same They march together aye, close com-

rades-or undone They sink to ruin, and their virtues sweet do wane.

He highest soars, lives best, and sucks from life's rich flower
The greatest honey store, who feeds by
turns each hour.

Now by the running brook to roam as daylight fades,

Now in the ingle circle ruddy red Find pleasure in our kin, our romping boys and maids

(Learning a few flower-names ere we lie cold and dead);

the heart in gear, A book of songs, toil, play, two smiles for every tear.

ETHEL CARNIE

## ----PATTI SINGING.

In Miss Terry's autobiography, just published, there is this charming appreciation of Patti:

"My impression was that she was actually a bird! She could not help singing! Her head, flattened on top, her nose tilted downwards like a lovely little beak, her throat swelling and swelling as it poured out that extra-ordinary volume of sound, all made me think that she must have been a nightingale before she was transmigrated into a human being! I imagine that Tetrazzini, whom I have not yet heard, must have this bird-like quality."

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# WORKLESS WOMEN. The Policy of John Burns.

For some time now I have been deeply interested in the disgraceful war which is being waged by Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, against the humane efforts of Mrs. Tennant on behalf of unemployed women.

Tennant of the local Government of the loca

showing that the work is not given, as alleged, to women whose husexpected, to maintain them.

#### An Enigma.

I confess I cannot understand the attitude of Mr. Burns towards the needs of

unemployed women.
Whatever doles had been wrung out of him were pitifully inadequate and grudging; and now he has the effrongrudging; and now he has the effron-tery to suggest that these poor women should not be helped at all—that, in fact, they need no help. Are his eyes so dazzled by the gold braid he wears that John Burns cannot see how pale are the faces with which he was once

He has to reckon with a few earnest women of indomitable energy and pur-

Does he think that he can safely ignore workers like Mrs. Tennant and Mrs. Marjorie Moore, at whose initia-Mrs. Marjorie moore, are opened, and tive the work-rooms were opened, and whose heroic efforts during every day of Mrs. Burns's Choice. the first ten months of their existence can never be forgotten by those who were behind the scenes?

Two-thirds of them were widows with children to support, and some of the others had husbands unable to work at any rate, a public scandal.

a boon this spell of regular and fairly paid work was to these brave toilers, to whose lot it had fallen to keep their homes together. As they spoke of their children the pale faces brightened, and the tired eyes shone, beautified by inother love. The faces brightened even though some had husbands at home who when the solution of the control of the

and mentally comparing them with the cheap and nasty work that comes from sweated workers of the tailoring dens, bands or sons are able, or might be expected, to maintain them.

Sweated workers of the that the workers or sons are able, or might be four times larger than it was; wishing, too, that a paternal Government might so order affairs as to

Government might so order affairs as to continue the work all the year round, as it surely might if a little honest thought were brought to bear.

The Camberwell workroom I found much larger, more cheerful, and, of course, full. The women here were younger, though, again, the majority were widows.

If the President of the Local Government Board recognised this fact and applied the Unemployed Act (1905) with

A week or two ago I went to visit these work-rooms.

The first I entered was a quiet place, where the light seemed dim after the bright sunshine without. But it was warm with the spirit of industry, for there were nearly forty women busily angaged in making garments. This was the St. Pancras work-room, and there were women there from six other boroughs.

Breadwinners.

Two-thirds of them were widows with children to support, and some of the colony work—forty from Cam—fit by the colony work—forty from Cam—fit by the colony work—forty from Cam—where is the clouding in our crystal where is the clouding in the colon where were while he'll get onto year it limits and the could fairness to women as to men there were manufactured in the could fairn

because of illness.

Looking round upon the worn figures
bent over the sewing, one realised what
a boon this spell of regular and fairly
nid and have to use his great opportunities, or lose them.

H.

## MR. DOOLEY ON SCIENCE FOR PARENTS.

September 18, 1908

Whin we got downstairs Hogan give me a lecture on th' bringin' up iv childher. As though I needed it, me that's been consulted on bringin' up half th' childher in Archey Road. "In th' old days," says he, "childher was brought up catch-as-catch-can," he says. "But it's different now. They're as carefully Board, against the humane efforts of Mrs. Tennant on behalf of unemployed women.

Mrs. Tennant, chairman of the Women's Work Central (Unemployed) Committee for London, is earnestly desirous of keeping open the work-rooms at Camberwell, Poplar, and St. Pancras. Mr. Burns, for reasons best known to himself, has for some time been throwing cold water on the scheme.

The pity of the whole thing was that, save in a very few cases, the work could not last more than sixteen weeks for each.

"I've got to go in two weeks' time, and I could have done with it up to Christmas," said one.

"I've got three weeks more," or "I've only got one week more—and God knows what I shall do then," said one and last parents. The pity of the whole thing was that, save in a very few cases, the work could watched as a geeranyum in a consarvation. They're as carefully watched as a geeranyum in a consarvation, where it is, Th' first thing that shud be done if a child is to deprive it iv its parents. Th' less the infant sees iv poppa an' momma th' better it is, the proving the watched as a geeranyum in a consarvation, watched as a geeranyum in a consarvation. They're as carefully watched as a geeranyum in a consarvation, watched as a geeranyum in a consarvation, watched as a geeranyum in a consarvation. The pity of the whole thing was that, save in a very few cases, the work could not last more than sixteen weeks for on the subject, "he says. "Here it is, Th' first thing that shud be done if r a child is to deprive it iv its parents. Th' less the infant sees iv poppa an' momma th' better if r him. If they arre so base as to want to look at th' little darlin', they shud first be examined be a competent physician to see that there weeks more, on the subject, "he says. "I have a book here on the subject," he says. "I have a book here on the subject, "he says. "I have a book here on the subject, "he says. "I have a book here on the subject, "he says. "I have a book here on the subject, "he says. "I have a book here on the subject, "he says. "I ha known to himself, has for some time been throwing cold water on the scheme. Not content with that, he was foolish enough, lately, to make some very damaging statements with regard to these work-rooms; and, more unjustifiably still, he attempted to identify hiswell extraordinarily mistaken opinions with those of Mrs. Tennant. That lady promptly corrected the right honourable gentleman in a letter to "The Times," showing that the work is not mirror, as allowed to worke how. baldness, senile decrepitude, which are privalent among adults, can be communicated to a child fr'm th' parent. Besides, it is bad f'r th' moral nature iv th' infant. Affection f'r its parents is wan iv th' mos' dangerous symptoms iv rickets. Th' parents may not be worthy iv th' love iv a thurly sturlized child. An infant's first jooty is to th' docthor, to whom it owes its bein' an' stayin'. Children ar're imitative, an' if they see much iv their parents they may grow up

younger, though, again, the majority were widows.

Not the least valuable service rendered by the work-room scheme is educational. Some of the women who apply for work have very little idea how to cut out or make garments, and a few weeks' tuition improves their industrial capacity. When their time is out, they can sometimes obtain employment.

From being burdens upon the rates, they are transformed into ratepaying citizens.

much iv their parents they may grow up to look like thim. . . . It's wondherful," says Hogan, "how they've got it rayjooced to a science."

"Well," says I, "it may be all right," I says; "but, if I cud have a son an' heir without causin' talk, I bet ye I'd not apply f'r a permit fr'm the health boord f'r him an' me to come together. . . . As f'r anybody previntin' a fond parent fr'm comin' home Saturdah night an' wallowin' in his beaucheous child, th' docthor that suggisted it wud have to move. No, sir," says I, "get as move. No, sir," says I, much amusement as ye can out iv' ye'er infant," says I. "Teach him to love, ye now," I says, "before he knows. Afther a while he'll get onto ye an' it'll

Where is the tarnish in our golden sun?
Where is the clouding in our crystal moon?
The lark sings now the eversame new

with which it soared through Eden's

purest skies;
The poet's music doth for us prolong
The very speech Love learnt in
Paradise.

JAMES THOMSON.

To be brave, you must keep close to the truth.—Aristotle.

# WORKLESS WOMEN.

# How They are Helped Abroad.

By William C. Anderson.

Let us see how other countries act. Germany builds up efficient machinery Germany builds up efficient machinery sibilities awaiting English statesmen. When Parliament and the urban and conveying the workless to districts where trade is brisker. Under the Elberfeld system, women have been appointed to see to the needs of unemployed workwomen. These are assisted

#### Labour Bureaus.

In both Germany and France public bureaus have been established. Many of these have women's departments, and women clerks are used in placing women applicants. As a rule, fees are charged

Munich 20,000 women are found employment every year by this means; in Cologne 7,000; in Frankfort-on-Maine 5,000. In one year thirty French municipal bureaus found permanent employment for over 50,000 people.

#### Belgium.

An attempt is thus made to lift the unemployed out of the exploiting domain of private charity, and co-operation between local authorities and labour organisations has strengthened the movement for collective self-help

No country is more successful in the cultivation of the soil; but it is not well known that this success rests largely on women's work. The women of Belgium are thoroughly trained in technical schools and colleges for all agricultural

#### New Zealand and America.

We have been invited in many a pas-

New Zealand appointed a Minister of from the making of new roads to the establishment of State farms. Last week the Trades Union Congress de

Thousands of working women are unemployed. What can be done to aid them? hanished.

These instances show some of the postemporary work and relief, and rapidly rural councils set seriously to work to solve, or even to mitigate, this problem, they will find no lack of useful work to

#### Suggestions.

It is only necessary for our public in their search for work; sewing machines and tools are lent them by the city; the sick among them get free medical assistance.

It is only necessary for our public bodies to accept a responsibility toward the unemployed, and gradually to extend the principle of production for use as a principle of local government. May I briefly suggest one or two direc-

tions in which we might move?

We have lately witnessed a revival of handicraft in rug-weaving, carpetweaving, lace-making, basketry, wood-carving, metal work. A ready market is found for beautiful hand-made goods. Why should we not have publicly-con-trolled schools and workshops where men and women could thoroughly learn one or more crafts, and produce articles

delightful to make and a joy to use?

But I look mainly to a better cultivation of the soil under public ownership.

We yearly import fresh dairy and market produce to the value of some Little Belgium has many lessons for other nations. She has, for instance, a scheme of State insurance that supplements the out-of-work benefits of trade that our butter and milk and cheese should have the taste of English passents the out-of-work benefits of trade that our butter and milk and cheese should have the taste of English passents. Then Mr. Alfred Smith, a Lanceline farmer shows in a recent book. unions. Subject to conditions, a unionist may have his unemployed money increased by from 30 to 50 per made from 100 laying hens; and an made from 100 laying hens; and an equal sum can be netted in favourable years from thirty hives of bees.

#### £500 an Acre.

might be taught to grow flowers, to grow and bottle fruit, to make homemade wines and jams; might be trained in dairy-work, bee-keeping, market-gardening, poultry-rearing.

If work were done under just condi-

sionate Imperial peroration to turn our tions, it would be possible to arrest and reverse the human tide now flowing, not tions, it would be possible to arrest and without pollution, from country to city; to combine in large degree the pleasure Labour, whose first duty is to find employment for the unemployed; and many schemes have been carried out, first duty is to find employed; and strong attractions of the town.

### A BALLAD OF WISE ADVICE.

Let poets hymn each idle whim (Whom the cap fits let him don it), But Bards are vain, and none too sane (There's a B in every bonnet).

There's many a fad both mad and bad
(The heart of Man is hard) Which poets praise in painted phrase (Beware the guileful Bard);

But if for sport of harmless sort (Avoid all pleasures sinful) (Of wisdom I've a skinful)

If you wish to be happy, ride, ride, ride, Through the sweet o' the year and the country side, My Brother,

On your favourite Bike with the lady you like On another.

Football's fierce joys are but for boys (And youth, alas! is fleeting);
Cricket, one knows, like love, soon goes
(Love takes a lot of beating). But whoso hies as the swallow flies (The swallow is swift of feather),

On his airy tyre with his heart's desire (Sing Love and Summer weather), On a highway true, 'neath the bending

(But never forget your outfit), Will be merry and wise, wherefore I advise

(To advise you I'm no doubt fit)-

If you wish to be happy, ride, ride, ride, Through the sweet o' the year and the country side,

On your favourite Bike, with the lady On another.

P. McGinnis.

## BIRTHRIGHT.

We learn to stand and walk, to speak and read, but no one teaches us to love; this belongs to us, as our life. As to market-gardening, the French system of intensive culture has come as a revelation. With proper management the gross yield per acre need not be less than £500!

The Yes: some say it is the deepest root of our being. As the heavenly bodies attract and incline to one another, and are held together by the eternal law of gravitation, so heavenly souls lean Thousands of our unemployed women to and attract one another, and are ight be taught to grow flowers, to bound together by the eternal law of love. A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live with-out love. Would not the child's heart break from anguish when it feels the first cold blast of this unfriendly world were it not that the warm sun-light of love shines on him from his parents' eyes, like a softened reflection of heavenly light and love? And the longing which then wakes in the child is the purest, the deepest love: it is a love which embraces the whole world, which flashes up wherever two honest human eyes shine on it, which exults at the sound of the human voice. That week the Trades Union Congress de-clared unanimously for a similar Minister in this country.

In America experiments have been tried on the lines of vacant lots culti-vation. They began in Detroit. Over 7,000 plots of land suitable for the grow-ing of flowers, fruit, and vegetables have been taken up on the outskirts of the town. Other cities speedily fol-lowed the example. In Philadelphia

## THE FAIRY OINTMENT.

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But now I wish to speak only of Alison Achanna. He was a friend whom I loved, though he was a man of close on forty and I a girl less than half his years. We had much in common, and I never knew anyone more companionable, for all that he was called "Silent Ally." I had often noticed the light on his face when he smiled—a light of such serene joy as young mothers have sometimes over the cradles of their firstborn. But for some reason I had never wondered about it. reason I had never wondered about it.
It was nearly a year thereafter—I remember the date because it was the date of my last visit to Eilanmore—that I understood more fully. I was walking westward with Alison towards sundown. He was in sorrow.

Are you looking at Achnacarn?" I

I know not what made me act so, but I threw myself on a heathery ridge close by, and broke out into convulsive sob-

hideous field beautiful on this dreary was with me: in the places they call

elf and me beside hi

quietly, "Listen, dear, and I will tell

He was strangely still-breathless, he seemed to me-for a minute or more Then he spoke.

"I was out upon the heather, in the time when the honey oozes in the bells and cups. I had always loved the island and the sea. Perhaps I was foolish, but I was so glad with my joy sometimes call me the Anointed Man." foolish, but I was so glad with my joy that golden day that I threw myself on the ground and kissed the hot, sweet asked, in what I am sure was a whisper.

"Yes," replied Alison slowly: "I am looking. It is beautiful—beautiful. O God, how beautiful is this lovely is transported by the strange yearning. At last I lay still, nerveless, with my eyes closed. Suddenly I was aware that two tiny hands had come up through the spires of the heather, and were pressing something soft and fragrant upon my eyelids. Thereafter I was the same, and yet not Alison stooped, lifted me in his strong arms, and soothed me with soft, caressing touches and quieting words.

"Tell me, my fawn, what is it? What is the trouble?" he asked again and is the trouble?" he asked again and those waste and desolated spots, they seemed to me nessing fair radiant. is the trouble?" he asked again and again.

"It is you—it is you, Alison," I managed to say coherently at last. "It terrifies me to hear you speak as you did a little ago. You must be fey. Why—why do you call that hateful, is wherein men dwelled. But thus it world.—Ruskin.

"Remark. Whenever, my eyes fell upon those waste and desolated spots, they seemed to me passing fair, radiant with-lovely light. At last my father grew so bitter that, mocking me the while, he bade me go to the towns and see there the squalor and sordid hideous mess wherein men dwelled. But thus it interwoven for ever in the works of the world.—Ruskin.

day—and—and after all that has happened—O Alison?"

At this, I remember, he took his plaid and put it upon the wet heather, and then drew me thither, and seated himbard the seated himbard the grime of destitution, I could see all that other men saw, only as vanishing shadows. What I saw was lovely, beautiful with strange glory, and the faces of men and women were sweet and "Is it not beautiful, my fawn?" he asked, with tears in his eyes. Then, without waiting for my answer, he said was there—Morag of the Falls. She turned to my father and called him blind and foolish. 'He has the white ight upon his brows,' she said of He has been touched with the Fairy Ointment. The Guid Folk know him.

FIONA MACLEOD.

#### PURE JOYS.

Oh, to what uses shall we put The wildweed flower that simply blows?

And is there any moral shut Within the bosom of the rose? TENNYSON.

We must try to see that inmost radi-



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# THE TEACHER AS NATIONAL SERVANT.

## By Catherine M. Pickford.

councils do the same for grammar schools and high schools, while in the great public schools (which are really live on? Yes. But is it a sufficient rehim. One might have thought that he does as he pleases.

It seems to me that as recognised haps any other?
national servants teachers would be Surely the S

much better off.

Every true teacher is already serving entirely. not merely a district or a set of parents, but the nation as a whole. The education rates fall, however, so heavily on Notice, next, the astonishi not merely a district or a set of parents, but the nation as a whole. The education rates fall, however, so heavily on the poorer classes that these, instead of feeling grateful to teachers for what they do regard them too often as overhey do, regard them too often as over- country. paid, under-worked amateurs who live

after some years, you stand a chance of promotion. The surest way, of course, is to have an uncle or father in office, for then all things are possible.

#### Inadequate Pensions.

But more important is the question of age limit and pension schemes. For the teachers in secondary schools no public provision whatever is made in these respects. Pensions for elementary teachers have been in existence for some time, but I question their value.

With Socialist doctrines in the air, and suffrage questions in her mind, the woman teacher cannot help asking herself, "How would these principles affect myself and my fellow-workers?" What of the teacher as a Civil Servant.

This has been the teacher's status for many years in France. In England local education committees appoint, pay, and dismiss the elementary teachers in their districts; various other councils do the same for grammar.

And what is the pension when you get to show the first those taught. Educational matters are making constant progress, and methods change rapidly. Can old people be all expected to keep in touch? Can we hope for the quick sympathy and gentle patience which less nerve-worn teachers give? Generally speaking, the really spear in his hand.

"Beast!" he said. "Did you see its eyes? Did you see its eyes? She was clinging to him and sobbing.

does as he pleases. | ward for so many years of work more had urgently needed by the nation than per-

days? And 'eaps of 'em don't live in the district wot pays them."

The appointment and dismissal would probably be more just (because less affected by local and personal conditions) if given by some central body.

In some districts it is impossible to obtain a head master or mistress-ship unless you are on the spot.

Placed by some one authority. Under, such an authority qualified teachers would not be pushed aside to make room for the unqualified; and only those who could reasonably hope to obtain posts would be allowed to pass through the final stage of preparation. Thus all would obtain work in a short time, as in France, and keep it.

It will seem unfair that a woman at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two (perhaps more) should have passed through an arduous and expensive course of studies, and find herself without work.

Divided Goussels.

when they are isolated from the world, even though they are living the wild and happy lives of savages.

Then Dick lay down in the dried ferns, and covered himself with a piece of the striped flannel which they used for blanketing, and he snored, and chattered in his sleep like a dog hunting

What obtains abroad may be brought about in England, though, in all probability, teachers will have to combine like other workers for the purpose.

Much has already here already be a leading to the purpose.

Much has already be a leading to the purpose.

Much has already been done by one The age limit is a ridiculous one.

Everyone admits seventy to be so in the case of a labourer; but at least he has contributed nothing, and has probably not been engaged in nerve-taxing work.

The age limit is a ridiculous one. well-known body, but class prejudice stands in the way of closer union in the teaching profession. The secondary teacher despises his elementary brother; the man or woman with a degree looks

### SAVAGE MAN.

Emmeline rose up and seized him, sobbing and clinging to him, and kissing him. He clasped her with his left arm round her body, as if to protect her, but it was a mechanical action. He was not thinking of her. Wild with rage, and uttering hoarse cries,

had rescued her from death, not she

The sun had nearly vanished, and he Surely the State would requite its servants better if it controlled them entirely. quite to ignore the important part she It is usual to appoint only so many had played in it.

"Well, miss," says my landlady, "wy should we poor folk pay them teachers so much, with their hairs and their 'olidays? And 'eaps of 'em don't live in the district work pays them."

The is stated to appoint only so many fully qualified teachers as are absolutely needed, and to make up with people half-prepared. And overcrowding of the profession is probable, unless the heterogeneous bodies who have all a finger in the educational pie are replaced by some one authority.

Lindar such an are absolutely mended, but simply from the fact that for the last five years he had been the be-all and end-all of their tiny community—the Imperial master. And he would just as soon have thought of thanking her for handing him the spear

obtain a head master or mistress-ship unless you are on the spot.

You must make yourself useful to the several councillors who will vote for your appointment. You must canvass for them in local elections, meet them at whist drives, invite them to supper or lished within three years.

Thus all would obtain work in a short time, as in France, and keep it.

But a longer period of service is to be imposed in elementary schools, and at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving at longer period of service is to be imposed in elementary schools, and the sort. The reiteration was tiresome to at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving the had done this and that, and what he would do to the next beast of the sort. The reiteration was tiresome to at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving the had done this and that, and what he would do to the next beast of the sort. The reiteration was tiresome to at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving the highly at least five or six hundred highly qualified with the would do to the next beast of the sort. The reiteration was tiresome to a six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving the highly at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving the highly at least five or six hundred highly qualified women are yearly leaving the highly at least five or six hundred highly at least five or lished within three years.

It will seem unfair that a woman at when they are isolated from the world,

tered in his sleep like a dog hunting imaginary game, and Emmeline lay be-side him wakeful and thinking. A new

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

"It is my firm conviction that, when we have cleansed the Augean stable of The teacher is forced to contribute £2 18s, a year from the time he or she leaves college, and does not receive the can hardly claim the same position as pension (save in case of a complete breakdown) until the age of sixty-five for men and sixty for women. In the name of common knowledge, I ask if the average man and woman who have lived a strenuous life in a profession so tiring are fit to be teaching at these ages?

It is wrong from the point of view of

# ST. JOSEPH'S REST.

By A. Neil Lyons.

of Esther Gabriel? I do not know. I have often wondered. I know just that which is known to all the world—that Esther Gabriel is the Mother Superior, Prioress, Superintendent—what do you call it?—of the strange and silent family which lives upon the hill. I know that Esther Gabriel is not her legal name at all; that the house and lands upon the hill and the fine black horses and the carts and grain are not the actual property

and the fine black horses and the carts and grain are not the actual property of Esther Gabriel, but belong to "Mother Church," and are vested, as a trust, in this her daughter, whose church name, spiritual name, bridal name—what do you call it?—are lettered on the side-boards of the church's waggons because an "h"-less, soulless sergeant of police has commanded this thing to be done. I know these things. thing to be done. I know these things, but nothing else. Esther Gabriel was, perhaps, at one time a wife or mother; waterlilies: it danced and leapt and large the perhaps, at one time a wife or mother; waterlilies: it danced and leapt and large the perhaps are restricted from the property of the perhaps are restricted from the perhaps are restricted from the property of the perhaps are restricted from the perhaps are restricte perhaps, at one time a wife or mother; a cotton broker's widow; a marchioness; a chorus girl, or a popular author. Now she is merely a bride—or is it daughter?—of the church: Mother Superior of the convent on the hill.

This new name disguises her real name of the convent of the convent on the hill.

When I reached the lilies, and had convent on the hill. When I reached the lilies, and had convent on the hill. When I reached the lilies, and had convent on the lilies of the look of the woman: a maid, in fact. To see 'er walking there so cold and deaf and dumb! I would as lief be dead. 'Tis a strange dress they wear. I used for to

The silent kingdom of this silent woman.

From my perch I could see it all—three hundred fat acres, dotted with big oaks and plump coverts. At the foot of the hill, where the oaks are finest, there is a sheet of water. In the old days there were boats on this water, which were used by gentlemen as an aid to the destruction of fish and waterfowl. In these days the surface of the lake is covered with waterlilies—white and segrelat and yellow. These are more fits she laughs and is alive. And Mrs. Pett as sented, nodding for butterflies."

My Mrs. Pett assented, nodding for butterflies."

My Mrs. Pett assented, nodding for butterflies."

My Mrs. Pett assented, nodding for butterflies."

In eed not talk about her now. She is fat, to match her basket; she is not industrious; she is not truthful; but she laughs and is alive. And Mrs. Pett

There are fine black horses which | by the August stillness, rendered more walk our roads, pulling great carts, of conspicuous freshness and worth. These carts and these horses and their loads of ripe grain are the apparent property of Esther Gabriel.

by the August Stammes, related they are the apparent by the steady, hopeless, cease-less booming of a near but invisible bell. Presently, as if in answer to its joyless summons, a silent, slow procession of lifeless, blackrobed things came of lifeless.

This new name disguises her real name even so effectually as her self is hidden from view by the convent walls and her face by the convent well. She is Esther Gabriel—an emotion, an idea; and Sergeant Plummer has decided that these fine horses and the waggons and the grain must belong to her.

I followed one of these waggons the the grain must belong to her.

I followed one of these waggons the other morning, and sat on a gate by the of "Culver's"; I was able to view of "Culver's"; I was able to view another horrible procession of the silent kingdom of this silent woman. The silent kingdom of this silent woman.

these days the surface of the lake is covered with waterlilles—white and scarlet and yellow. These are more fitting to the latter-day character of the estate, which now they call "St. Joseph's Rest." Then, and for three hundred years before them, they called it "Gulver's Close," and the covers which are now so silent were given over to the unceasing clamour of sportsmen and dogs.

I thought to myself—which perhaps was an ungracious thing—that I had rather see these silly butchers back again than see their crstwhile haunts so silent and forsaken. For, look you, these pasture lands, oak trees, and little woods were glad things then, even though the eye of the beholder should be gladdened merely by eager thoughts of all the dying animals which his dog should worry out of them. Today these lands are neither glad nor sorry, they are dead lands—the dead world of dead women.

Such, at the moment, were my thoughts. They were induced, perhaps,

did not lift her eyes. She was walking straightly to and fro, to and fro, in harmony with the thump—thump—thump -thump-of the bell.

"She do not seem," said Mrs. Pett, to take no notice o' the lilies. They e better nor any book.

"Nor," said Mrs. Pett, "she do not take no notice of my Elsie—not so much as squint at 'er. That be a gleeful le'l maiden, too; one as get took notice of by everybody."

the black-robed women came out two by two, and kept on coming, so that the scillating, endless line extended from

"Elsie!" cried out suddenly my Mrs.
Pett. "Elsie, come 'ere."
My Mrs. Pett, holding her child by the

hand, looked nervously, shudderingly, from that queer stream of living creatures to the solitary, perambulating figure by the water-sid

strange dress they wear. I used for to think as I liked it."

Just then the figure by the water-

side, arriving at the end of her beat, turned round and faced us.

"I believe," said Mrs. Pett, "as I kin almost see her eyes. She be but young, then; sure she be. 'Tis strange. She got no hair, pore thing. 'Tis all She got no hair, pore thing. be shaven off, they tell me. I

the fourth stile its voice became sud-denly confused: it choked, gave out a sort of death rattle, and was silent.

# A BOOK OF THE HOUR. Pied Piping.\*

Critics and good readers are wondering who is the author of a little fanciful book by an old opera-goer which has been written in the form of letters to a fair unknown. It is a book in such exquisite taste that only a poet could have made it; and perhaps it puts one most in mind of Robert Bridges. The poet has passed middle-age, travelled much, and become a little cynical, but has kept a corner of his heart for very tender sentiment.

The mystery of the fair unknown does not pique me personally. If she ever existed—if the young and dainty woman to whom he writes was more than a sad old bachelor's dream—she is only, in these letters, an excuse for a little series of essays on the great little series of the canvases of Tintoretto, Paulienin, it is impossible to doubt them when one lives and moves betore them as you do. In the same way I believe as truly in Romeo and Juliet as faithful Roman Catholics believe in the "Fioretti" of St. Francis, though sceptics with an uncomfortable amount of knowledge declare that Romeo, Juliet, and the miracles of the singers; has gone jolly suppers, and devotees.

You can understand, then, that I had rare pleasure in seeing "Romeo and Juliet" as tutles—that go to those singers who will end a cursor kindly apology for gagin, and in hearing the music finely sung. But you will not understand now, or at any time, how your presence in the house gave added charm to the night; how you made the old story live again, and brought before my eager senses the city of Verona as I know it best.

That is good writed the curb.

Then the curb.

That is good writed to the curb.

Then the curb.

Then curb.

Then curb.

The number of the Poor never had any existence beyond the minds of lovers and devotees.

You can understand, then, that I had rare pleasure in seeing "Romeo and Juliet" as tutles—that you will not unders

little series of essays on the great operas, as one may hear them—if one can only afford it!—at Covent Garden in the summer. We are to suppose that the beard them with him anyware of the heard them. she heard them with him, unaware of his presence; and he writes to her, without a name and without knowledge of hers, discussing them. It is a pretty

I am sure that few of us have tired pleases him. The charm he wields is dangerous. It would lure all grown children into an oblivious hill of lost

Therefore I shall not let you hear his wistfullest ravishments, but only choose some passages in brighter key.

This on Gounod's greatest master-piece will give you, first of all, an idea of the unknown author's manner:

Were you so radiant last night in honour of Gounod? Have you recognised the homage due from your sex to that master of love-music? When I heard "Romeo and Juliet" for the first time, in Paris on a night when Jean de Reszke was singing and memories of Patti's Juliet were in our minds and on the lips of so many music-lovers, it seemed fitting that women should appear at their brightest to hear the work of the great dead singers of love. It was, or appeared to be, a relic of the worship of old times.

Is think the composer was at his zenith

their brightest to hear the work of the great the are lies of the worship of old these. The second of the worship of old these. The second of the worship of the times. The second of the word of the

You will be prepared for an adverse verdict from such a man on "Madama Butterfly." The fair unknown enjoyed it, but he is frank; he thinks it "a I am sure that few of us have tired and empty hearts like this writer's, or love the kind of wan romance that the kind of wan romance that the control of the charm he wilds is noble.

If you consider the great love music of the world, you will find that it rises to heights of achievement in proportion to its regard for the sacredness of the passion. Turn from music to art and literature, and you will find the same invincible truth. The purer the passion, the greater the achievement. The history of the Renaissance is the history of the Kenaissance is the history of the triumph of ideals, the greatest of the world's pictures are those that have been painted with the purest heart. If mere passion, transient, cruel, and destructive, had ruled the imaginations of the immortal painters, should we be making pilgrimages to their shrines?

It is one reason when We are the world's pictures and work is not only easy but pleasant. I could not, would not, sing without plenty of applause."

Success is for many temperaments as anxious as failure: its gratifications are an affair of moments.

K. S.

MUSIC.

I would have

A woman indeed to have all letters and

streets of a town. If old age comes to the workers on the fever-stricken land in years when people of colder climes are in their prime, their childhood and youth have a beauty that is granted to few other races. Their passions are deeper and more enduring than ours; we ride our natural instincts on the curb

That is good writing. It gives us the facts with a quiet charm.

Then, too, the author has known singers; has gone behind the scenes to olly suppers, and shared the studies the very serious and far-reaching studies—that go to make the success of those singers who are true artists. will end a cursory review with his kindly apology for the "claque," the

paid applauders:

Tired and satiated people do little to keep opera flourishing, the enthusiasm of the young is worth at least as much as the money of the elderly indifferent. Money sets the machinery of the opera house in motion, but applause that is long and loud is as the breath of life to singers. One of the greatest prima donnas of all time confessed to me that she employed the services of gentlemen who for a small fee go to the gallery of the opera house, and applaud at the proper moment. "If my first efforts fall upon cold and unresponsive people," she declared, "my evening's work is wasted. I cannot justify myself. I begin to fear that my voice is not at its best, or that I am losing touch with the audience. The claquers are experienced, they start applause and shake the rest out of their first reserve. Then the people welcome what they like best, and my work is not only easy but pleasant. I could not, would not, sing without plenty of applause."

A woman indeed to have all letters and

Be able to discourse, to write, to paint. But principal, as Plato holds, your

And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it-Is your true rapture, when there is

# BARBARA WEST.

## By Keighley Snowden.

# CHAPTER XXIV .- (continued).

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He was enjoying the lad's uncertain laugh, when she touched his hand with a hot spoon, and a suspicion in Enoch's mind that the talk was directed to him vanished before that playfulness.

It was nevertheless near the mark. Mrs. Macdonald's gaiety sprang boldly, in fact, to seize an opportunity desired in fact, to seize an opportunity desired to the seize and the

in fact, to seize an opportunity desired since the leader-writer had talked him over with her. These two were match-makers by persuasion. Macdonald, seeing him unhappy and guessing the cause from that slight incident at the office door, had chanced to speak of it to Darbyshire, and from Jack had got an idea of Barbara West. But his wife was talking breezy general principles, it seemed. Ah! Had Enoch known of her peremptory interest in his case, how she had discussed it theoretically, said strong things about it practically, and egged Macdonald on to sound and counsel him, he would have been equally surprised and abashed.

"Of course it's a discipline!" she reing him unhappy and guessing the cause

the rightness of his point of view, Friendly Interest.

When he said that marriage was a discipline, Macdonald poked fun at his wife.

He was enjoying the lad's uncertain laugh when she touched his hand with laugh when she touched his hand with the marriage was a could not endure to part from her—laugh when she touched his hand with laugh when she touched his hand with laugh when she touched his hand with laugh when she touched his hand with

"Good afternoon" to her. He stood in the passage with a mazy head and a distress of extreme cold upon him, while she shut the door and went before

equally surprised and abashed.

"Of course it's a discipline!" she retorted. "So's everything. How dare you look anylow but cheerful under it! "There's he down you want to be a purpose to the day of the down the day of t Macdonald's face said to him, "You see for yourself." His spoken words were, "It does me good daily—on condition that I'm free to deplore the fact."

She looked indignant constants:

at his being there with such a purpose; and then in the room the nest-ling inflection of her voice—"Dear old Con," the words were, or some such, "now we're at home again, aren't we?"

—this and her hand within his arm. She looked indignant consternation, and the faintly scented air he breathed

reason he, like Barbara, could not give one; and, as Macdonald and he set off to work, he was still regretting that he did not know his hostess better. This proved to be his only sight of her. proved to be his only sight of her.

"Your boy will do," she said to her husband after calling him back. "He's another, while her talk, at first droll, honest; and he must have more gumption than you thought."

or the first appearance she made in this the other man's vulgarity; for Mr. Prince Varley had used her Christian name in a manner that struck him as unfamiliar. husband after calling film back. He's honest; and he must have more gumption than you thought."

"A puzzle!" he declared. "Quite unformed and very young, and never seeks advice, confound him!"

"That's his gumption, my dear," she answered. "Be off with you."

"Be off with you."

"It was a be wilderment of choice and purpose: for some gowns needed altering to be in fashion, some were possibly too far gone for that, and she had an idea that she ought to get in a dressmaker, but there was no machine in the house.

For a time Enoch forgot his errand. He forgot, it in a humorous, tender if must—"

"Very well, then," said she; "please, let us be good friends . . . When did you get home? Have your father and mother come back? Mrs. Varley was going to stay the summer, I thought."

"No, but, Miss West—Barbara!" he persisted. "So standoffish, you know."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Definite Issue Inevitable.

It was not until Wednesday that he went to see his Belle Dame sans merci.

In going he felt his nerves strung to quiver. Disciplined with "Thou shalt not" but little practised in "Thou shalt," he foresaw that to speak his mind would be difficult; she was not prepared for it.

She had said that he was dear to her, that she put him before everybody; and she would be slow to convince the first of the man by seeing Mr. Prince Varley at the garden gate.

He forgot it in a humorous, tender sense of her simplicity. She confessed all sorts of little vanities that made him laugh with delight, and from time to time she required "his opinion" with a seriousness at once absurd and flattering.

He was sharply summoned to play the man by seeing Mr. Prince Varley at the garden gate.

As the bell rang he turned to Barbara and found her eyes alight and her cheeks a little flushed; she, too, had seen him.

She had said that he was dear to her, that she put him before everybody; and she would be slow to convince the forest in a humorous, tender sense of her simplicity. She confessed all sorts of little vanities that made him laugh with delight, and from time to time she required "his opinion"

Then there was a little sound of scuffling, and from Barbara, under her breath, "If you do—ah!—let me go at once! How dare you think of—"

Enoch stood with his hand on the curtain, violently trembling. He had almost betrayed her.

"I had to do it," said Mr. Prince Varley, noisily. "Hang it, you are so pretty, my dear girl. Ah! how is a fellow to stand it?"

Barbara did not speak, and he made some sprightly attempts to renew the some sprightly attempts to renew the CHAPTER XXV.

The Definite Issue Inevitable.

It was not until Wednesday that he to time she required "his opinion" to ti

assuring bend of the head. "I don't know why he's come, but now you shall be introduced to him."

He darted into the other room for his hat, and returning, brushed against her between the curtains. The door," he said hurriedly; "un-

Now, Con, oblige me, dear," she

begged, opposing him.
He evaded her at the first word and

again tried the handle.
"The key—where is it?" He turned upon her. "Quick! he mustn't hear me vour bedroom

She spoke eagerly, a little pale with the flurry.

"No, I want you to know each other," she explained. "Then you'll see. You're so suspicious, Con, I—"

"The key!"

"But, Con—"
"Don't keep me here again while you

muse him."

"You can't go; it's too late, Con," she whispered, for Varley's voice was heard in the same instant. "Come, quick!" She herself, to be ready for Mrs. Shuttlewell, escaped into the sit-

He did not follow He stood alone a moment dumbfoundered, and then he rushed towards the window; but the dressing-table and a wire blind were too much in the way for that retreat. He was trapped; and his anger blazed against Barbara, sweeping into one full flame of wrath the thwarted purposes

He heard nothing, for a time, of what was said beyond the curtains, and when the visitor's drawling laugh sounded he put his hands to his ears. Barbara's cool overriding of his will, in this and everything else, hurt him

"Chronicle' office?"

"No," said Enoch, "I think he teaches just the contrary. But I'm not going to get married."

"What, never?"

"What, never?"

"What, never?"

"And this enabled them to laugh again.

They were glad to hear the announcement. But when she asked him for a reason he, like Barbara, could not give one; and, as Macdonald and he are the contrary. The war of the meaningless smile upon his lips, but only of a sick craving after happiness.

He said simply "Ourselves!"—and startled her with the hoarse voice that came and the look of strain on his face.

"Come see what I'm doing," she invited, and gently pushed him towards the bedroom. "Got all my old frocks one; and, as Macdonald and he with the hear with the hoarse voice that came and the look of strain on his face.

"Come see what I'm doing," she invited, and gently pushed him towards the bedroom. "Got all my old frocks one; and, as Macdonald and he with bedroom as seen of the meaningless that the meaningless staff in the buck-basket.

But Barbara was saying, in a tone of something like alarm, "Indeed I staff in the buck-basket.

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But Barbara was saying, in a tone of something like alarm, "Indeed I staff

that she put him before everybody; seen him, and she would be slow to convince of "Mr. Varley," she said, with a reconversation. "Now, don't be offended.

or I shall never forgive myself, you less excited, while Barbara fluttered know... Don't! If I didn't think such a lot of you I should have done it long ago... Jove, how you Enoch Watson stood with his hand And all she answered was, "Don't long ago . . . . Jove, how you struggled! You're as strong as a upon the open door, a cubit magnifiyoung colt. I shouldn't have had half cently added to his wrathful stature.

grieved by it, and glad to see you are ashamed. I shall bid you good after-would have to apologise.

merchul. I do assure you, as soon's I see a sheet of paper I haven't an idea! She sat erect, but with a face religned to trouble. "He knows it is a bedroom," she said quietly.

Shall I go on my he world, bless it!

while he was at a loss how to save appearances. "You hound! — Barbara, why don't you tell him to leave the loss of the loss of

Her former idea seemed to be all she could think of, and, with a show of pretty manners that was desperately

Barbara plucked him by the sleeve, with pale lips.

"I can't help it. I've tried, and you is a between us."

crying quickly, "Con! you silly boy!"

He turned wide eyes upon her. "You
don't mean to stand that? It was an
assault! A caddish, brutal assault!"

with pale lips.

"I can't help it. I've tried, and you
must choose between us."

He had a full glance of her frightened
eyes and she flushed. "Con, dear, you

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and shook her off with no reply but that.

Catching sight of Mr. Prince Varley's hat and stick upon the table, he snatched them up and strode out of the revous command of "Con! Come back! Do you hear?" got the street door open and threw them far out. Their owner followed him, somewhat "Well," he turned away, "I don't to that; it would be so—outré."

He said to himself that he had known well what answer he should have. But that in view of the known irresponsibility of women at the time of child-birth, it is "a horrible farce" to pronounce the death sentence in any such case as Daisy Lord's, and "the appeal of women to Magna Charta for trial by their peers" has special force.

window, while he, with his back to the mantelpiece, pulled at his big moustache with a sheepish look.

"Do sit down, Miss West."

"You must first apologise for your rudeness," said Barbara, turning, and Enoch let the curtain fall. "Not now; in writing, please. I am very much with a mount of the curtain fall. "Not now; in writing, please. I am very much with a mount of the curtain fall." It seemed to be so—at last.

But she entered a moment later, and, scarcely glancing at him, began with a suspicion of tears in her manner to say that she was very much vexed, and would never have thought it of him; what Mr. Varley would imagine she wildness of his look.

"Poor old Con!" she murmured.

He caught his breath and held her tight. Presently she glanced up, thinking to give him the wildness of his look.

"Poor old Con!" she murmured.

He caught his breath and held her off at arms' length. Speaking from a dry throat, and with eyes that seemed to be so—at last.

"Poor old Con!" she murmured.

'And I think it's too bad," she ended, "No, hang it, Miss West! For a getting out her lace handkerchief. stolen kiss! You can't mean it, dash it "You should have done as I asked you,

No longer master of his wits, Enoch stood in the room with them both. going to see him again.'

Still she thought to evade him. The ruth was that his anger and unimagined resolution daunted her. "It is dreadful," she said.

She sopped, and hope sprang a flame in smoke.

"Barbara! . . Ah, I am going."

"Oh, go!" burst from her.

That confounded him.

"You shows" he said with an awfu

house?"

After giving her a little time he again insisted. Even to his own ears his voice Her former idea seemed to be all she "But wowlve done with him."

After giving her a little time he again insisted. Even to his own ears his voice dismay. "Good-bye, then."

A convulsion shook her, but she made

you! I want to know."
"How do you mean, Con!" "How do you mean, con!"
"We brother Con—Mr. Varley; Con, you know I wanted you to stay in the said, and went over to her. "I can't stand him; I must have your answer, it and out of the house.

There are present who head a last blurred impression of the sunlit room, and quietly passed out of stand him; I must have your answer, it and out of the house.

assault! A caddish, brutal assault!"

And when she pleaded with a red face, "Con, do control yourself, Mr. Varley will think you have no manners," he took command of the situation.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and shook her off with no reply but that.

He had a full glance of her frightened eyes and she flushed. "Con, dear, you are excited," she told him. Then she took his hand and kissed it, and stood up beside him.

"You think I care for him, and I don't. But I can't do that; it would be so—outré."

And all she answered was, "Don't talk like that, dear; it only hurts us"
His hand she had not let go.

strugged of the structure of the structu

to her to blaze in the depths of them, he ejaculated, "Choose! You must!"
Barbara shuddered, suspecting him not quite sane, and said hurriedly, "Let us sit down, Con, and talk about it quietly."

stolen kiss! You can't mean it, dash it all!"

"Indeed, but I do, Mr. Varley."

"But, my dear, I'm dying for you," he said. "Don't you understand? You're the one woman in all the world I really fancy."

"Still, you should do as I wish. You must write me a nice apology, and then I may explain."

"You should have done as I asked you, and then it wouldn't have happened."

Poor Barbara did not cry. The case was too perplexing. She sat herself down by the door and made up the handkerchief into a little ball.

"All right," said Enoch, speaking from his rival's commanding place on the rug. "I've nothing to say, Barbara."

"Let us sit down, Con, and talk about it quietly."

"No, you must choose now."

"Oh," she cried, "you are cruel, too dreadful!"—and disengaged herself.

Her eyes indeed were blinking, and for a skilful combatant the fight was won. But he was steeled to recognise in that rebellious cry the last word; and when she walked away to the great and when she walked away to the great There was a silence.

"Oh, lor!" groaned Mr. Prince Varley. "My dear girl, I can't write two successive words, 'pon honna. Be merciful. I do assure you, as soon's I She sat erect, but with a face re-I apologise, of course—to the sweetest little tyrant in the world, bless it! Shall I go on my knees? Ah, you're laughing! I knew you didn't mean it, you puss!"

And some quick movement followed.

No longer master of his wits. Enoch of the words "My brother Con" might have put this right. And Enoch pressed home his ultimatum.

"What does that matter? He has much obstinacy in a dear companion—dear as his life, he vowed even now."

"Good-bye," he forced.
She sobbed, and hope sprang up like

But you've done with him. Have no other answer; and, disdaining to plead, he had to make good the word. Like a prisoner who hears his sentence he got a last blurred impression of the

"Look here," said Enoch, stepping up fiercely to his enemy, "you're a cad, and I don't want to know you; Miss West does as she likes. But you behave yourself!"

Stand I mist have your answer, it and out of the house.

There sat in the street by a singular chance, as if in waiting, that strange abortion he had seen her once befriend. From the pavement opposite the imperfect being watched him with a spasm or see him." see him."

But that is nonsense, Con," she said, of wizened features, in which the pursed eyes twinkled.

#### (To be continued.)

In New York, according to Lieut.-Governor Chanley, it has become a widespread belief that money puts a

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Patient (anxiously)—"How do you find me this morning, Doctor?"

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Anty Drudge—"I guess it doesn't, doctor. It wouldn't trouble her either, if 'twas your arms that were swollen. But then it serves her right. She should have used Fels-Naptha to do her house-cleaning. Her house would look cleaner and she'd be about the house now singing like a bird instead of being bed-ridden."

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# for 9d. post free, Can be had on application from The National Federation of Women Workers, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

The circulation of "The Woman

## THE WOMAN WORKER.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1908.

# The Last Word.

The astonishing epistle which Messrs. Hugh Ste-Corruganza venson and Sons have sent to the Press has been the subject of many in-

quiries during the week. Readers of THE WOMAN WORKER will not require be assured that the firm's statemen is, from beginning to end, without foundation in fact. This is, indeed proved irrefutably by the letters published on another page from Mr. Yates, the Board of Trade Conciliator, and Miss Sophy Sanger, who represented the workers at the conciliation proceed-

The concluding list of subscriptions of receipts and expenditure, will be found on the same page. With the consent of subscribers I propose to devote the handsome surplus to an emergency fund for the assistance of women in to the strike fund, with a full statement of receipts and expenditure, will be

The unused proportion of any subscription will be returned on application, or devoted to any special purpose desired by the subscriber, and all donors of £1 and upwards have been advised ac

September 18, 1908

I am glad to note that Pioneers, generous offers of help in pushing The Woman Worker continue to pour

in from all parts of the country. soon I hope we shall have the requisite machinery for making the utmost use of all this inspiring enthusiasm. In a week or two at most, little bands of Pioneers will begin to come together in most of the large towns. I am sure they will wax in number, and that their efforts will give The Woman Worker a great impetus.

Pending the announcement of our

The Trades Congress. A Great which concluded its sit-Tribute to Mr. tings at Nottingham last Shackleton. Saturday, was the most

business-like and, I think, the most successful that I have ever attended. It must be placed to the credit of Mr. D. J. Shackleton's splendid chairmanship that there were fewer freworks than usual, and that no unruly scene disturbed the harmony of the proceedings.

A greater tribute could not have been

paid to the popularity of the chairman than his unanimous re-election by the Parliamentary Committee. Mr. Shackleton will thus occupy the chair at next year's Congress in Ipswich. One Worker" last week reached 27,000 has to go back many years to find a precedent for the bestowal of such an honour upon the President of Congress.

> Many questions of great Women's importance to women
> Questions were raised in the Congress debates. Especi-Questions. ally interesting was the resolution in the name of the National Federation of Women Workers calling for the establishment of a legal minimum wage in sweated industries. This was again carried unanimously, and I hope that before next Congress the principle, which has already been affirmed by the House of Commons in its unanimous second reading of the Sweated Industries Bill, will have been embodied in an Act of Parliament.

> Equally important was An Important the unanimous endorse-Resolution ment of Compulsory State Insurance against accident. The resolution in its favour was first brought forward, by the writer of these notes, at the Hanley Congress in 1905, and after meeting with weighty opposition was carried by a small

fund for the assistance of women in similar plight to the Summerstown the representations of the Parliamen-TRUSTWORTHY PERSON WANTED; entire work of house for three ladies.—Letters, 54, Leslie Road, East Finchley.

Sanital Plant to the State Sta

It does not seem to be How Reforms generally remembered, are Shelved. however, that two years ago, during the debates of the Workmen's Compensation Bill, Mr. Gladstone twice promised an inquiry into the question, and this new promise of a Royal Commission only points to a belated fulfilment of his

former pledge
Someone aptly observed the other
day that Royal Commissions or
Select Committees were the sole
resource of all timid Governments. with large and eager majorities. My experience does not lead me on any occasion to hail with enthusiasm the pointment of a Commission—in this case least of all.

The recent wide and wel-Shall We come extension of Work-Endow men's Compensation law Unscrupulous has increased the danger Insurance that it may sometime Companies? offer delusive advantages There are, for example

innumerable instances of the small workshop or the small laundry, "run" by the employer with little or no capital in women's trades.

Nor is a bankruptcy which relieves an employer of his unwelcome obligation to the sick or disabled confined to

only the other day Mr. Enoch Edwards, M.P., President of the Miners' Federation, told me that in several large mining disasters colliery emoyers had evaded their liability in this wav.

The need of some form of compulsory insurance to safeguard the worker from this danger is admitted on all sides, but compulsory insurance apart from the State seems to me to be merely equivalent to an endowment of too often rapacious and unscrupulous insurance companies.

Commercial Legal Advice Department of the Women's Trades Union League provides many examples of such un erupulous conduct.

At Congress I quoted one out rageous case which occurred recently in Lancashire, in which a young girl who had lost a leg in a serious accident was forced to limp four miles every week through snow, slush or rain to receive her compensation of 5s. Just when the crippled girl had must give up the, to her, terrible week's pilgrimage, the plausible proposal was made that she should settle her claim for a few pounds down.

This, in despair, she agreed to do, although when later the whole circum stances of the case came to light in court the judge held that an agreement signed under such conditions was null and void. The company were forced to continue their payments, and had to forfeit the lump sum paid to the girl as

Many further examples could be cited to show the need for a scheme of compulsory State Insurance, and it is to be hoped that as a result of the decisive mandate of this year's Congress some immediate and practical step to give effect to it may be taken by the Govern-

There has been much The Brass newspaper comment on Workers' Union the Factory Act debate and Women's and the opposition of the Labour. women delegates to the proposal of the Amalga-mated Brass Workers that the employ-ment of women in metal polishing, turning, and screwing should be pronibited by law, seems to have been misunderstood in many quarters.

The proposal, which was
The Defence defeated by 791,000 to
of Mr. Davis. 685,000 votes, was defended by Mr. W. J.
Davis on several grounds. He urged
first that the occupation was not suitable or healthy for women, and unfitted them to be "wives or sweethearts." But to how many industries
in which women are employed does this n which women are employed does this

indictment apply?

Is the chain making at Cradley
Heath more suitable?

Is the dipping of china in poisonous glazes less dangerous to health?

Of which industrial occupations,

under our commercial system to-day can it be said that they have no detrimental effect upon the health of the women employed, or that they do not render them less fitted to be mothers of strong and healthy children?

Mr. Davis told a pathetic The Brass tale of a girl brass worker Trade does not who had been scalped Stand Alone. through having her hair

caught in the shafting. (He might have spared us his comment that woman's beautiful hair was her "stock in trade," and that without it "no man would look at her.") But a similar accident occurred the week be-fore Congress in a Nottingham Blouse We want to abolish bad, unhealthy

Hardly a week passes but women women alike. with hands which have been crushed or maimed in the machinery of steam laundries come to the offices of the Women's Trade Union League seeking aid and advice.

Why is an occupation ad-The Reason mittedly less dangerous Why. than those, for instance, scheduled under the Workmen's Compensation Act, to be

singled out for remedy so drastic?

The explanation, I venture to assert, is to be found in another of Mr. Davis's

Women, he tells us, are doing a man's work at a tithe of his pay.

## TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

There are 160,000 women and girls organised in Trade Unions. Every one of these should read THE WOMAN WORKER, because i is fighting her battle.

Present readers who are members of Trade Union lodges which include women may ensure this :-

(a) By words of personal recommendation.

(b) By having a few copies for sale. (c) By the distribution of specimen copies.

It only requires concerted action to reach the 100,000 at which we aim. Now, then, a pull than Monday, September 27.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Mr. Davis Ah! Here we have the kernel of the matter, but Answers Himself. by excluding her from industry?

If not, how can it be solved?

The answer is to be found in a valuable little book entitled "The Brassworkers and Metal Mechanics of Berlin," written by Mr. Davis himself. From this I learn that in Berlin the woman brass worker invariably receives a man's wage for a man's work. This striking fact is easily explained. There are 3,500 organised women in the Berlin brass work trade!

Do Thou workers do likewise. Let them enforce the payment of a minimum wage, and

if that should cause the displacement of ome women, few can cavil.

I would commend to Mr. Davis, Mun-

della's dictum "That to eliminate competition in wages is to concentrate on efficiency.

I am as much opposed as anyone to the premium which cheapness puts on women's labour. Fitness and efficiency ought to determine the choice of workers in all trades.

Examine for a moment Why Should the economic result of the Man Die? Mr. Davis's proposal. Prohibit the employment of women in this one trade and they will immediately flood into other trades where conditions may be equally bad, or even worse, and will lower wages there by intensifying competition.

The brass trade kills men," said Mr. Davis. It seems to me terrible that we should

and dangerous conditions for men and

I admit, of course, that Statesmanship there are many diseases Wanted. of occupation to which liable, and that they are on the whole more likely to transmit diseases to their children (although, as in lead poisoning, it has been demonstrated that a father as well as a mother may transmit an occupational disease) and in such cases, pending the complete abolition of the dangerous processes, I would advocate the prohibition of women's But let us deal with the problem in a statesmanlike and comprehensive man-

Let us deal with the most objectionable trades first, so that we may be assured that those we most desire to help are not being driven out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Hundreds of letters on The Case of the case of Daisy Lord Daisy Lord. have again been received, and since our last issue more than a thousand petition forms have been sent out. All petition signatures must be in ink. To ink over the

pencilled signatures is not permissible.

Blank sheets of the same size may be filled and pinned to the back of the

petition form.

Forms should be returned not later

#### 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 publica-

tion when brief.

\*\*\* Personal and sharply controversial letters can rarely be inserted. They lead to long replies and rejoinders, for which we cannot spare the space.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Anti-Cant" should send her name, not for publication, but in good faith. There is a reader who very much desires to write to her.

H. K. Watts.—Many thanks for your kind

message and enclosure.

A. H. P.—Excellent. We will try to use it soon. Thank you very much.

M. R.—Bless your heart for a dear, good comrade! If there were room, your story of that wonderful ride should be printed. May all go well with you.

DAIST PARKER —Thank you your much

all go well with you.

Daist Parker.—Thank you very much.
We'd very gladly have a column advertising meetings, but branches have not yet sent advertisements. They will soon, however.

A WOMAN WORKER.—Out of thousands of letters received on this subject, we are glad to say yours is the only one of its kind. We are grieved to think that any woman holds such opinions, and we are very, very sorry for you.

NUGENT.—Thank you—but you take our

A. H.—Grateful for a good friend's letter.
J. L. A., N. B., and others.—Held over till next week.

T. C. B.-Admirable; we add it to our

stock thankfully.
H. B.-Much too long, alas!

#### Votes for Women.

Dear Madam,—Many of your correspondents take the stand that the Limited Bill, as they call it, would enfranchise chiefly idle women. This is not so.

An analysis of the municipal registers of several large towns proves that over 80 per

several large towns proves that over 80 per cent. of the voters would be working women. I think that the greatest obstacle to full adult suffrage being granted at one blow is the fact that any extension of the franchise weakens the hold of the vested interests, financial and other. As these are not only very powerful, but overwhelmingly represented, it is not at all likely that they are going to lessen their own strength to the extent of giving adult suffrage in one Bill.

If the average man were in favour of full adult suffrage we might perhaps feel more optimistic; but at our suffrage meetings we form the store in the pound of the vested in the store lit; but I hear there are two more firms exploiting women to this extent in Leeds. I should like to place these three shops in the union.—Yours, Willing.

optimistic; but at our suffrage meetings we always find that, though he may not be very much opposed to Women's Suffrage, he

much opposed to Women's Suffrage, he simply won't hear of his wife having a vote. Of course, there are many exceptions, but a very little observation will convince anyone that the average man is against it; and we simply can't afford to wait until the Adult Suffragists have converted him.

We want the vote, and we are going to get it seen. Yours truly

it soon .- Yours truly. (Mrs.) Bessie Smith. Washwood Heath, Birmingham.

Madam,—It was with interest I listened to Miss Adela Pankhurst addressing the vast audience she had on the large square in front of Huddersfield Railway Station last Sunday night. I should like to hear the advocates of woman's suffrage speaking oftener in such a thick female industrial centre.

Their plea strikes home to any thinking man, if he at all considers the stupendous figures showing the magnitude of the interests women have to deal with, and especially their demand for a hand in the regulation of the part they take in industrial life. For all improvements wrought by woman for her own good will be inherited by her progeny, male or female.

It is through our not having given a fair

hearing to our sisters that they have taken teps which have caused them to be herded with low and vile criminals, and driven hem to the conclusion that justice and thivalry in man are dead.—Yours truly,

JNO. ALEXANDER.

#### The New Broom.

Why don't you form a branch of the National Federation of Women Workers? Write to the Secretary, Miss Louisa Hedges, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. She will send particulars. Also please send us the name and address of the firm you refer to.—ED.]

#### Onion-peeling.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I am a Trade Juion man and a member of the Social Jemocratic Party, married; and we have hree young children. I have been working

[Send us fuller details in confidence. If we knew the name and address of the employer, we might be able to help.—ED.]

#### Certainly!

Dear Madam,—Would it be possible to have a "Woman's Wanted and Exchange Column" in our paper—say, with coupon and small fee?

I feel sure it would increase the sale of paper. The "Queen," "Lady," "Bazaar," &c., are too elaborate and expensive.

MEADOW-SWEET.

# Talks with the Doctor.

September 18, 1908

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANOWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. (Halifax).—About Daisy Lord I have asked the Editor to reply with petition. Wash the head carefully every night with hot water without soap, and use on it a little dilute nitrate of mercury ointment, diluted again with an equal quantity of vaseline. Thanks for good wishes.

EDINA.—Hot douches with dilute boric acid should be used every evening. You suffer

The New Broom.

Dear Editor,—We got a new head at the beginning of the summer season, and, of course, new rules were made. Everything was to be so easy for the workers; she was interested in her girls' health.

In the season we worked eight hours overtime in a week without anything extra, and slavery when you were at it. She first paid our workroom "boss" away; and as the holidays were drawing near, most of us had a room taken in the country, but she never said "holidays." Growing impatient, one after another asked for her holidays to be settled—and was asked to resign after all the hard work! This at a time when it was an impossibility to get a situation.

They had also the audacity to advertise in the next morning papers for "Milliners and improvers; good wages given."

Our helplessness angered us. What could we do but just walk away when told? We need a union. I have told the girls this repeatedly, but, while there are some who would join, others seem to think it something to be afraid of. If we only had some support, some voice that would compel itself to be heard!

They are now almost working the place on unpaid apprentices. Thankful I am that I got another place before the clearance came, but it makes my blood boil to see this gross injustice done to my girl friends.—Yours sincerely,

Wash the head carefully every night with hot water without soap, and use on it a little dilute nitrate of mercury ointment, diluted again with an equal quantity of vaseline. Thanks for good wishes.

Edina.—Hot douches with dilute boric acid should be used every evening. You suffer also from piles to some extent, and should treat them by ensuring absolute cleanliness and applying zinc ointment, say twice a day. Not only constipation but a sluggish action of the digestion generally will increase the congestion in the pelvis, which is the cause of the pain.

L. W. (Stanningley).—If cinders or earth are retained under the sear the only remedy is a slight, almost trival, surgical operation.

F. C. (Dumfries).—Bathing and treat th

health, have put an end to a trouble partly caused by general weakness.

MOTHER OF FOUR.—It is not necessary to give up the use of butter or other fats—in moderation, that is. But the amount of starchy food (bread, potatoes, and rice, for instance) should be cut down as far as possible, and the amount of liquid cut down to the smallest amount. If you can reduce your weight, the worst of your symptoms will go. An occasional two grain calomel pill at bedtime, followed by salts the next morning before breakfast, will do you as much good as any medicines can.

NITTIE.—What you need very badly is a complete rest. You should in any case get one or two hours lying down in the afternoon. Avoid stimulants, they will give only temporary relief at the price of causing greater congestion and aggravating the trouble. Get the following mixture made up and take it for a fortnight;—Liquid extract of ergot, 2 drachms; tincture of nux vomica, 2 drachms; dilute hydrochloric acid, 2 drachms, made up with infusion of gentian to 12 ounces. One tablespoonful of this mixture should be taken in an equal quantity of water three times a day, after meals.

S. H. K.—Before I can help you please tell

meals.
S. H. K.—Before I can help you please tell S. H. K.—Before I can help you please tell me (1) your age, (2) your occupation and hours of work, (3) whether you are married and whether you have children. On general grounds, I should say you need to be fed up well, and have a tonic to help you eat and digest your food.

well, and have a tonic to help you eat and digest your food.

G. S. (Epworth).—Is there no local cause for the irritation? Perhaps a small patch of chronically inflamed mucus membrane, or the scar of a laceration. Try bathing with hot water and douching with warm lysol solution, one half teaspoonful to the pint.

E. C. (Cheshire).—It is quate possible for them to be cured, and it would be advisable for them to cease attending school until they are cured. A plan you may try is to make them sing their words, and gradually learn to introduce a difference of pitch into their sentences without noticeably using musical (or other) notes. If you can once get over the difficulty it should not recur.

Belle (Birkenhead).—Regret your letter got mislaid. If you require a suppository for use in constipation, the case being one of long standing illness, it would not be safe to trust anyone but a doctor on the spot. But why not use the ordinary soap and water enema that every nurse knows how to make, and which is very effective?

Mr. Chiozza Money hails the minimum wage as a step towards the ideal of the co-operative wage.

The wife of James Yates (53), a Shuttle-worth labourer of whom the doctor said that, if not consumptive, he would have died of starvation, was committed at Manchester for manslaughter by neglect. The poor woman seems to have been quite without

## OUR PRIZE PAGE.

## HISTORICAL WOMEN.

Truth being stranger than fiction, read about her-dear, bright, sunshiny Bella worken, those who have Wilfer. essays on real women—those who have worked and played, lived and died, in this world of ours—should give more joy to you who write and to us who read han appreciations of even Jeanie Deans

Therefore we ask you to tell us in two hundred words, on one side of the paper, please, the name of your real-life heroine, and your reasons for so regarding her.

Send your letters to the Prize Editor, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., not later than Wednesday morning. The prize will be One Guinea.

## HEROINES IN BOOKS.

Strange! Your interest in heroines has not been so great—by a long way as your interest in heroes. Also, the prize for this competition is captured by a man! It is strange. But the verse

### THE PRIZE WINNER.

Alack, alack, dear heroines, You mind me oft of sorrow; would you had been tried with joy, s we shall be—to-morrow. Little Dorrit, you had luck, t Little Nell lies lowly: The little maids to come must be Too happy to be holy.
Ah, well, you're all together now-Perdita I discover; Miranda sees her "brave, new world," And Juliet her lover; I see Rebecca shine aloof. -jousting in life's tourney Sad glamour of the night draws round Brave Jeanie on her journey; Di Vernon stoops to bid farewell— Lo! Rosalind the sprightly; Hear saucy Beatrice wag her tongue-Now Imogen treads lightly. What! Arden leaves a-rustle yet? Ah, Celia's there to hear them, Soft-shining smiles that better wit She wears to bring us near them. Alack, alack, dear heroines, You mind me oft of sorrow— So I will leave you deep in joy, As we shall be-to-morrow. JOHN EWART SLATER.

## 420, Edge Lane, Liverpool. Rella Wilfer.

Bella Wilfer.

My favourite heroine in fiction? Bella Wilfer in "Our Mutual Friend."

Surely all who have read that most delightful book must have a warm corner for Bella: not a heroine par excellence, thrust upon us with virtues full-fledged, wearing a halo of the largest size—no, she is one of ourselves; her faults loom large, yet even so we feel the promise of the underlying character.

How she pines for position and "advantages"; yet, when in possession of them, how her innate nobility comes to the rescue and she sees the falseness of her former ideals.

Says Mr. Boffin: "If she was to stand up for you when you were slighted, if she was to show herself of a generous mind when you were oppressed, it was to be truest to you when you were poorest, and all this against her own seeming interest, how would that do?"

"Do" says John "it would raise ma to the

She is pretty to walk with, And witty to talk with, And pleasant to think on.

Thrice-blessed be her creator, dear Charles Dickens! JESSIE TAYLOR.

#### Maggie Tulliver.

Maggie Tulliver.

A heroine is a creature of flesh and blood like ordinary mortals, and the more she betrays the human side of her character the more pleasing she is to the generality of readers. The day is past when novelists endowed their heroines with every perfection under the sun, for they have realised that a character must be true to life, and that it only appeals to us in proportion as it possesses that qualification.

Nothing can be more natural than Maggie Tulliver in her tender care of her father, her leving companionship with Tom, her hostility to the redoubtable aunts, and her devotion to Philip Wackham. Her genuine affection for those she loves is shown in every touch, movement and thought.

She is in her way almost a woman of genius. Under happier auspices she might have developed into one of those women who leave their mark in the world's history; for she had that craving for all that is truly noble and true which is the presage of future greatness.

She is dear to us also on account of her

greatness.

She is dear to us also on account of her temptations, for virtue that has not been tried in the furnace is not worthy of the name. Though many appear to infer that she has fallen, we cannot believe it, for a nature like hers would have triumphed over vice.

(Miss) Mary Fax. Harrow.

#### Mrs. Poyser.

the whole of "Adam Bede."

Her sharp tongue is never still, and she is never at a loss to express her feelings; unlike the men folk, "who are mostly so tonguetied you're forced to guess what they mean as you do wi' the dumb creatures."

Above all things she is original; possessing a very deep sense of her own importance, a brain fertile in epigrams, yet governed by the most unselfish and lovable dispositions imaginable.

without cant.

Her large, motherly heart is open not only for her own family, but for all who come in contact with her. Her will is absolute, her rule autocratic. Who would not envy her cheerful influence, her rich humour, her

great love?

Her impatience at the weakness and inefficiency of others makes us like her better, for she is richer in sympathy than in scorn. In her vigour and domestic dignity, there throbs the essentially womanly

## NEW FEATURE.

Next week we shall publish the first article of a New Series, useful to housekeepers with small means. Mothers, look out for

#### PLAIN SEWING HINTS BY

EDA BERLON.

"Do," says John, "it would raise me to the skies."

And so it does the hearts of those who They tell you how to make things in the easiest and most economical way.

Make her her as I do. Liverpool.

instinct, combining in one character all the virtues of my heroine. (Miss) L. Gilbert. C. on M., Manchester.

#### Jeanie Deans.

What is a heroine? A being distinguished by circumstances and character from other people. There are many heroines whom the world never suspects of being such, and they are as different from most heroines of fiction as chalk is from cheese.

There are exceptions, a noteworthy one being Jeanie Deans, the brave, true heroine of "The Heart of Midlothian." She is so different from the ordinary run of fictional heroines that I find it difficult to believe I have not known her; that I have not heard her soft Scotch tongue invite me to enter house and "bide a wee," nor drank the warm milk so freely offered.

Circumstances gave her the opportunity of doing a splendid thing (the saving her condemned sister's life), but few could have risen to its accomplishment. And here character comes in, for I take it that circumstance joined with character—or the ability to do the right thing at the right moment—constitute a hero or heroine.

Jeanie's character is all of a piece. The coun of milk I fancy she has given to

moment—constitute a hero or heroine.

Jeanie's character is all of a piece. The
cup of milk I fancy she has given to
me was really given to poor Madge Wildfire
and many another outcast. She possesses
the true woman's nature, the mother quality,
which would protect and care for the whole which would protect and care for th world. "For as a hen gathereth her chickens."
So humble, unendowed Jeanie Deans is my

#### Rebecca.

Rebecca.

Who is my heroine in Bookland? She is a dark-eyed, melancholy maid, an alien, belonging to a despised, wandering people. She is beautiful with the beauty of the East, tall and queenly. A lover of peace, she yet lives in the midst of strife. Permeated with a strong affection for her race, she sees them hated and oppressed, and scattered o'er all the earth. Her very beauty is a source of danger and annoyance.

I refer to Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe."

With what womanly care and gentleness she tends the wounds of the injured knight!

"I'm not denyin' the women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men:" so Mrs. Poyser's witticisms ring out through the whole of "Adam Bede."

Her sharp tongue is never still, and she is never at a loss to express her feelings; unlike the men folk, "who are mostly so tonguetied you're forced to guess what they mean as you do wi' the dumb creatures."

Above all things she is original; possessing a very deep sense of her own importance, a brain fertile in epigrams, yet governed by the most unselfish and lovable dispositions imaginable.

A shrew without any rancour, she holds convictions without cant.

Her hard remove the she heart in account of the East, but is learned in all the arts and mysteries of healing, as became in those days a daughter of the Jewish nation.

What splendid courage she displays when placed in temptation. Death is nothing to her compared with loss of honour.

After months of weary travelling we see her taking leave of the fair Lady Rowena, previous to seeking a safer home across the sea; and so the fable ends, and Rebecca fades into dreallnal, but the impression made on our minds by the strong, beautiful character, will, I hope, always remain with us.

Salford.

Three centuries have passed away since Sir Philip Sydney wrote the "Arcadia," and yet in all this time we have arrived at no higher

in all this time we have arrived at no higher conception of feminine virtue or chivahous manhood than is to be found in this sixteenth century romance. There is not in English fiction a more charming picture of feminine modesty than that of Pamela, hiding her love for Musidorus.

"How delightful so ever it was, my delight might well be in my soul, but it never went to look out of the window to do him any comfort. But how much more I found reason to like him, the more I set all the strength of my mind to conceal it. Full oft hath my breast swollen with keeping my sighs imprisoned; full often have the tears I draw back from my eyes turned back to drown my heart."

of rown my heart."

Hardly less beautiful is the gradual ielding through pity of Pamela's maidenly

heart.

What woman amongst us does not love the good Sir Philip Sydney? His very name breathes chivalry. Like Sir Thomas More, he will live for ever in the human heart. Well, his noble, modest, sympathetic spirit has been infused into his lovely Pamela.

Make her acquaintance, and you will love her as I do.

Em. Hastings.

By Chas. E. Dawson.

page, asks me to write about the remodelling of the skirt. Now, I have tried remodelling skirts, and often specified the work in stage-costume alterations, but rarely have the results

To remodel a skirt is a task more diffi-

I don't say that it is not worth doing, but I should prefer to remodel sleeves and let the skirt rip till a new one is obtainable. As Miss Marie Lloyd used

and the plain varieties are most useful the system. White flour not only clogs but starves the body. A very finely ground whole show traces of time and travel.

A muslin dress looks well with a wide obtainable. As Miss Marie Lloyd used to warble, "It's the skirt that tells a ribbon put on to make a new hem of the wearer's temperament.

#### History and Sleeves.

There is no limit to the range of shape and cut that sleeves have been made in. Only-a style used to last a long time. The picturesque eighteenth century saw ittle but lace ruffles or "engagements."
In 1830 came the pagoda or leg-ofmutton sleeve, and in our grandmothers'
days the sleeve still took about ten
years or so before showing signs of tion in the rag trade and the activities monise with the costume.

Bodices and coats with the popular Japanese sleeve need not concern us, for, happily, that sort of sleeve is a comfor, happily, that sort of sleeve is a comfor, happily, that sort of sleeve is a comfor, happily, that sort of sleeve is a comformal sleeve is a comfo fortable and good-looking joy for many seasons. But all last year's wraps and dresses must be altered—if they are meant to keep in tune with the modern mode. Ah! that "mode."

To-DAY

To-DAY

To-DAY

To-DAY

To-DAY

To-DAY mode. Ah! that "mode.'

#### Up-to-Date.

The saving grace of a short sleeve is the pretty arm that wears it. One soon gets acclimatised to it, even in autumn; and the freedom of movement it

one never knows.

Happy the woman who can design a dress to suit her own taste and characters to suit her own taste and characters.

jersey is as easy to put on as a jacket.

A becoming and inexpensive head-covering to wear with it is a "Turban"

Those whose arms and bangles are not Those whose arms and bangles are now their strong points may, of course, consider the long gathered sleeves which are also fashionable. When without cuffs the gathers go across from shoulder to wrist, with a thrilling little frilling that falls upon the hand. (This

Mrs. Worrall, in her "Home Notes" | line looks as if it had slipped in from a

There are, for us, a few redeeming features in the fashions for autumn, and justified the efforts, and, I may add, the among them the growing vogue of ribbons in lieu of feathers.

There is a considerable range of rib-bons. The Pompadour woven ribbons cult than to paint a picture.

I don't say that it is not worth doing, and the plain varieties are most useful

tale"; and as the skirt's cut indicates material, or the same ribbon higher up its age so its manipulation reveals the will hide the joining-on of a fresh hem. Trimming made of the two flat bands of cless do the sleeves of a costume ribbon crossing at the back, between the mark its date; but sleeves are easier to shoulders or at the waist under a big

chou" or rosette, looks very smart.

A good opportunity for colour in the season's mode is the waistcoat under a semi-fitting "tailor-made," which hangs straight and free from the neck to reveal

Hoards of old-fashioned fabrics may be ransacked to find the quaintly gaudy materials that suit these waistcoats-brocade, braided cloth, cretonne—in fact, any patterned material that yields years or so before showing signs of a bright spot of colour. Best, however, change. Nowadays, thanks to competition one of the component colours har-

have entirely altered.

The comfortable elbow sleeves of yesteryear, with full puffs at the shoulders, have given place to the more severe straight sleeves, sewn plainly into the armhole—some stopping at the elbow, or below it, to meet a tight mitten, which as often as not is of transparent material.

Bodices and coats with the popular Japanese sleeve need not constitute the sleep of the slee

feminine item of comfort.

Instead of the usual close-fitting The sleeves must be taken in and moulded to the arm, and, if necessity requires, eked out with deep, tight cuffs. The sleeve should in some way be sympathetic in colour and texture with the top of the bodice.

The saving grace of a short sleeve is the pretty arm that wears it. One soon

and the freedom of movement it allows, and the chance it gives for the display of favourite bangles, hidden away so long, may make the sleeve popular right into next season. But—

No garment its more simple or graceful than the jersey, and the reason it is not more worn is the awful hair-disarranging struggle to get into one. Now, with this new wide opening, a

cap to match.

# HEALTH IN THE **MEAL BAG**

The diet cure is more than ever recognised as the most reasonable and hopeful method of dealing with digestive troubles. The first lesson in diet is to take

### food that does not clog

#### THE FOOD FOR WOMEN WORKERS

who need the best at the least cost, and should be used always in place of white flour.

Thousands are finding health and strength in

# "ARTOX"

## PURE WHOLEMEAL.

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

# A "CLARION" reader writes:

"Grains of Com-



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.

# HOME NOTES.

## By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

leasanter to live in than many another owns this quaint little home can neither read nor write. There were always leasanter to live in than many another built for show more than use; and the moment we begin to "show off," whether in houses or in person, we lose dignity, beauty, and good taste.
Let us who have only little homes

built for use, not show, remember that; and if the knowledge enables us to hold or heads a little bit higher-well, why

Have we not a right? The woman who can keep her own house in order without depending on the often unsatisfactory help of other people may hold

I do love this little home. The fire is burning bright; the kettle singing; the tea-pot shining hot on the hob; and the oven's door ajar reveals three covered dishes, all ready to set on the little table for us two hungry folk, who have been tramping over

## Heathery and Gorsey Moors

this morning. (The hips are cherry-red, Fibres to Fiddle-strings, and the heather warms the hills like

He has gone upstairs to get "cleaned, but I sit down, tired, hungry, happy, and with some of the soil of the open road and the pine-wood glen, to think of you! For what matters a bit of Mother Earth?

laid on glass. You can magnet brilliant—not to say alarming—colours.

He could not have looked on it twice at best soft music, except herself.

Proves, I suppose, there is no account works Woman—with a capital W

the walls again, to Abraham sacrificing

ubjects which hang below the raftered ceiling in vivid colourings and bird's-

eye maple frames.

Last, but not least, they rest on a portrait of an old dame nearing the neties, whose strong, resolute face is framed in by a huge coal-scuttle bonnet, with three rows of goffered frills inside. She wears a neatly pinned black landlords have still left of the shoulder-shawl with white border, a large white apron carefully smoothed, and in her toil-worn hand is a book!

She was the grandmother of our

Such a home I'm in! To be precise, it consists of four rooms, two below and two above, the latter reached by a staircase ascending out of one of the former.

The rent is £5 a year. But it is far less that the process of the precise of the former is £5 a year. But it is far less the wore a big apron, lest she should be called any minute to do something; and obviously the book in her hand was less for use than for show. Even her grand-daughter of fifty who owns this quaint little home can paitled.

THE WOMAN WORKER.

Mother Earth?

There! The meal is over, our chairs turned round to the fire, and I gaze up at a big picture of Windsor Castle, carefully adjusted on the wall opposite the window to catch every ray of light.

A wonderful picture this, which some unfortunate man probably made and died. It is composed of mother-o'-pearl laid on glass. You can imagine its brilliant—not to say alarming—colours. The scythe and sickle. Morn and eve. Noon and night. Sun and shadow. Everything either still or slow; and all things quiet or making.

Then my eyes wander round and down to the brick floor, painted about two feet all round in bright red and green, and the cloth hearth-rug made, like Joseph's coat, of many colours. Up to

Isaac, Christ and the

Woman of Samaria,
the Last Supper, and other scriptural
the Last Supper, and label scriptural
the Last Supper, and label scriptural
the last Supper, and label scriptural

It is positively sinful. Dears, dears, have none o' ye sweet thoughts to send along the line? Do you never dream, or sing, or play, or, as we say of babies, "take notice"? Comfort me, my people -po!
The call to women to take what the

#### Common People's Rights

has been approved. One woman says how indignant they all were last year hostess, and aged eighty-five — the mother of thirteen children, and never known to be idle.

There's a record for you. Even to have her photo taken in her Sunday

Against things like this "Woman Workerites" will always protest.

#### The Prize of 5s.

is divided between Mrs. Hutley and Mrs. Drake, because for the life of me I can't decide which of their two recipes s the better!

There are several others, and they all deserve prizes. This prize-giving, or, rather, not giving, will be on my con-

There are several others, and they all the hand was less for use than for show. Even her grand-daughter of fifty who owns this quaint little home can neither read nor write. There were always provided that the home can neither read nor write. There were always possible to be fed, cows, chickens, or something, she says pathetically, and she never had a chance.

I can imagine how the other hand of this virtuous old dame often held a birch-rod, and how the flesh of any one of ther brood of thirteen would be made to tingle should he or she be caught napping—say a lass slyly meeting her things than pigs and hens.

Well, those old dears have had their day; and, notwithstanding the gone, and that if a woman wants to read or rest now she may—is not thought much of, in fact, unless she does.

For of all the women wants to read or rest now she may—is not thought much of, in fact, unless she does.

For of all the women wants to read on the world want of the world want or rest now she may—is not thought they worry your

Fibres to Fiddle-strings, it is they who neither rest nor read. I hope none of my dear readers belong to that awful army of females; and if they do, that they'll turn over a new leaf this minute.

How a woman living in a pastoral place like this, where there isn't even a telegraph wire in sight, and never, oh, never, the horrid sound or smoke of a train, could "never be idle" passes my every week to the sender of the hest.

A Prize of Five Shillings is given every week to the sender of the best Home Note (not necessarily a recipe) to Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall, The Woman Worker, Utopia Press, Worship Street, Lender, F. C. London, E.C.

## OLD-TIME GIPSIES.

Their mode of life has something in very fanciful and picturesque. They are the free denizens of Nature, and maintain a primitive independence, in spite of law and gospel; of county gaols and country magistrates. It is curious to see the obstinate adherence to the rild, unsettled habits of savage life transmitted from generation to genera-tion, and preserved in the midst of one of the most cultivated, populous, and systematic countries in the world. They are totally distinct from the busy, thrifty people about them. They seem to be like the Indians of America, either above or below the ordinary cares and anxieties of mankind. Heedless of power, of honours, of wealth; and in-different to the fluctuations of the or empires; they seem to live according to the old song:

Who would ambition shun Who would ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WASHINGTON IRVING

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

# On Barons Bold.

Near to the silver Trent, Sirena dwelleth, She to whom Nature lent All that excelleth.

No, my dears. Those lines do not de-scribe Peg, to whom Nature has not been so generous, but were written by a lover of lady and river three centuries ago. The only resemblance to Sirena I may claim is that, at the time of writing. I am "near to the silver Trent."

gether disfiguring, and is so interesting that I must talk of it to you.

I glance at the open page before me and read: "Some historians assert that Richard Lion-Heart.

Ayrshire and in London. So far, the history should be regarded as mythical."

One wishes, of course, to keep one's childhood's faith in the "merrie old soul," with his pipe and his glass and his fiddlers three. Yet a body with three burial places does sound—"mythical"!

Misc—then shall we "undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke." And our land shall indeed be "Merrie England"—through all its length and breadth never a cage nor a fetter!

But—I am in subjection to the Autotra with the Blue Pencil. He is scowling them as warrior-saints.

curious name, "The Trip to Jerusalem," in Heaven "by wholesale slaughter of since the reign of Richard I., A.D. 1189.

I read: "When the Crusaders left for Jerusalem to fight in the Holy Land Yet remembering how to-day the

enables me to travel backward and forward in time as easily as in space, I shut my eyes for a moment, and—lo! when I look again the modern portion of the best law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the state of the set law has discovered by the set of the hostelry has disappeared, leaving only the rooms in the rock.

Up the road comes a gallant caval- guide puts out the light. Up the road comes a gariant cavar-cade, and a thronging host on foot. Picturesque and imposing are the figures on horseback, with their gleam-ing coats of mall, over which some wear the Hospitaller's black cloak with white cross on the breast, others the white cloak with the red cross of the Templars. Shields and swords and lances glitter in the sunlight, servitors and men-at-Once Upon a Time.

Gazing around, I think how beautiful must have been our Mother England wearing royally her green and russet robe with its silver broidery of brook and river, while she was yet undisfigured.

But the city on the Trent is not altogether disfiguring, and is so interesting gether disfiguring, and is so interesting that I must talk of it to you.

and read: "Some historians assert that the city was founded B.C. 950, by King Ebranc." H'm! I can tell you nothing about him, my dears. I never heard of the gentleman before, crammed as I was in childhood with "chronological lists," English, Roman, and scriptural.

"Old King Cole."

But lower down the page I find a personage whose name I do know. "Coilus, King of the Britons, is said to have found here his last resting-place nearly a thousand years before the Christian era. This Coilus was the Coilus on your behalf, dears. I am sure be could tell us something interesting. But, reading further, I find: "He is also reported to have been buried in Ayrshire and in London. So far, the history should be regarded as mythical."

And among the riders, the knightliest figure of all, tall, fair-haired, with about 1, tall, fair-haired, with also trecamed as I was figure of childhood; I recognise the figure of childhood; I recognise the kinghtliest figure of all, tall, fair-haired, with aughter in his blue eyes, I recognise the figure of childhood; I recognise the kinghtliest figure of all, tall, fair-haired, with aughter in his blue eyes, I recognise the figure of childhood; I recognise the childhood in the substitute of childhood; I recognise the figure of childhood; I recognise the figure of childhood; I recognise the childhood in the substitute of childhood in the same time first and foremost of my childhood; I recognise the childhood in t

"mythical"!

"The Trip to Jerusalem."

them as warrior-saints.

Nearer the truth, I fear, is the chronicler who says: "They loved In search, then, of facts historical, I stand before a quaint little inn at the foot of a massive castle-crowned rock. According to the post-cards sold here, fighting (against infidels) as duties, these the older portion of the hostelry—hewn paladins, while pleasing themselves, bein the rock—is said to have borne its lieved they pleased also their "Father curious name, "The Trip to Jerusalem," in Heaven" by wholesale slaughter of

they stopped at this inn for refreshment."

Taking out the fairy talisman which enables me to travel backward and for"wiping out" their brethren—in South

#### Reality.

leader sets alight others fixed in niches as he reaches them, and down, down we wind until we come to the ancient castle dungeon. Of old there were heavy doors bns Bold.

dungeon. Of old there were neavy doors to the narrow stairway on each side this awesome den, and the only possible glimmer of light or breath of air came through a small iron-barred opening, to which no prisoner could climb.

Here, for a moment's "realism," the

## Lead, Kindly Light.

And among the rider, the knightliest in these dismal caverns, tales of tragedy

ing horribly, my dears. And I did want to tell you of my visit to the caves, "which are said to have sheltered Robin Hood and his Merrie Men," and how I interviewed the gallant outlaws, who nsist upon being believed in.

Another time, perhaps.

I have been asked to "give the artists a chance" in our competitions. I offer a book (price not exceeding 5s.) for the best drawing illustrating any part of my chat with you to-day. Time limit, Sep-

Learn to do well what you already

The great will not condescend to Paladins and Pilgrims.

On the towering height above is the original castle, built in the time of the Conqueror, as I had that morning seen

We have advanced, however. I realise it when I seek the Castle terrace, and with two of my children follow a kindly guide down a stairway hewn in the rock.

Lighting a candle he carries, our

The great will not condescend to take anything seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities or the eradication of old and foolish churches.

Lighting a candle he carries, our

# A Woman Worker in Johannesburg.

## HI.-HOME LIFE AND WORK.

By Sybil Cormack Smith.

The working girls are a class apart, | The Spinners. as they are anywhere; but the South
African working girl has neither the
love of dress of the Londoner of her
type, nor the knack of personal adorn-

September 18, 1908

ment which belongs to the Parisienne.

A delightful carelessness is her outstanding characteristic; she tosses her hair up, wears her hat anyhow, her frocks pinned on, and the lightest of shoes for the streets. At the popular shoes for the streets. At the popular dances she is resplendent, wearing a cheap gown of preening silk, or of soft muslin and lace, made by her own hands, fitting abnormally well, and showing every line of the figure. This is the "colonial style" before it has been trained.

The hair is puffed to breaking point, the newest discoveries of science?

They did not work with a good grace at first, but they have won self-respect and the respect of others. The thing they feared has not happened; they thought they would lose dignity—they have gained it. On the other hand, those who refused to what have the self-respect to the self-respe those who refused to work have gained

the contempt of their friends.

It is eloquent of the state of affairs that people stopped in the streets at first, dumb with surprise at the sight of these men at work.

The "depression" will soon lose its worst terrors if people can be got to bend their backs, and I should like to see a movement in the same direction started among South African women. I want them not to think it beneath their dignity to be employed in the same kitchen with a black boy, or even to take the black's place.

#### Erring Teachers.

I know that there is a section of "leaders" who spend their time preaching to the Afrikander women that work is serfdom, and that they must starve—or haunt soup-kitchens—instead of doing it. But what doctrine is this? What, then, shall they do?

What is life to a woman without means, who will not work? What is life to the Afrikander woman who will

that it still exists to an extent. If we are to get rid of that condition we must introduce useful home industries, and also the creed of labour's dignity.

The woman made a characteristic defence. The child, she said, did not cry and said she could not; whereupon she "had to hit her harder to make her cry."

She seemed astounded by the sentence.

starve?

To hope to establish a paying industry on a large scale, which will make the Transvaal country folk a spinning, weaving people—a nation of home-spinners—is an empty dream. A great deal of good may be done by the spinning hope to compete, as an in-dustry, with steam-driven frames and on a drama of most manifold interest. It

The sooner these false prophets of the

#### Moral Fibre.

The Afrikanders are not strong. They are unspoiled by some of civilisation's evils, and they are obstinate; but strength is a quality that has been tempered in all sorts of fires; strength knows when it is right to change, when opinions are not worthy of being kept

any longer.

To say, "I was born free, and I shall not work for another," and then to accept food without labour, and so sell freedom of the soul, is not a sign of strength. I do not say that all Afrikanders do this; but I do say that there are no people in the world who will accept charity more freely, who will more willingly pretend to be even hungrier than they are in order to get food which they have not earned.

Is not an honest domestic servant, an honest farm labourer, on a higher plane than people who talk loftily of their pride of race, their unbroken spirit, their uncurbed liberty, and who do not know where their next meal is to come

Mary O'Neill (42), a training mistress for life to the Afrikander woman who will not work, even though she has means? Is it not this refusal that leads to disaster before aught else? Does not work make virtue, and clean living, and self-respect?

These women agitators know very well that a state of awful depravity and degradation existed after the war in certain districts of the Transvall, and

### LADY HAMILTON.

Among the lovely faces that haunt history (and they may be counted on the fingers) none, surely, is lovelier than that of Emily Lyon, who abides undying as Emma, Lady Hamilton. Yet it was never the mere radiance of rare beauty that entitled her to such an empire over the hearts and wills of several remark able men and of one unique genius, or which empowered a girl humbly bred and barely situated to assist in moulding events that changed the current of affairs. She owned grace and charm as well as triumphant beauty; while to these she added a masculine mind, a native force and sparkle; a singular faculty, moreover, of rendering and revealing the thoughts and feelings of others, that lent an especial glamour to both beauty and charm. Her beaux yeux need not bewilder us. But that glamour of endowment, emanating from diverse elements of a most complex and vigorous character, and bound up even with its ugliest blemishes and imperfections, dewill be found that Lady Hamilton, by turns fulsomely flattered and ungeneor flattened to produce sensation in another way; the arms are bare, with hands of flowers or cheap jewels to achands of flowers or cheap jewels t another way; the arms are bare, with bands of flowers or cheap jewels to accentuate them; the girl knows her charms, and wants the observer to know them too.

Signs of Hope.

Dut a new era dawned in Johanness
But a new era dawned in Johannessthe blend of these that, together with Afrikander people change their code the better for the Afrikander people.

Her genuine grit, appealed so irrestibly to Nelson. She must be largely judged by her capabilities. Her faults were greatly those of her antecedents

Her play of expression was indeed extraordinary. She could so transform her face and gestures in harmony with her moods as to become a separate impersonation. In repose her countenance looked wholly different from its aspect under agitation, and her profile differs from her full face. To Romney then, as afterwards to Nelson, she was a Muse;

a Muse communicating and inspiring, or, at least, a medium of inspiration. To the part of Muse the symmetry of her form and features—those of a Greek statue or intaglio—the classical yet mobile mouth which artists from the first singled out as a miracle, the auburn first singled out as a miracle, the auburn tresses touched with gold, that, released from their fillets, swayed around her dancing feet, the clear, deep, grey-violet of the large, soulful eyes, all lent them-slves. . . An outcast at the close, she turned for shelter to a worthier home; and, above all, implanted in her from the first, and ineradicable, her unwavering fondness for her mother has half-erased her darkest blots, and made her more beautiful than her beauty. May we not say, at the last, that because she loved much, much shall be forgiven her? WALTER SICHEL.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, has discovered a new and simple way of dealing with unruly and mischievous boys without the services of a modern juvenile court The institution is known locally as the "kid police force," and so popular has the movement become that practically every boy in town has put in his applica tion for membership. — "Literary Digest," New York,

# ECHOES OF THE CORRUGANZA STRIKE.

# Extraordinary Correspondence.

many daily and weekly newspapers:

appointed by the Board of Trade, after visiting our Corruganza box works in London and studying the operations in question, decided that the prices we offered were fair and reasonable. In view of this impartial opinion, the representative of the strikers agreed to accent the resistance of the strikers agreed to Sir,-We think it ought to be presentative of the strikers agreed to accept the prices. In other words, the strike was entirely without justifica-tion, and the charge of 'sweating,' which was really too absurd to need refutation, disposes of itself.

HUGH STEVENSON AND SONS, LTD. Manchester."

### MISS SANGER'S REPLY.

Miss Sophy Sanger, Secretary of the Legal Advice Department of the Women's Trade Union League, who re-presented the workers at the Conciliation proceedings, has sent the following

"Dear Sir,—I am surprised at the statement made by Messrs. Hugh Stevenson and Sons, that the Conciliator appointed by the Board of Trade to act the dispute at the Corruganza Box Works, Summerstown, declared that the prices against which the girls struck were fair and reasonable, and that I, as representing the workers, therefore dental expenses.

\*\*Expenditure.\*\*

By strike pay, meals and incidental expenses.\*\*

agreed to accept them.
"As a matter of fact, the Conciliator expressed no such opinion, and the reductions agreed to at the Conciliation proceedings were only in respect of one particular class of work, and had already been agreed to by the girls before the strike took place. Under the terms of the agreement all other

would have been well advised to let the

In the interests of the girls and their helpers, a statement that the strike was entirely without justification cannot be allowed to pass.

"It is not to be supposed that work-girls, most of whom had worked many years with the firm and were entirely ependent upon their own earnings, with no organisation or funds behind them, would be likely to throw up their work and risk hunger for an imaginary grievance.—Yours faithfully,

"SOPHY SANGER. '(Representative of the Strikers at the Conciliation proceedings.)

#### THE CONCILIATOR'S TESTIMONY.

In reply to a letter addressed to him by the "Christian Commonwealth," Mr. W. B. Yates, the Board of Trade Conciliator who acted in the Summerstown dispute, has written the following

FIRM'S ASTONISHING
STATEMENT.

The following letter has appeared in many daily and weekly newspapers:

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter, I did not decide 'that the prices we offered were fair and reasonable,' as stated in your copy letter enclosed. As Conciliator (and not arbitrator) I had no power to decide prices, nor did

## STRIKE BALANCE-SHEET.

We append a final statement of accounts in this memorable dispute:

Already acknowledged, £239 19s. 3\frac{1}{4}d.

Miss E. C. Smith, 10s.; Anonymous, 5s.;
A. M. K., 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Palmer, 2s. 6d.;
Miss M. Banister, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. Banister,
2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 10s.; Mr. Edlin, 2s. 6d.;
Edmonton Branch N. F. W. W., £3 18s.;
Two Readers "Christian Commonwealth,"
10s. (for Miss Williams); Rev. M. and Mrs.
Baxter, £10 (for Miss Williams); Postal Staff
(G. E. D. O., £1; Hon. Charles Lester, £1;
Manchester (for Miss Williams), 2s. 6d. Total, £258 7s. 31d.

Income.	£	s.	d.
To subscriptions and collections as acknowledged	247	14	91
Williams	10	12	6

258 7 dental expenses
Printing, 5s. Postages, £1 11s. 1½d.
Paid to Miss Williams
\* Balance in bank 1

\* An announcement about the disposal of this balance is made in our Leader Notes.

# "Messrs. Hugh Stevenson and Sons Complaints & the Law.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. A. B. C.—They are certainly not entitled to keep the receipt. I think your best plan would be to go and ask a magistrate's advice about it. An expression of opinion from him will probably be sufficient to make them give up the receipt. I can see no reason why they should wish to retain it.

W. R.—The Workmen's Compensation Act W. R.—The Workmen's Compensation Act does not apply to members of the employer's family living with him. But if you were employed and paid by your father in the ordinary way, perhaps he had insured you together with any other workmen whom he employs. If so, the Insurance Company ought, of course, to pay him what is due under the insurance policy.

under the insurance policy.

E. A. R.—Provided there is nothing in your tenancy agreement about notice to be given, your tenancy would (as the landlord maintains) be held to be continued by consent as a yearly tenancy requiring six months' notice. Consequently, in order to leave next June, you ought to give notice before Christmas. Could you not let the house? Or it is possible that the landlord might be willing to accept a surrender on payment of a small sum of money.

J. W.—The landlord can apply to the

J. W.—The landlord can apply to the County Court and have you turned out by

the agreement in the agreed way (in your case, a month's notice) and making a new

WINDOW-CLEANER.—The legal decision to which you refer will not debar all window-leaners from the benefits of the Workmen's Compensation Act. Window-cleaners employed by a firm of window-cleaners will still in the benefits of the work which we have a supported by a firm of window-cleaners will still in the benefit of the work which we have the work when the work when the work when the work were the work when the work when the work was the work when the work when the work when the work was the work when the work was the work when we want to work when we want when we want when we want was the work w ployed by a firm of window-cleaners will still be able to claim compensation from their employers, not from people whose windows they are actually cleaning at the time of an accident. Further, window-cleaners employed by private individuals regularly (e.g., engaged to come every month) will, I think, clearly still be under the Act. It is only employment "of a casual nature" and "otherwise than for the purposes of the employer's trade or business" that is excluded. A washerwoman employed at a private house regularly one day a week has been held by the Court of Appeal to come under the Act.

J. P. N. should take in the "Labour

under the Act.

J. P. N. should take in the "Labour Gazette," which is issued by the Board of Trade every month and costs a penny, or else read it at the free library, where he is pretty sure to find it. If he does not, he should agitate for it. The number of cases of industrial diseases and accidents reported to the Home Office is given every month. The Board of Trade is always willing to send the "Labour Gazette" free to trade unions and other societies or clubs interested, so that J. P. N. might perhaps get it through some such society if there is no free library handy.

A woman digging for potatoes in a garden at Carlton, near Nottingham, turned up three gold rings and other jewellery.

The discovery was followed by the appearance at Nottingham Police Court on Tuesday of her son, Henry Worrell Bower, charged with burglary.



The body is built up out of the food we eat and the air we breathe. This is literally

of many diseases: it is revolting to the higher instincts, and involves cruelty to the beasts and the degradation of those who

Nuts completely take the place of meat from disease germs. When ground in the handy nut-mill we supply they are casily

Our 52-page Booklet tells you all about

#### NUTS and how to use them

n making simple, everyday dishes. It also gives details of many other natural health-giving foods. (And health means beauty.)

This Booklet is yours for the asking if you mention "Woman Worker."

## Geo. Savage & Sons, Nut Experts. Dealers in Natural Foods.

53, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.

## September 18, 1908

# THE NORWICH STRIKE.

# Reflections and an Appeal.

## By Margaret G. Bondfield.

The tailoring trade has a bad record; its shady past is chronicled in the pages of industrial history from the fifteenth century, when "youthful and unstable Journeymen Taylors" banded them colves together in defence of their out the aliens then out the aliens then out the aliens then selves together in defiance of their masters. In 1810 the Master Tailors masters. In 1810 the Master Tailors went bleating to the Commons and got a special Act of Parliament to prohibit nbination among their workmen who were trying to raise wages and reduce hours of labour.

Fifty-seven years after there occurred the great strike, when Druitt and Shorthe great strike, when Druitt and Shor-rocks were convicted for "conspiring" because they had organised the wage earners for the protection of the stan-dard of life. In spite of this defeat (or because of it?) they were active once

Undoubtedly they are good fighters, and the 27 tailoresses on strike at Norwich are worthily maintaining the traditions of their craft. Why, then, is it possible to speak of the clothing trades as a practically unorganised and from the lay preaching Liberalism of sweated industry?

itself to the processes of specialisation, of speeding up, and of levelling down the skill required from the individual

These "Colonial" trousers, for instance, which the girls have made for 4kd. per pair, are composed of 32 separate pieces of cloth, cut to shape by workers who do nothing else to the product. The 32 pieces are handed to the tailoress, who machines them in proper stationess, who machines them in proper sequence—three pockets—one with a stitched flap—a shaped band, to be neatly turned and fitted—queer little straps to be stitched and adjusted—four long leg seams, and a "false hem" to

The stitched trousers are then passed on to the "finishers," who turn up the hem by hand, sew on buttons, &c.

On Sunday last the Norwich Trades Council held a meeting in support of the girls on strike. To the large crowd in the Market Place Councillor Smith explained the process by a practical illustration. He counted the 32 pieces, and displayed the trousers with their manifold stitchings which the girls are asked to make for 33d.

oncentration, the nerve strain implied in this speed; the average worker cannot make 2 dozen pairs per week in full time. There are weeks when the girls do not get enough work to enable them to earn 5s.

The Trades Councillor Smith is doing yeoman service; he is treasurer of the strike fund, to which hundreds of sympathisers have contributed.

Surely you will do your part to ensure

THE WOMAN WORKER.

firm. "Give us Tariff Reform, and shut out the aliens, then we can pay fair

wages."

But, Mr. Chamberlain, what about your dressmakers? They give time for two years, and start at 4s. per week in the third year! The top wages for workroom "hands" in the dressmaking department is 12s. The firm's costumes

weated industry?

I think it is because the trade lends Tariff Reformer; he has town mansion and country houses, and motor cars; one son is a sheriff, another a "sporting parson." They are in the county

Do you hear the whirr of the machines? Buzzing, with incredibly short pauses, while the deft fingers fix and turn at lightning speed. There they sit in rows, with head bent, shoulders rounded, feet glued to the recking treadle strick bearing treadless. rocking treadle, statch, statch, hour after hour, day after day; the only change soaping and hammering down stiff trimmings, or sitting still waiting for work. What maddening monotony

They are fine girls, these tailoresses possessing courage and self-respect. They are fighting the battle of all women wage-earners everywhere. They have been out five weeks, but they are solid in their determination not to accept the reduction.

#### Each for All.

This is a testing time for the workers in the other departments of the factory One section was asked by the firm:
"What work can you do in addition to your own?" Quick came the answer:
"We can do anything except that which

"We can do anything except that which the girls are on strike about."

Bravo, girls! That's loyal; but, O girls, I would ask you to do one more thing—join the Union quickly and all together. It is the best way to help the strikers, and it is your own best insurance against attempted reductions in hours' work."

Yet the quick workers manage to make
2½ dozen pairs in a week. Think of the
concentration, the nerve strain implied

strikers, and it is you own to be the ance against attempted reductions in
wages. By organisation you can also
secure the help of the legislature.

The Trades Council want to help you

But the pace is set by the quickest worker, who can earn the huge sum of 11s. 10½d. working full time. The firm

### THE CIGAR FACTORY.

Life in the factory was the most in-formal affair imaginable. Women came when they liked, bringing their food and the babies that were too young to be left behind; many were rocking a cradle with one foot while they worked. When the workers were tired they went home, for theirs was piece-work. They had discarded their mantillas and placed the flower that is worn in the hair in some glass or not of rolled the wet tobacco leaf. Some took no notice of my intrusion; some of the more modest resented it, I fear, for costumes that served for the stifling workrooms were very unconventional. Others boldly asked for some money on behalf of their babies, and I paid tribute workroom "hands" in the dressmaking department is 12s. The firm's costumes are sold for as much as 9 guineas per frock.

Here is no question of foreign competition nor of small profits. Where are the fair wages?

The top wages for behalf of their babies, and I paid tribute of small change until my guide interfered, fearing, no doubt, that his opportunity of robbing me would dwindle to vanishing point. The girls made cigars and snuff; I don't know what the latter was like, but the former would have brought dire pangs to any but a

What humbug it is! This firm has grown rich within the memory of the townfolk; it controls many shops in the city.

The head of the firm has evolved from the lay preaching Liberalism of his rich days; he is now a Unionist Tariff Reformer: he has town mansion.

Spamard.

In the evening, about six o'clock, when the factory closes, and the girls come trooping out, their mantillas resumed, their poor finery worn with a grace that seems the birthright of the Sevillana, there was always a crowd of men beyond the gate that gives entrance to the courtyard. Husbands, sons, brothers, lovers—upon whose stubby, to the courtyard. Husbands, sons, brothers, lovers—upon whose stubby, unshaven faces you might have ground a nutmeg were waiting for their best-beloved; and it seemed to me, as the weeks passed away and my knowledge of the city grew, that the cigarreras were the real rulers of the night. Their songs were very beautiful. Many were in praise of Seville written Many were in praise of Seville, written by nameless, devout lovers of a city that yields to none known to me in fascination. Others were in praise of the open road and the beggar's life songs of small compass, with strange, haunting rhythms and simple refrain. I am not surprised that Prosper Mérimée was inspired to write an immortal story, and that Bizet set it to that moved even poor delirious Nietszche to praise.
"Memories and Music"—Anon.

# KNITTING FOR PROFIT. CAN BE MADE IN MINUTES

Knits socks, stockings, and all kinds of garments.
We supply you with work to any distance. TUITION FREE.

Machines for Cash or Easy Terms.

W. W. AUTOMATIC KNITTING MACHINE CO., 83, Southwark Street, London; 55, Oxford Street, W.: 192, Upper Street, N.

# THINGS DONE AND SAID.

# The Week's News for Women.

# INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION. Proposed Standing Court.

#### Mr. Churchill's Plan.

The discussions at the Trade Union Con gress on industrial arbitration, which ended n a re-passing of the resolution against compulsion, were followed on Wednesday by the publication of a Board of Trade scheme.

The details were set forth in a memoran dum to the Chambers of Commerce and Employers' and Workmen's Associations. In this document Mr. Churchill says:

"It is not proposed to curtail or replace any of the existing functions or practices under the Conciliation Act, nor in any re spect to depart from its voluntary and permissive character. The good offices of the Department will still be available to all in ndustrial circles for the settlement of disputes whenever opportunity offers; single arbitrators and conciliators will still be appointed whenever desired; special interventions will still be undertaken in special cases, and no element of compulsion will enter into any of these proceedings. But the time has now arrived when the scale of these operations deserves, and indeed requires, the creation of some more formal and permanen machinery; and, with a view to consolidat ing, expanding, and popularising the working of the Conciliation Act, I propose to set up a Standing Court of Arbitration."

The Court, which will sit wherever required, will be composed of three (or five) members, according to the wishes of the parties, with fees and expenses to members of the Court, and to the chairman during sit-

ngs.
It will be nominated by the Board of Trade

The first panel—of chairmen—will comprise persons of eminence and impartiality. The second will be formed of persons who, while preserving an impartial mind in regard to the particular dispute, are nevertheless drawn from the "employer class." The third panel will be formed of persons similarly drawn from the class of workmen and trade unjoinists.

Court, technical assessors may be appointed by the Board of Trade at the request of the Court or of the parties to assist in the de-liberations, but without any right to vote.

The failure of intervention by the Board of Trade in two or three recent disputes seems to have been taken to show the need of a permanent arbitration body.

Following so soon after the Trade Union

not objected to as such, but last week, voting on the card system, the figures registered against the motion for compulsion stood at 978,000 against 616,000. Last year the motion "murder."

Commenting on this meeting, the "Daily News" suggests to the Lord Chancellor that he should frame a new definition of "murder." was defeated by 1,300,000 votes against

The motion is in favour of conferring compulsory powers upon the Board of Trade "to inquire into any industrial dispute when requested by either party." It was further proposed that, "pending such inquiry and report, no strike or lock-out shall take place."

17,000 children were dressed to make a procession in connection with last week's Romanist Congress in London.

The orchestral concert of the Socialist Orchestra is to be given on Monday, October 26, not on Saturday next, as announced in error.

## THE COTTON CRISIS.

### A Second Ballot.

As this paper goes to press on a Wednes-lay, it was impossible to estimate for our readers the grave situation in Lancashire. The intervention of the Lord Mayor of Manhester had been rejected by the employers on the strange ground that it was informally offered; and a second ballot of the spinners, upon the employers' proposal that they should consent to a reduction in January instead of from to-morrow, was said to be in

rapid course of being taken.

Perhaps because their leaders had consented to take it, outside feeling was rather more hopeful of a settlement. The notices will expire to-morrow; but after a meeting of the councils of the Amalgamated Association Spinners and Card and Blowing Room Operatives, Mr. Marsland stated that the outlook was hopeful.

The opinion, too, on the Manchester Stock Exchange was that in view of the postponement to January no immediate strike need be

Throughout Lancashire the prospects of unemployment are dark for the winter.

### DAISY LORD.

## The Trafalgar Square Meeting.

A demonstration of the Women's Freedom League was held in Trafalgar Square on Saturday to demand the release of Daisy Lord. Two platforms were formed on the plinth of the Nelson Column, Mrs. Cobden Saunderson presiding at one and Mrs. Des-

Mrs. Saunderson said that Daisy Lord, who was friendless and deserted, felt it best for her child to die, and a greater crime than hers had been committed against her in the name of justice. The Judge commanded the jury to find her guilty of murder, and spared her nothing in the way of legal torture when he passed sentence. Such a verdict would not have been passed

Such a verdict would not have been passed with women on the jury.

Mrs. Despard moved: "That this meeting calls upon the Home Secretary, taking into account the suffering endured by Daisy Lord and the mental and physical torture while she was lying under sentence of death, to order her immediate release; they also entreat the Government so to revise the penal code as to make a death penalty or a sentence of penal servitude for life in similar cases impossible."

Mr. Joseph McCade, Mr. Clayton, Mrs. Following so soon after the Trade Union Congress, where the subject was discussed at length, this announcement arouses lively interest in the Labour world.

The Congress declared emphatically against the principle of compulsion. Arbitration is

## UNEMPLOYMENT.

September 18, 1908

### The Glasgow Riots.

Speaking at Slaithwaite on Sunday, at a meeting presided over by Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., said that the next twelve months were going to be twelve nonths of horror. As to the Glasgow roubles, people who were starving, workless nd homeless, had no right to be orderly.

A big demonstration of Socialists in the oldressed by Mr. Cuninghame Graham. ()ne esolution, passed with great enthusiasm. declared the Right to Work. Another was in the following terms: -

"This meeting of Glasgow citizens learns with indignation of the conduct of the police iuring the present agitation as shown in the inwarranted drawing of batons at Cathedral Square, the needless and dangerous dispersal of the crowd in George Square on Wednesday night by constables, horse and foot, and the deavours to incite leaders to a breach of the peace; and calls upon the magistrates to at once remove the plain-clothes officer who ordered the drawing of batons last Sunday, and to take such steps as will secure the free. om of orderly demonstration."

Charles Bawn, for using "inflammatory language" in George Square, was sent to prison last week for fourteen days, and ordered to find security for "good behaviour" during six months. If no security be forthcoming, he will be kept a prisoner for six weeks.

Thomas Kerr, the leader of the agitation. was electoral organiser for Mr. Allen, the Socialist shipowner. He is described by a roung Scotsman of the commercial class, with a keen face, a tremendous fund of earnestness, and transparent sincerity. He s very musical, and among other recreations dressed, with a heavy watch-chain, spotless ollar, neat tie, and umbrella, he is marked out amid his usually ill-clad followers."

#### Trouble at Manchester

The Manchester unemployed attended on Sunday a service held on their behalf by Bishop Welldon. The Bishop closed it summarily because they applauded (after ramping in late), and then one man tried to move a resolution. A loud voluntary on the organ prevented this and dismissed

#### Other Cities.

A relief fund has been started for Liver-

The Birmingham City Council on Tuesday passed a resolution to lay out an allotment garden and to plant trees in suburban roads by way of making work. Mr. W. Brown said he would rather sink the money in establishing some trade, and mentioned toy-making as one which might be suitably taken up, as most toys are made abroad; but Mr. Brown's amendment was not accepted.

A rich woman in New York has paid £80 an ounce for a toy dog.

#### THE RELEASED SUFFRAGETTES. WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

#### A Splendid Welcome. Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

#### Branch Activities.

The sole value of the imprisonment o Suffragists is the opportunity it gives for such demonstrations as that of Wednesday Reports have come in from man branches, and show a very varied activity It is stimulating for one branch to see wha another is doing, and to have a health rivalry in their programmes and proposals. The first report is sent by Miss Cecili Mitchell, secretary of the Handsworth branch, near Birmingham. morning, when four of their number were released from Holloway-Miss Haig, Miss Miss Howey, and Miss Wentworth. Miss Haig, an artist in Chelsea, was one of the excluded deputation to the House of

# Commons on June 30, and in the evening she A Good Record of Four Months. mingled with the crowd and was arrested. mingred with the crowd and was arrested. Miss Joachim, a niece of the great violinist, was in the same case. Miss Howey, who has done good work in by-elections, lives with her mother at Malvern, and Miss Vera Wentworth, one of the youngest and brightest members of the W.S.P.U., is one of the assistant organisers of the Union. To greet them at their release members wore white dresses and regalia in their colours—purple, white, and green. They had a carriage ready to take their comrades to the Queen's Hall, where a complimentary breakfast was served; and, as usual, as many as could do so harnessed themselves to the shafts. A great queue of the general public, men and women, fell into line behind. The carriage was decorated with flowers, and one of the large silk banners carried before it. At the breakfast scenes of great enthusiasm continued. The chair was taken by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. When it was over the procession was re-formed, the "Suffragette team" again drawing the carriage by way of Oxford Street, New Oxford Street, and Kingsway to Clements Inn, the head-quarters. Miss Joachim, a niece of the great violinist,

"The Handsworth branch was formed on May 5, 1908. It started with 13 members. Since its foundation there has been a steady increase in the membership, which has now reached 22. Interest has also been shown in our meetings by others, who have not been in a position to take any active part in the work.

"We have interested ourselves in an overcrowding case, and tried to get the Distress Committee to move in the case of an un-employed widow with children, but without

for women.

"The branch intends to inquire into the number of underfed school children in the district with a view to getting the Provision of Meals Act enforced next winter. Two members regularly attend the local council meetings.

meetings.

"The sale of The Woman Worker has increased steadily since the commencement of the branch: during the last fortnight it was over seven dozen. Numbers of women are being reached through its means who would otherwise never take any interest in the work of the party. of the party.
"One public meeting has been held—on

A still warmer greeting was due to-day to the remaining prisoner Miss Phillips, who for a slight and excusable offence against discipline had been kept two days longer.

Miss Pankhurst, writing in the "Weekly Dispatch," says that her sole misbehaviour August 22 (open air)—and an address given by Miss Margaret Smith, B.A., with very satisfactory results, i.e., increase of member-ship and increased popularity for the

Dispatch, says that her sole misbehaviour was an attempt to send out a little reassuring note to her mother, who was, she feared, fretting with anxiety. Miss Phillips is her only child, and she herself is frail of health, though she cheerfully gave up her daughter to the movement, which lies very near to her own heart. The branch is helping the Central Birmingham branch in sale of work, and will take part later in the election campaign of (we will hope) Birmingham's first woman

councillor.
"On an outing to Warley Woods on September 1 for the mothers in the Handsworth district, between 60 and 70 had a most enjoy-

her own heart.
"I only wanted to tell her I was quite
well and quite jolly, and that she must not
worry, but keep well till my release," Miss
Phillips said to Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who

saw her in prison.

Being a Scotswoman, she was to find the carriage decked with heather and thistles, attended by a bodyguard wearing Glengarry caps and their tartans, and played along with the pipes.

This evening all free.

Miss able time.

"The branch holds a meeting every fortnight at different members' houses, and hopes to arrange a public indoor meeting soon."

Glasgow Has a Press Committee.

Glasgow has a Press Committee and of its members. Glasgow has a Press Committee, and one of its members, Miss Hannan, sends an account of that branch's progress. The branch is less than two months old, and has a membership of 60 or 70, including the best working women in the I.L.P. Miss Hannan says: with the pipes.

This evening all five prisoners are to have a reception at the Portman Rooms.

On Sunday afternoon there will be a demonstration of seven platforms on Durdham Downs. A vigorous campaign is being led at Newcastle, where the mobbing of Mrs.

Despard was hotly resented by decent people and the presented.

"We know of more good women who will join us when we have had time to go and ask them.
"We are divided off into committees as suggested in circular sent from the National Executive. Our secretary has already arranged to get into touch with the women of the trades unions.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

Where it Failed.

Mr. P. Snowden, M.P., accuses the Trades

"We are having an 'At Home' on September 24 to raise funds. The women of the branch are contributing the necessary food

#### Old Age Pensions Committee.

Mr. P. Snowden, M.P., accuses the Trades Union Congress of a grave oversight:

"At a time like the present, when the state of the employment market is worse than it has been for many years, the one thing beyond all others which the Trade Union Congress should have done was to impress the country with the seriousness of the situation." old Age Pensions Committee.

"We are agitating through the Press, and wherever we can make our influence felt, to get more women on the Old Age Pensions Committee.

"We are agitating through the Press, and wherever we can make our influence felt, to get more women on the Old Age Pensions Committee. The committee is proposed to consist of forty-five, and so far only three women seem to have been nominated.

"I believe the women are well supported in the voting. This agitation is to be kept up next year and onwards, till the proposition is more like that of the pensioners, besidise trade unions for unemployment."

It would be well if all our branches would

was discussed, and the petition signed by the members. Three new members joined, and the president, Mrs. Lowis, set them all in competition as to the best method of making their meetings successful. Some of the women have undertaken the petition, and will canvass for signatures.

#### Success in Spite of Nervousness.

Benwell new branch found that in spite of nervousness their meeting was all right, and the secretary says: "I think this branch will be a success, as we will put forth every effort to do good work and increase our membership." Mrs. Johnson, from the Barrow W.L.L., has come to reside in this district. and her experience and help in the work of the League is gladly welcomed. A Labour Councillor is invited to address next meeting on "How the W.L.L. can best help the Labour Party."

#### Social Reform and Sociability.

The Gateshead branch (secretary, Miss Grace Lloyd) is very much alive, and is tryfrace Lloyd) is very much arree, and is trying to rouse the women in neighbouring towns. Their first social was held on the 9th inst., and proved an immense success. The LLP. room, which had been granted free for the occasion, was crowded. The artistes were well received, and altogether a most received a creative was great. were well received, and altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mrs. L. E. Simm presided, and at the close a vote of thanks to all who had contributed to the evening's entertainment was proposed by Mrs. Howie, and seconded by the secretary. An increase of membership is anticipated as a result. A petition for Daisy Lord was on evidence at the door, and many signatures were obtained.

#### The Open Door.

Blyth women are having a time of visitation in order that their members may all be rallied to take active share of the winter work. "I believe in keeping an open door," says the enthusiastic president. "Closing the meetings for holidays only unsettles things." So they have to make up their minds to work at Blyth, so long as Mrs.

#### District Conference in Tyneside.

All the North-Eastern branches are looking orward to the district conference at Blyth on the 26th inst. Mrs. J. R. MacDonald will on the 26th inst. Mrs. J. R. MacDonald will be there, and arrangements are being made to hold a public meting after tea, in cooperation with the local branch of the LLP. The Blyth members of the W.L.L. will be making "girdle cakes" and all such luxuries for the lucky delegates. How we wish other Leaguers from afar off could join us.

#### In Belfast.

Miss Bulla read a thoughtful paper on the "Sweated Industries Exhibition" to the Belfast League. She gave a graphic description of conditions in such trades as umbrellacovering, fur-pulling, shirt making and finishing, the carding of hooks and eyes, chain-making, and box-making. With its tale of soul-worn lives, and the unutterable pathos of child labour, the paper would have been gloomy but for its gleams of the tenderest humour.

derest humour.

Miss Bulla's conclusion was that the help-lessness of individual efforts to relieve such evils makes the need for national action, and in a short discussion that followed local instances of sweating in the linen trade were

## World's Council for Women.

The Geneva meeting of the International Council of Women, which terminated on aturday last, is considered to have been one of the most successful gatherings ever held with council.

benefits.
"No Government could ever dream of handing over public money to voluntary organisations to be spent in the relief of their members. If Government grants for that purpose were made, it would certainly require some form of Government control of the trade unions, and that is not a thing to which the unions would submit."

seven women in each ten."

It would be well if all our branches would consider this matter of getting labour women on to Old Age Pensions Committees. We do not want the old people to be dependent on the C.O.S. type of investigator.

Another Young Branch.

Shildon new branch reports a very interesting meeting, when the case of Daisy Lord sidered,



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