

# The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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

[FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 20. [NEW SERIES.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1908.

ONE PENNY.

## CONTENTS.

### THE SUFFRAGE FIGHT

J. J. MALLON.

### A CHILD'S SONG: *A Fantasia*

ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

The Last Word

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Story of a Great Treachery

MARGARET McMILLAN.

Oratory—*Mr. Churchill at Dundee*

K. SNOWDEN.

The Cry of the Collar Makers

J. J. MALLON.

An Unknown Heroine

A NURSE ON HOLIDAY.

Some Sunday Thoughts

W. F. A.

A Book of the Hour—*Two Englishwomen in Italy*

K. SNOWDEN.

Short Story—*"Concerning some Daffodils"*

A. NEIL LYONS.

Story Sketch—*"Betty"*

ANNIE H. PERRY.

Serial Story—*"Barbara West"*

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Home Notes

DOROTHY WORRALL.

The Children's Page

PEG.

Our Prize Page—*Anecdotes and Fancies*

Employment Bureau

PANDORA.

Talks with the Doctor

Dr. X.Y.Z.

For Poor Mothers

EDA BERLON.

Readings—

*A Letter to God* - J. M. BARRIE.  
*The Simple Life* - Sterne.

Verse—

*A Song of Dead Leaves* - ETHEL CARNIE.  
*A Word for Women* - AUGUSTA BENNETT.  
*The Old Soldier* - ROSE E. SHARLAND.  
*Bravery* - MABEL SILVESTER.  
*Pippa's Bed-thought* - Browning.  
*The Mask* - Lowell

Women's Labour League

Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.

Correspondence—*The Suffrage; Sex or Class; Female Slaves in Canada.*

News of the Week—*The Sign of the Skull; The Suffrage Campaign.*

## AN UNKNOWN HEROINE OF REAL LIFE.

On a hot September day, when returning from a cycling holiday in the West of England, I came across an up-to-date heroine.

In the distance ahead of me I had espied her. She was swinging along with an easy, lissom grace that distinguishes the rational corset-free garb. The colour and style of her costume suggested refinement, while the shape of her shoes told me that she was an inveterate walker.

For a brief spell I had lost sight of her. Then, turning a sharp angle in the road, I saw her sitting down on a bank whereon the wild thyme grew, with THE WOMAN WORKER spread out upon her knees. She was eating an apple and a hard wholemeal biscuit with evident relish.

As I approached she looked up, and our eyes met.

Oh, the look in their lovely violet-tinted depths! I shall never forget it. It was so winsome and appealing that I longed to stay and gaze into them, and gauge the depth of feeling, or probe the story of the past, that had filled them with such wonderful lights and painted in the shadows.

She was hatless, and her brown hair was tastefully arranged like a crown on the top of her head; and, as I passed slowly onwards, I found myself trying to guess her age.

Now, we women are not as a rule clever at this kind of guessing, and I mentally decided that, judging by her fresh complexion and her mobile features—not the least attractive of which was the sensitive pink mouth—she might be a trifle older than myself—something between thirty and forty.

Well, she caught me up and offered to help trundle my bike along. And later I fairly gasped when she told me that in a few months she would be fifty.

However she had kept her youthfulness, her slimness, and her vim, I was quite at a loss to understand, especially when I learned that she was married and had reared a family—had been a "white slave," in fact, for over thirty years, ever since, when a girl of eighteen, she had left the comforts of a refined home of the upper middle-class to mate with a human sheep—a man who could only do as others do.

The story of her struggles to develop all that was purest and noblest in life, bereft of sympathy and appreciation in her family, appealed at once to my enthusiasm.

Here was neither a wooden nor a waxen doll, but a tender, yet capable, womanly woman, full of intellectual

and physical vigour—a woman with high ideals and beautiful aspirations that transported one into the middle of next century, yet chained by duty to the meanest drudgery of the home, and to a daily fight to keep the wolf from the door.

Incidentally, I found out that, with a true heroine's spirit, she was the mainstay of three homes, and that only by dint of much self-denial was she able to afford a meagre threepence a day for her own diet.

When I questioned the possibility of maintaining health, or even life itself, on such a trifle, you may imagine my astonishment and admiration as she added that she had been not only perfectly well for over five years of such rigid economy, but through frugality, exercise, and absolute cleanliness had been able to check the growth of inherited cancer-germs, and to keep in abeyance all the usual ailments.

She was a miracle—a marvel of self-control and vitality; a woman worker fitted by years of self-abnegation and unconscious training to lead other workers in the battle of life; able, by a strong, beautiful influence, to lift her sisters from the rut, and to prevent them turning, as most women long before they are fifty do turn, into hard-faced, stolid monuments of indifference.

Here was one who had developed all along the line in the most adverse of conceivable circumstances—buried alive with stagnant humans.

She had abstained for twenty years from all that was harmful and unnecessary to her general well-being. Imagine the force of her personality, and you will understand. At that time she had hovered on the brink of the grave, and had spent all her savings on doctors, patent medicines, foods, &c.; and then she resolved by her own efforts to save herself from death or chronic invalidism.

If one woman, unaided and alone, can accomplish so much, others may, I thought.

The woman who grows old gracefully and imperceptibly is she who rises early and keeps herself well in hand, and allows herself to turn from the narrow family track to the larger human interests.

My heroine, an obscure martyr, unknown to any association or society, was a cultured Socialist, an indomitable Suffragette, and an enthusiastic food reformer. If influence and experience count for anything in the great issues we have at stake, she ought to be placed in the fore-front of the battle we are fighting for woman's freedom.

It would please me to divulge her name and address to any one desiring to know her.

A NURSE ON HOLIDAY.

## Some Sunday Thoughts.

By a Man.

Did Jesus Christ ever say, "Love your neighbour as yourself?"  
Did he? If so, did he mean it? And if he did say it, and mean it, why don't we do so?

Is it wise—is it right—for different persons in the same trade to compete so fiercely one against another that the weakest "go to the wall," or, in plain words, become paupers, and the strongest have to keep them? What would Jesus do?

Do I personally know what are the feelings of a man "going to the wall?" The worry, anxiety, and fear?

The worry when my accounts are overdue, and I begin to get "straight" letters, then threatening ones. Anxiety as to what will become of me, my dear loving wife, my innocent little children. Fear so great and real that when I meet a man I dread him—think he may be the County Court officer bringing me a summons or a writ, or coming to take possession.

Do I know what it is to despair, to give up hope, to buy the pistol, the poison, or the knife?

Are these things going on to-day? Must they always do so? Cannot something be done to alter them? If so, what?

Toryism has had a long innings, also Liberalism. Isn't it true? Why haven't these things been altered?

What does it mean to be out of work? Not just for a few days, so that I can have a holiday and go to the White City, or shoot grouse in Scotland; but for weeks and months, with no likelihood of getting work.

How does it feel to go out in the morning with an empty belly, in the cold, crisp air, to tramp miles, to ask continually for a job, and as often to be refused? To come home tired, jaded, disappointed, and hungry, to see those whom I love getting thinner and paler, hear the cry of the children for bread (not luxuries) and have none to give?

How does it feel to see the home that is so dear to me—the little nick-nacks, some of them saved from childhood; books, Sunday school rewards (ah, happy days of childhood!), and other things—going bit by bit; some sold outright, and some taken with our clothes to "uncle's"? (That is the name some of us know it by: you would perhaps call it the pawnbroker's shop).

Is there no money in the country? Is there a famine in the land?

Or is it true that England is richer to-day than ever, and that there is enough for all? Then why don't all share in it? Why, I wonder?

How does it feel to see the judge put on the black cap and pass sentence of death in awful words? How does it feel to have that sentence commuted to penal servitude for life? What are the feelings of one who has had such an experience, to find out that it was only a farce, and to hear from those in authority, "We never meant to hang her," and

"We didn't mean her to serve a life sentence"?

Has there not been a stir in the country about a case of this sort—a large signing of petitions and large meetings held? Did those in authority say what they did before the stir or after?

Would they have said it if there had been no stir? I don't know, but I wonder when I think about it.

Is this law, to torture a poor young thing needlessly?

If so, who made the law: men, or women, or fools? Liberals or Tories? And who keeps it on the statute-book, eh?

What a funny time we live in! Will it get better or worse? If worse, what shall we do? If better, who is going to bring a change about? What will be the means used?

I don't know; but I wonder.

W. F. A.

## SONG OF THE DEAD LEAVES.

We once were young and green and fair,  
Birds sang amongst us all day long;  
Now we are hustled here and there  
Between the footsteps of the throng—  
As if in mirth we gaily dance.

But listen to our sobbing hymn,  
Mourning the dire and awful chance  
That lured us from the forest dim.

Our dearest wish is just to find  
Some peaceful nook where we may rest,  
And hide from this wild, drunken wind  
That blows and blows: a swallow's nest.

We shadowed from too curious eyes  
In the bright days now long gone by,  
When blue were all the leaning skies;  
But none may save us—we must die!

And lie unburied at the end  
Beneath a hedge all bleak and bare,  
Where whistling winds for ever wend—  
Till violets come to scent the air,  
And the dear boughs we left behind  
Quick bud again to glory green:  
Whilst grey we fly before the wind,  
Forgot as we had never been.

ETHEL CARNIE.

## SIR JOHN GORST AND CHILDREN.

Speaking at the Leeds Coliseum on Saturday, Sir John Gorst said that he felt an indignation when he heard the expression "pauper child." There was no such thing. For hundreds of years there had been a legal right of every child to be maintained, in the absence of its parents, by the community at large; and a virtuous and righteous Government ought to enforce the law.

I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of imagination. What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth.—KEATS.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE.

It was a little farmhouse, surrounded by about twenty acres of vineyard, nearly as much corn, and close to the house on one side was a kitchen-garden of an acre and a half, full of everything that could make plenty in a French peasant's house; and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. I walked directly into the house. The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy of grand-children. They were all sitting down together to their lentil soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table, and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast; it was a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table. My heart had sat down the moment I entered the room, so I took my place like a son of the family; and, to invest myself with the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty slice; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this—or, tell me, Nature, what else was it—that made this morsel so sweet; and to what magic did I owe it that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious that the flavour remains upon my palate to this hour?

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock on the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls all ran together into a back apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had in his earlier years been no mean performer upon the guitar; and, old as he was then, he touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sang now and then a little of the tune, now leaving off, and then joining her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. The old man, as soon as the dance ended, told me that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice, believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. "Or a learned prelate, either," said I.

STERNE.

Socialism at the present day seems to be the only scheme that is at all complete, has a universal moral appeal, and evokes prophetic fervour.—REV. PERCY DEARMER at the Church Congress.

## THE CRY OF THE COLLAR-MAKERS.

By J. J. Mallon.

When I got to Rotherhithe the meeting was already in progress. The factory is working short time, and the girls are liberated in the afternoon.

They crowded round a chair, from which Miss Macarthur, suffering from a bad cold, waged brave but ineffectual battle with a hundred distractions. For the railway line flanked our meeting-place, and the shrill engines did their worst; a swarm of juveniles rowdied on the outskirts of the throng; and among the girls themselves—at this point divided as to the justice of the strike—noisy feuds and bickerings broke out.

Miss Macarthur's fame had evidently preceded her, and round about the meeting women stood at their doorways nursing their babies or with arms akimbo, and called out embarrassing comments.

## "Mrs. McCarthy."

"That's 'er; that's Mrs. McCarthy," said one of them, pointing her finger at the orator. "I've heard 'er before."

And her neighbour, listening to the speech on tiptoe, expressed approval. "She's gort it all orf, she 'as."

The long battle against impossible odds was given up at last, just as the sun set in a blaze of crimson light. The clamour at this time had a thousand tongues, and a momentary appearance of the manager, who came into the audience, completed the confusion. Miss Macarthur retired for a minute's rest, while the rest of us set about to find a hall where all the girls might meet and discuss their differences.

A kindly clergyman placed a room at our disposal, and in this a couple of hundred girls were soon assembled. Then we began to understand the situation.

Messrs. Rogers are collar-makers of good repute. Most of the girls have been with them for some years, and have earned comparatively good wages. But of late there have been reductions, accepted meekly by the departments concerned.

## The Quarrel.

Last week, in one department, twenty-three girls were notified of reductions affecting four kinds of work. After discussion, they were willing to accept three of these reductions, but definitely refused the fourth. The employer, on his part, was unyielding. The valiant twenty-three, feeling they had done as much towards compromise as could be expected from them, marched out, and, with the address of veterans, made their plans for the war. Pickets were appointed, and a deputation. The Women's Trade Union League was importuned.

Then the employer addressed himself to the non-strikers, some of whose work was interfered with by the withdrawal of the twenty-three.

He told them the strikers were receiving great salaries, and had been headstrong and unreasonable. He told them they had refused compromise, and had used (shocking thought) bad lan-

guage! And the other girls, less well-paid, said to themselves, "Why should these strike, when we in a worse case have not done so?" So they hardened their hearts; and a few, with general approval, blacklegged the strikers.

But at the meeting we heard a different story. For the strikers produced their wages books, and showed that, though in a swell of work, 27s. or 28s. might be earned in a given week, yet, averaging bad weeks with good, the very best workers would not earn more than 17s., and the less skilful would receive, maybe, 12s. or 13s.

## Cost of Living.

And so we got to business. For Miss Macarthur asked the girls to help her to ascertain the cost of living in Rotherhithe, and we all took out paper and pencil, and sat down to a sum in domestic economy.

We agreed that we could not get a really tip-top apartment for less than 4s. a week. Breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, and dinner (cutting wine, of course), would, we felt, be unsatisfactory—you know what cooks are!—on less than 1s. On boots and fares we should lay out a weekly 1s. 6d. But here the average wage for some even of the best-paid girls was spent; and as yet we had put no penny into the savings bank, we had not paid for THE WOMAN WORKER, we had not purchased any clothes!

"What about washing?" cried one girl.

But this was foolish, for, obviously, if she had no clothes she need not bother about washing them. And we told her so.

Then Miss Macarthur asked if girls in Rotherhithe had ever heard of a theatre, if they ever went into the country, if they ever laid out a little pocket-money, if they craved a holiday in summer? But it was unnecessary to labour the matter further.

The girls were now entirely united; and when they were asked if they still thought the strikers—very expert, highly-skilled operatives—got too much wages, they roared a unanimous negative.

## A New Speaker.

So we were a happy and sympathetic audience when Esther Dicks got her chance, and told again her very impressive narrative of the Edmonton strike, and the splendid results that had followed it.

Esther improves each time she speaks, and at this meeting she took bantering interruptions quickly and happily, and was really a great success.

Three of the work-girls followed. They all spoke well, one so remarkably that we rubbed our eyes.  
Could this really be an untrained worker—this girl with ample words, thoughtful men, and a grasp on great, broad principles? Afterwards she said she was; and she gave us great pleasure by attributing some of her keenness to THE WOMAN WORKER, which for weeks she has been assiduously reading.

At the end we expressed, with unanimity and enthusiasm, our sympathy with the strikers, and our hope for their success in resisting the reductions. We formed a branch of the Federation, and made arrangements for an extended campaign, if, unfortunately, this should be necessary.

The writer hopes it will not be necessary. As has been said, the firm has a good repute, and the girls do not want to quarrel with it. They are exceptionally bright girls, such as a good firm ought to want to retain.

Messrs. Rogers will serve their own and the general interest by retaining them.

## THE OLD SOLDIER.

Old snow-hair! it was time thy faltering feet

Were set on some more kindly way than this.

Thou shouldst have had, not the inclement street,

But sweet home-joys, and some dear woman's kiss

To bless thy parting days; but ah! instead,

I see thee wander slow from door to door

With trifling wares that hardly earn the bread

That keeps alive: and yet thou art four score!

So once they called thee gallant, strong, and brave,

Those long years since when thou wert called to fight.

Ah! almost better some Crimean God! Than this hard fight for food. Gave!

is it right

That men whom once this England called her own,

Who served her in her hour of direst need,

Should daily wander weary miles alone, And scarce persuade a heartless world to heed?

Old snow-hair! if the key of Circumstance

Were in my hand, then would I open the gate

To ease and quiet, where the tender glance

Of love should fall upon thee: soon and late

Should kindness watch thy every want and learn

How best to serve thee, so thy life's short lease

Should never more for creature comforts yearn,

But all thy golden hours be full of peace.

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

Strange that no attempt has yet been made, in any country, to found a factory system without calling upon mere children to pay the biggest sacrifice in life and limb.—"Co-operative News."

It is not right that workgirls and shop-girls should be expected—almost encouraged—to escape from the bondage of an insufficient wage by "being good to some man who can afford to be good to them."—Said at the Church Congress.

## A Bard at the Braes.

### THE STORY OF A GREAT TREACHERY.

By Margaret McMillan.

The islands have never become real industrial centres. The only great product they turn out is men—men and women, but especially men.

Even to-day you learn this when you enter a tiny post office and see the picture of a huge Highlander going off to the wars, or a "strong man" going to throw the hammer at Oban. The chiefs' only title to the land was the strength and devotion of their followers; and in quite modern days—in the beginning of the last century—if you asked many a Highland laird, "How much money have you?" he would look puzzled and say, "I have a thousand men," or "I have five hundred clansmen."

But in the earlier half of the nineteenth century the chiefs began to think that men were not the only kind of wealth. The kelp industry made a few people rich, and when it died the land was wanted for sheep and deer.

#### A Loyal People.

The Braes people did not learn this for a long, long time. They loved their chief, just as their fathers had loved his fathers for ages. And this is a point to remember. For love transformed is something quite different from mere revolt, as one can see by what follows.

Benlee is a green, dark mountain flanking the Braes, one of whose townships nestles very near its base. For centuries it had been used by the Braes crofters as a grazing ground. The croft land was divided, but grazing ground was held by the Highlanders in common. They had every right to it that human beings can have to anything in this world. Everyone recognised this. When the Uist people, or others from the West, wanted to use Benlee as a resting-place for their droves on their way to the markets, they always paid the Braes people a small sum as rent.

The lairds and their friends declared later that the Braes people had always paid rent to them for this hill. The fact is that they paid for their little patches of arable land near the sea, and that the right of grazing ground was included in this rent. Every township had seven crofts occupied by seven tenants. (There was an eighth croft for the shepherd; but this last croft was withdrawn in the latter half of the century, and no reduction of rent offered.) And the right to the grazing-ground was included from time out of mind.

#### A Hard Laird.

In 1865 the people were told that Benlee was leased to a tenant, and that there was to be no reduction in rent.

"What! Benlee!" they said, troubled. "But Benlee is our grazing-ground. What does it mean?"

The factor told them that in 1882 the lease of the new tenant of Benlee would be out, and that they should not say anything, but "just wait for a few years."

And the Highlanders, always anxious to oblige and please the chief, actually made no further protest.

Then hard times came.

Their horses went first. In 1865 every man had a horse, and some had two or three. The little stock of sheep and cattle next began to dwindle; while all the time they were paying for the grazing of three or four times the number of animals they had left to feed. The arable ground is very poor. The oats can be used only for fodder. Every year hunger drew nearer, like the greedy waves that creep up the shore.

#### Vain Hopes.

"In 1882," they said, "things will be better, and that good year is drawing nigh."

They were actually waiting out of politeness—the strange people! That is so like them, in small things and big. And meanwhile the factor had let the hill on a new lease.

When 1882 came, Lord MacDonald of the Isles, their chief and landlord, refused to lower the rent or to give back Benlee.

The crofters, having lodged their petition and appealed in vain, withheld the payments falling due; and then the chief sent a sheriff's officer and a ground officer from Portree to serve summonses of removal, and also small debt summonses for rent.

#### Open Eyes at Last.

But the people were now broad awake. After a sleep of centuries they awoke.

It was no depressed and devitalised slum population that Lord MacDonald had to deal with. True, they were only a handful of men; no matter. These poor folk, with their high and gracious manners, and their mortal fear of giving offence, are swift in action. (In battle their fathers were always—a hurricane!) Little boys were posted as sentinels over the hill, and long before the officers arrived at the skirts of the townships a crowd of two hundred men and women were waiting to meet them.

"Thoir dhuinn iad" (Give them to us), said Donald Nicolson, pointing to the summonses in the sheriff's officer's hand. The officer wavered.

"Surely you know me," he said in a gentle, coaxing voice. "Why, Donald, I came here by the sheriff's order."

Donald Nicolson fixed his dark eyes on the timid man. Donald was nearly seventy years old, but in his eyes an anger blazed, so clear, so bright, so free from sullen hate, that the sheriff blinked and trembled. The papers fell on the road—all save one, which had been taken by a dark-haired young man called Ewen Robertson.

#### A Dramatic Scene.

"Pick these up, Ewen," said the old Highlander with a splendid gesture; and then he turned to speak to Alexander Finlayson, a man of seventy, whose ancestors had been crofters at the Braes for countless generations. Alexander was rather frail, but to-day he looked strangely upright, and his eyes also were the eyes of a young man.

"Light a fire," said Donald Nicolson after a little consultation with his friend, and the next moment the younger men were blowing on a peat.

The sheriff's officer stood by for a moment. In his heart he was grieved to have angered Nicolson, who had often been kind to him, and then he was ashamed of feeling safe here after all. He noticed that the men had left their hooks on the shore. Suddenly, as the flame fell, he stepped forward:

"Let me try," he said, and puffing out his rosy cheeks he blew and blew till the flame blazed up, when he flung the summonses into it with energy.

But a few days later the sheriff himself, with a body of police (in all forty-seven), a number of county constabulary, and the leading county officials, invaded Skye and made a swift and secret descent on the Braes. It was a cold, dark morning. Silent and empty was the winding road along which they passed—a grim procession. When they came to the narrow ledge-like path, with the steep brae above and the great precipice below, the inspector looked grave.

A few yards beyond they met the Braes men and women. This time these carried weapons.

At first there was an attempt at arbitration. The old men spoke and were answered. But the time for parleying was really over. The police drew their batons, and charged.

#### Red Blood and Black.

They were met in a fashion that somewhat astonished them.

The Braesmen were more than trained soldiers: they were born soldiers. With a rush they gained the height above the road and began to hurl down stones, while a detachment flew to bar the way beyond the pass, and cut off the escape of the policemen. The glens rang with a shout that was heard two miles away.

It was at this moment that an incident occurred which seems to throw a torch-light not only on the Braesmen but on their whole race and its history.

The centre of the whole fight was still the elder croftsmen—five ringleaders, foremost among whom stood old Donald Nicolson and his friend Finlayson. Though blood stained their white hairs, they were leading the Braesmen. The sheriff approached them.

"Come," said he, in soft, almost tender accents. "Are we Highlanders—or foemen? Why! Donald!"

At these words Donald's anger went out like a flame. Alexander Finlayson's stern lips relaxed. Into the faces of Peter MacDonald, and James, the son of Nicolson, the generous blood mounted, and every angry eye was dimmed as if with tears.

They held out their hands to meet the outstretched hands of the sheriff and his officers.

This is how the sheriff handcuffed them.

#### THE POET'S SONG.

And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away."  
TENNYSON.

## A CHILD'S SONG.

A Fantasia: By Robert Blatchford.

There is a poem I'm rather fond of, written by a man named Swinburne. They don't read Swinburne in the northern factory towns, and would not think him respectable if they did; but I'm Bohemian, and I like him better than Mrs. Grundy.

Yes. And this poem is a special favourite of mine. I call it an economic poem, and use its final lines as a "theory of value." Thus:

"Gold is worth but gold;  
Love's worth love."

If you think about those words for a good long while you will see that there is something in them: quite as much as in several chapters of Professor Jerams.

But it is of another part of this little poem—it is quite a little one—that I wished to speak. It runs like this:

What is gold worth, say,  
Worth for work or play,  
Worth to keep or pay,  
Hide or throw away,  
Hope about or fear?

What is gold worth? To most men it is worth less than power; to some few it is worth less than love.

There was a man, not a poet, who said the sense of power constituted happiness. He was a wise man; but he was wrong. The sense of power is grateful to men; so is the sense of virtue. But—happiness!

While the rose tints are fading out of the evening sky, and while the robin sings his vesper hymn amongst the thinner and sallow foliage of the chestnut tree, I will tell you a queer little story: about a—King.

The King sat in his private audience chamber, along with his chief of the army staff, his Prime Minister, and one of his Cardinals. He had just signed a treaty of peace: a treaty which closed, victoriously for him, a long and desperate war. He reclined in his great chair, one arm hanging down, the pen still in his hand, and looked pensively at the darkening sky behind the tree tops: as I did just now—while my tea went cold.

"It is a great victory, sire," said the Prime Minister, "the crowning triumph of a glorious reign. Your majesty should be happy."

"Happy?" said the King. "Does victory bring happiness?" And he looked at the Cardinal.

"The glory is to God," said the Cardinal.

"But, under heaven," said the Army Chief, "there is honour to his majesty's victorious arms."

"And," said the Premier, "to his majesty's genius, courage, and virtue."

"What say you, Cardinal?" the King asked. "May we be happy?"

"Truly, sire," answered the holy man. "On what warranty may we be happy?" the King asked. "For happy we are not, father."

"Your majesty," said the Cardinal, "by warranty of the Holy Word: 'well done, good and faithful.' Have you not fought valiantly? Have you not been faithful? Have you not considered your people and your allies? Have you not

fought and worked for the right; thought of others before yourself; given freedom to one nation and security to another; restored justly; rewarded generously? Have you not lived a life of honour and of service, blessing many and wronging none? A reign crowded with noble deeds; a people full of gratitude and reverence; troops of friends. Do I flatter his majesty, gentlemen?"

"Not a whit: it is all true," said the Premier; and the soldier added, "True: all true."

"Self-sacrifice," said the King, "the service of our fellows? Do these bring happiness?"

"By God's will, yes," said the Cardinal.

The King sighed. "Leave me, gentlemen, if it please you," he said, "for I am strangely sad."

When the King was left alone, he rose and walked about the room, his hands clasped behind his back. He stopped first opposite the portrait of a beautiful lady. At this he looked for a few moments, then sighed, and moved on. Next he paused to glance at a sword of honour, and slowly shook his head. By which he had given freedom to millions who were serfs when he came to the throne. "Many have I made happy," mused the King. "Why am I sad?"

There came a tapping, a tapping low down upon the door. The King opened the door, and discovered a very small flaxen-haired child, with eyes very round and very blue.

"Why," said the King, "whose fairy are you?"

"I'm not a fairy: I'm Hilda's little girl," said the child.

"And what do you want?" asked the King.

"I want to play wis you," the child gave answer gravely.

"To play with me—to play! Who sent you, sweeting?" asked the King.

"My daddy send me," said the child.

"And who is your daddy?" the King asked.

"Wamba," was the answer.

"Wamba!" The King stroked his iron-grey beard. Wamba was the King's Jester.

"Come in, little darling," said the King.

Two hours later, the Cardinal, coming to beg audience that he might heal his royal master's sorrow with wise words of consolation, heard the King laughing heartily.

"Come in," cried the great monarch, after the holy man had knocked three times.

The Cardinal entered. The King had the child on his knee. A golden neck chain lay broken on the floor. The ink had been spilled unnoticed over the great peace treaty. A jewelled goblet, fallen from the table, had spilt its contents on the royal hose and splashed the marble hearth with ruby stains. The unsmuffed candles guttered in the golden branches of the candelabra.

"Come in," cried the King, gaily; "come in, Cardinal; but don't speak."

The Lady Ursula is telling me the story of the three bears."—"Your majesty—" the Cardinal began, but was silenced by a gesture.

Then the Cardinal and the King laughed with and against each other, laughed until they wept, as the jester's baby gave her quaint recital.

"My lord," said the King to the First Gold Stick-in-Waiting, "take the Lady Ursula to her father, Lord Wamba."

"Lord Wamba, your majesty!"

"Even so," said the King. "Wamba shall be a lord; his daughter a lady."

The Cardinal smiled.

"Your majesty," said he, "is no longer sad."

"No," the King answered, smiling; "but why did not your reverence tell me that happiness cannot be purchased—not even by victories or good deeds, but is a gift: the gift of God—as children are, holy father, as is the Lady Ursula—bless her."

"Your majesty is happy?" the Cardinal inquired.

"Why not?" said the King, "and you, cardinal; are you happy?"

The holy man sighed.

"Your majesty," he said, "I am a childless man."

"So am I," said the King, as he laid his hand kindly on the Cardinal's shoulders; "so am I, dear friend, but my jester is not, thank God."

And the Cardinal said "Thank God."

#### MISS TUCKWELL ON FACTORY LIFE.

As President of the Women's Trade Union League, and a member also of the Committee on Truck, Miss Gertrude Tuckwell had an attentive hearing at the Church Congress. She spoke eloquently of the incessant tale of accidents, and of the complaints that reach the Union offices all through the year—though oftenest in busy seasons—of work that has to be done in holidays, on Sundays, and sometimes night and day.

"Small wonder that women do it," said Miss Tuckwell, "when you consider the price of women's labour, which amounts, in thousands of cases, to an average of only 7s. or 8s. a week. Small wonder that on such a pittance, without reserve fund or possibility of its accumulation, the mother rushes back to work, leaving her child to hired care. With unconscious irony, our philanthropists suggest as palliatives rewards for early notification of birth, crèches, and artificial schemes for checking our tremendous infant mortality. The wretched earnings are lowered again by numberless fines and deductions, which may amount to half or a third of the worker's wage. Regulation alone can bring protection, and on all these subjects there are laws—insufficient, but enough to prevent much suffering. On us who created the laws lies a duty for their enforcement. Government inspectors and the inspectors of local authorities are quite powerless to cope with the wrongs of the great army of workers, unless assisted by the zeal and knowledge of those in touch with the people. We must look to the informed activity of religious and social workers."

## A LETTER TO GOD.

A hole was dug for the Painted Lady in the cemetery, just as if she had been a good woman, and Mr. Dishart conducted the service in Double Dykes before the removal of the body, nor did he say one word that could hurt Grizel (the Painted Lady's illegitimate child)—perhaps because his wife had drawn a promise from him. A large gathering of men followed the coffin, three of them because, as you may remember, Grizel had dared them to stay away, but all the others out of sympathy with a motherless child, who, as the procession started, rocked her arms with delight because her mamma was being buried respectfully.

Being a woman, she could not attend the funeral, and so the chief mourner was Tommy, as you could see by the position he took at the grave, and by the white bands Grizel had sewn on his sleeves. He was looking very important, as if he had something remarkable in prospect; but little attention was given him until the cords were dropped into the grave and a prayer offered up, when he pulled Mr. Dishart's coat and muttered something about a paper. Those who had been making ready to depart swung round again; and the minister told him if he had anything to say to speak out.

"It's a paper," Tommy said, nervous yet elated, and addressing all, "that Grizel put in the coffin. She told me to tell you about it when the cords fell on the lid."

"What sort of a paper?" asked Mr. Dishart, frowning.

"It's—it's a letter to God," Tommy gasped. Nothing was to be heard except the shovelling of earth into the grave. "Hold your spade, John," the minister said to the grave-digger; and then even that sound stopped.

"Go on," Mr. Dishart signed to the boy.

"Grizel doesna believe her mother has much chance of getting to heaven," Tommy said, "and she wrote a letter to God, so that when He opens the coffins on the last day He will find it and read about them."

"About whom?" asked the stern minister.

"About Grizel's father, for one. She doesna know his name, but the Painted Lady wore a locket w' a picture of him on her breast, and it's buried w' her, and Grizel told God to look at it so as to know him. She thinks her mother will be dam'd for having her, and it w'na be fair unless God dams her father, too."

"Go on," said Mr. Dishart. "There was three Thrums men, I think they were gentlemen," Tommy continued almost blithely, "that used to visit the Painted Lady in the night-time, afore she took ill. They wanted Grizel to promise no to tell about their going to Double Dykes, and she promised because she was over innocent to know what they went for—but their names are in the letter."

A movement in the crowd was checked by the minister's uplifted arm.

"Go on," he cried.

"She wouldna tell me who they were because it would have been breaking her promise," said Tommy, "but"—he

looked round him inquisitively—"but they're here at the funeral."

The mourners looked sideways at each other, some breathing hard; but none dared to speak before the minister. He stood for a long time in doubt, but at last he signed to John to proceed with the filling in of the grave. Contrary to custom, all remained. Not until the grave was level with the sward did Mr. Dishart speak; then it was with a gesture that appalled his hearers.

"This grave," he said, "is locked till the day of judgment."

Leaving him standing there a threatening figure, they broke into groups and dispersed, walking slowly at first, and then fast, to tell their wives.

J. M. BARRIE.

## THE MASK.

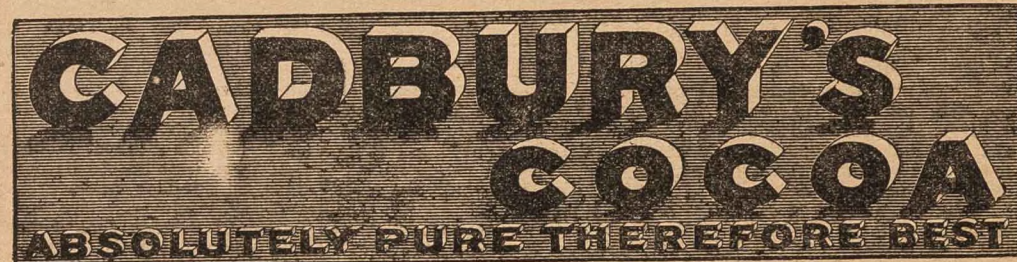
For love is blind but with the fleshly eye,  
That so its inner sight may be more clear;

And outward shows of beauty only so  
Are needful at the first, as is a hand  
To guide and to uphold an infant's steps:

Great spirits need them not: their earnest look  
Pierces the body's mask of thin disguise,  
And beauty ever is to them revealed,  
Behind the unshapeliest, meanest lump  
of clay,

With arms outstretched and eager face ablaze,  
Yearning to be but understood and loved.

LOWELL.



## BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

## 2½ PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts repayable on Demand.

## 2 PER CENT. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business Transacted.

Almanack with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

## JAEGER

Pure Wool  
NEVER ADULTERATED!

The genuine Jaeger goods are often imitated, sometimes with mixtures of wool and cotton, sometimes with wool of poor quality.

The Jaeger Company have never sold adulterated or falsely described goods! The Jaeger name or Trademark is a HALL-MARK of purity and high quality, at moderate prices.

LONDON—126, Regent St., W.  
456, Strand, Charing Cross, W.C.  
30, Sloane Street, S.W.  
102, Kensington High Street, W.  
115, Victoria Street, S.W.  
(Close to A. & N. Stores.)  
85 & 86, Cheapside, E.C.

Illustrated Price List  
& Patterns sent free.

Sold in most towns. Address sent  
on application, Head Office, 95,  
Milton Street, London, E.C.

## ABOUT ORATORY.

## Mr. Churchill's Dundee Speech.

Do you know why it is that scholars and journalists, and other men who idly amuse themselves by looking on at life, have had to say to one another that this age is poorer than others have been in orators?

Such men talk as if oratory were just an art—a lost art. They mostly appear to think that crowds of ordinary men and women, like ourselves, can be moved to noble passion by some trick of cleverness in using words. Oratory is a gift, they say, and we simply do not happen to have had, for a generation or so, either a statesman, or a priest, or a philanthropist, who was born with this gift.

Suppose we had such a genius: what would he talk about? Would he warn our dancing hearts and fire our blood with a speech on railway amalgamation? On the beauty of thrift? Or on the majesty and sweet usefulness of law? Could he?

## The Hour and the Man.

Of course, no fire to be lit within us could ever burn for suchlike things. For great oratory, there must be a great cause greatly felt.

There is a saying that the hour begets the man. It is one of the truest sayings. It is true of orators.

Last week the new orator appeared in English politics. I am not going to praise him; Mr. Churchill is only a voice yet, and not even a clear voice. What he said that was good has been said before, with far greater force and beauty, by men of great ideas and great hearts—Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, Blatchford. He says it now because he is one of many men who have been taught to think it. The hour has begotten the man, that is all.

Mr. Churchill is himself aware of this. He pictures the members of both Houses of Parliament led to look down into the cruel abyss of poverty, and contemplate its depths and its gloom. Some eminent and distinguished men have wished to slam the door on that grim torment:

But that is not the only spirit which has been awakened in our country; there are others, not less powerful, and a greater number, who will never allow that door to be closed; they have got their feet in it, they are resolved that it shall be kept open. Nay, more, they are prepared to descend into the abyss, and grapple with its evils—as sometimes you see after an explosion at a coal mine a rescue party advancing undaunted into the smoke and steam.

Being a politician, perhaps a statesman, he must attempt to manage the rescue. But he does, at all events, feel greatly, and speak so.

## Bright and Gladstone.

I am old enough to have heard Bright and Gladstone at their best.

I know that, if they sometimes moved men and women deeply, it was because all were feeling already softened and stirred by a great cause, and because these orators were supposed to have the strength to deal with it. So all awaited the right words from them, the words big enough to show that they felt as

other men did. When these were said the flame was kindled.

There has been no orator in politics since their day, because there has been no great cause that all men felt like that.

A great cause is one in which men's hearts are engaged, not just their "interests." And as there is now such a cause again, it is not wonderful to hear burning words from a young politician who aspires to do such work as Bright and Gladstone did.

What he says is merely that the State is "responsible towards honest and law-abiding citizens"; but he feels it a shame that this has been denied.

Yes, in this famous land of ours, so often envied by foreigners, where the grace and ease of life have been carried to such perfection, where there is so little class hatred and jealousy, where there is such a wide store of political experience and knowledge, where there are such enormous moral forces available, so much wisdom, so much virtue, so much power, we have not yet succeeded in providing that necessary apparatus of insurance and security, without which our industrial system is not merely incomplete, but actually inhuman.

It is only because we know this, because it has been said already times out of number, that Mr. Churchill can be eloquent.

## A Fine Passage.

He will not proclaim the right to work; a Minister who did so would have to say how he meant to enforce that right; he only proclaims the need for "some machinery to even up the irregularities of the labour market," as the Bank of England evens up the flow of capital by its bank rate.

Well, never mind. If that is done, the right to work must be soon admitted. We shall see to that. But the cause is so great that Mr. Churchill cannot fairly state the facts without emotion and a lofty tone.

And what I desire to impress upon you, and through you upon this country, is that the casual unskilled labourer who is habitually under-employed, who is lucky to get three, or at the outside four, days' work in the week, who may often be out of a job for three or four weeks at a time, who in bad times goes under altogether, and who in good times has no hope of security and no incentive to thrift, whose whole life and the lives of his wife and children are embarked in a sort of blind, desperate fatalistic gamble with circumstances beyond his comprehension or control, that this poor man, this terrible and pathetic figure, is not the result of accident or chance, is not casual because he wishes to be casual, is not casual as the consequence of some temporary disturbance soon put right. No, the casual labourer is here because he is wanted here. He is here in answer to a perfectly well-defined demand. He is not the natural product, he is an article manufactured, called into being to suit the requirements, in the Prime Minister's telling phrase, of all industries at particular times and of particular industries at all times.

But how does it affect the boys—the youth of our country, the heirs of all our exertion, the inheritors of that long treasure of history and romance, of science and knowledge, awe, of national glory, for which so many valiant generations have fought and toiled—the youth of Britain, how are

we treating them in the 20th century of the Christian era? Are they not being exploited? Are they not being demoralized? Are they not being thrown away? Upon this subject, I say to you deliberately that no boy or girl ought to be treated merely as cheap labour.

Plain sense and plain good feeling; but a great subject.

So, with a warning against charlatans and their "trumpery 10 per cent. tariff," and with an appeal for patient, valiant action, he comes quite bravely to an end.

## Peroration.

And now I say to you, Liberals of Scotland and Dundee, two words—"Diligence and Daring." Let that be your motto for the year that is to come. "Few," it is written, "and evil are the days of man." Soon, very soon, our brief lives will be lived. Soon we and our affairs will have passed away. Uncounted generations will trample heedlessly upon our tombs. What is the use of living if it be not to strive for noble causes and to make this muddled world a better place for those who will live in it after we are gone? How else can we put ourselves in harmonious relation with the great verities and consolations of the infinite and the eternal? And I avow my faith that we are marching towards better days. Humanity will not be cast down. We are going on—swinging bravely forward along the grand high road—and already behind the distant mountains is the promise of the sun.

Well, so much for oratory. But I have to think what made it possible.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

## It is possible.

Tea, cocoa and coffee  
disagree with you.

THEN TRY

## POSTUM

The Delicious

Food Beverage.

Made of the grains of the field,  
POSTUM is a valuable re-builder  
of nerves and tissues.

Phosphate of Potash, the food  
for brain and nerve centres, is  
present in Postum.

Liberal free sample for this coupon.

Name	.....
Address	.....
Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 50, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.	

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

## CONCERNING SOME DAFFODILS.

By A. Neil Lyons.

Kitty, who goes to "Arthur's" coffee stall, was wearing some daffodils one night in April. This is why:

"Ain't you got a young lady, then?" If one should say to me, "Have you a prosperous future before you?" I naturally should reply that I didn't know. And women are certainly not more stable than destiny. But yet, when a fat old lady at a flower and seed stall asks me whether I ain't got a young lady, I am expected, by insane convention, to offer a definite reply. Pah! I ignored the fat old lady's question.

"Ain't you got a young lady, then, ole dear?" she said again.

"Putting young ladies entirely out of the question," replied your servant, "you may take it as certain that I do not want those daffodils. What I asked for was a couple of dozen hollyhock roots."

"It's the same to me, you know, young man," pursued my stall-holder, "whether you got a donah or whether you ain't. What I meaner say is, you could give the bunch o' daffies to yere gran'ma."

"Haven't got a gran'mother," I snapped.

"Dead?" inquired the fat old lady, in a voice of mourning.

"Yes."

"Gawd's will be done!" exclaimed this pious creature. "It's a sad world. But what price the little bunch o' daffies to lay upon 'er pore ole grave?"

There was an effrontery in this proposition which roused my indignation. "Here is a woman," thought I, "so vitiated by the commercial spirit that she does not hesitate to seek for profit in the grief of a grandson." "I do not want your beastly daffodils!" I said to her.

"Then what you rubbin' yere greasy weskit up agin my stall for?"

"Because," I endeavoured to explain, "because, don't you see, I thought, as it were, that I might be able, don't you know, to buy some hollyhock roots."

"Then what you want'er arst for daffodils for?"

"I didn't ask for daffodils. I—"

"Erb! Where are you, Erb? Come round 'ere, Erb—leave that beddin'-out muck. Come round 'ere. There's a little, lyin' love-child 'ere as 'as arst for somethin'."

See what happens to the simple countryman! This sort of thing had never happened to me before, though I have lived in London for half a lifetime. And now, because I choose to take a walk down Farringdon Street in riding breeches they—well, I'll be hanged!

"What you done to my ole aunt?"

"I have done nothing to your old aunt."

"Not so much of the 'old aunt,' me lad! Say 'that lady'! D'jeer?"

"That lady."

"R! Good job you said it quick. Now give the pore woman 'er money."

"What money?"

"Money what you owes 'er."

"But I don't owe any money. I haven't bought anything."

"You ain't what?" demands 'Erb,

drawing very close to me. I note with interest that he has a horrible squint, and pray to Heaven that he will hit where he is looking. "You ain't what?" repeats 'Erb; at which point "the lady" interposes.

"Tain't what you bought, young man," says she, "it's what you said. Insulted me to me face!" The ingenuous 'Erb "arrived" with that promptitude which even during our brief acquaintanceship I had come to recognise as the dominant note of his character.

"Take back," he demanded, with the customary menaces, "take back what you said to the lady."

"It's back already. Evil words come home to roost, you know!"

"What," pursued the insatiable 'Erb, "what was it as you said to the lady?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" echoed 'Erb. "Stand there with yere silly face, an' tell me you don't know. 'Ere that, aunt?"

"I 'ear—the ugly toad! Give 'im a smack on the mouth, 'Erb—same's you done the coal merchant. The little toad! Comes 'ere takin' up my time wiv 'is talk about gels an' daffodils—insults me to me face, an' says 'e—says 'e don't know! Yah! ye lying little 'ound, you!"

"Ye lying little 'ound, you!" repeated 'Erb. And he came closer, still closer—so that I enjoyed the privilege of sharing with him what had doubtless been a very hearty lunch—a lunch in which spices figured. "Suppose I was to slip this 'and acrost yere ugly face—'ow'd we be goin' on then?"

"I did not really know. I wished that I did. There were policemen, of course. But policemen are uncertain remedies. Only, on the other hand, the situation was becoming awkward. Quite awkwardly awkward."

"Suppose," reiterated 'Erb, "I was to slip this 'and acrost yere mouth. We'd see something then, wouldn't we?"

He was answered from an unexpected quarter. "Not if it was strite in front of ye!" murmured a feminine voice at my elbow.

'Erbert looked towards his aunt. His object was to obtain a view of the interloper, who stood elsewhere.

I also looked at the interloper, and beheld with joy an intimate friend. Her name was Kitty. If ever you should find yourself in the neighbourhood of Ludgate Hill, and should lack a box of matches or a "buttonhole" of violets, look out for Kitty—red hair over a freckled face, and a velvet skirt, and bright brown boots. The boots are a speciality. And ask her about "Arthur's."

Kitty surveyed me with a smile, as of compassionate amusement. "You would be tied up wiv a bunch like this, wouldn't you?" she said. And then, raising her voice above the roar of the populace (for, of course, a crowd had collected), she continued: "Eard about the Dawnkey? 'E's in prison. And Alhe's gone into the country for a fortnight's 'oliday wiv the dogs' 'ome. And I've 'ad me 'and read, and old Flash-light, the fag-end man, 'as broke 'is collar-bone, and—what the blessings is all this fuss?"

The culminating sentence was addressed to 'Erb, Kitty having swung round upon him with breathless suddenness. That is Kitty's way.

"We don't want a crowd," responded 'Erb. "Man bin rude to my aunt. You can pop off."

"Your aunt that pug-faced lady wiv the 'ecups?"

"You pop off!" repeated 'Erb, as an ominous whirring sound came out of auntie.

"Because if so," continued Kitty, "(you sling yere 'ook, cully: go on—do a guy!) because if so, what she want'er 'ang curtain rings on 'er ears for?" Kitty's "aside" was addressed to your servant.

"My aunt," asserted 'Erb, with evident cholera, "don't sit there to be insulted by the likes—"

"Oh, of course not. Sittin' for 'er photygraft, of course. Anybody could see that. (You do a slope, cully!)"

Auntie spoke then. "Go away from my stall," she said. "I'll call the perlice, you under-and 'ussy! Oughter be ashamed o' yerself—makin' a disturbance round my stall. Look at the crowd!"

"I'm looking at you," responded Kitty. "You are a picture!"

"Erb! Fetch a perleeceman!" shouted auntie.

"And," supplemented Kitty, "a ambulance, too. Should I unlodge yere stays, mum! (Get out of it, ye silly lump. I ain't stoppin' 'ere much longer.)"

Then, with both arms waving, Kitty addressed the populace. "'Oo," she said, "would think, to look at that there sorrowful ole crocodile, in 'er black bonnet, that she was fat Kate O'Brien, the mark! That's the woman what done in 'Erbny Takes as—"

"It's a lie!" asserted Kate O'Brien. "I don't know you!"

"Never bin reward put up for me—that's why. I know you. (This is the last lap, Algy: you 'op it.) I know you all right, and yere cross-eyed, puddin'-faced son what you call—"

"It's a lie! 'E is my nephew. An' the pore boy can't 'elp 'is face."

"Of course 'e can't," asserted Kitty. "But," she added, "'e could cover it up."

"And," she continued, gathering up her skirts preparatory to departure, as the helmet of a constable appeared beyond the crowd, "and you can't 'elp yere ugliness neether. But you can 'elp takin' 'blood-money."

"Mrs. O'Brien, subduing her evident emotion with some difficulty, looked piously heavenward. "I can look the ole world in the face!" she said.

"R!" murmured Kitty, "an' give it the 'orrors!"

Then the crowd cracked silently open, and Kitty dropped away. But myself, I tarried for yet another second by the side of auntie.

"I've got a young lady," I said, "after all. Sixpenn'orth of daffodils, please!"

[For this story, and dozens more like it, see Mr. Neil Lyons's new book, "Arthur's." To be obtained from the "Clarion" office, 44, Worship Street, E.C.; price 4s. 9d., post free.]

In Chicago baby carriages are required to carry lights at night. But why are they out?

## A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

## Two Englishwomen in Italy.\*

Rich people who rush about the Continent in motor-cars get no more real knowledge of it, or lasting thought, than clerks in the morning trains get wisdom from the "Daily Mail." They are not in search of those things; and Mrs. C. N. Williamson will not persuade me that either a motor-car or a flying machine is a means to see the world.

The world, for me, is chiefly the people in it; so, if ever I have the time to travel, I shall "go slow."

The model travellers are Anne Macdonell and Amy Atkinson. This London woman of letters and this painter, whose book, "In the Abruzzi," has given me a delightful two days, travel less like passengers than like emigrants. If they mean to see a new country they go and live in it; that is to say, earn a living there. Happily, this means that they make books.

Could there be a more delightful way of travelling for two friends?

Their book on "Touraine and its Story" was full of romance and charm, but the Abruzzi is a stranger land than Touraine. This mountain region east of Rome, where the Rossettis came from, and Ovid had a villa, and Rienzi was a hermit, and where there have been wonderful brigands and wonderful women, is quite unknown to tourists. No English writer has done a book about it for seventy years.

Take one instance of its strangeness. The travellers found a little town of women and children, with no men—or none of any importance.

The husbands are always away shepherding, high in the hills, or making money in America; and the women do everything, make everything, and want for nothing. Scanno is the name of it. It has nothing to do with the rest of the world whatever. High among the snow-peaks, it looks "like a mass of broken crags arrested in their fall into the valley of the rushing Tasso"; and when you have climbed up to it there are high great houses in narrow, precipitous streets, archways spanning mysterious alleys, balconies and overhanging eaves, "all sombre, sunless, and sad, but where a green bit of mountain side gleams at the end of the lane."

One sees nothing for it but to neglect all the rest of a fascinating book, and let you read about this self-contained community; for there is no sadness about the women of Scanno:

Their reputation for beauty is amply deserved. Nearly all are comely. For nearly every third one it is worth while turning round; but she will return your gaze with a haughty serenity as she trips to the fountain with her copper *conca* on her head.

The Scannese is dark, or she is fair; she is blue-eyed or black-eyed. But, dark or fair, her colour is good and fresh, her eyes wide apart, and, if she be young, wonderfully

\* "In the Abruzzi." By Anne Macdonell. With twelve illustrations after water-colour drawings, by Amy Atkinson. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

fearless and serene. Her features are often cut with special fineness, her teeth are good, and her smile fleeting but sweet. She has none of the obvious, exuberant, sensuous beauty of the Roman women, and hers appeals more to a Northern eye.

The strength of these women is astonishing. They carry burdens with ease under which a London porter would stagger; and it is a curious first experience to see your luggage borne to your room on the head of a lady of advanced age. A full list of the unlikely objects which I have seen a Scanno woman carry on her head—moreover, with a gallant bearing—would be too long; but it would include bundles of firewood which an ordinary person could not lift half a foot from the ground, huge sacks of grass, great bales of home-made linen, enough to fill a large chest, copper tubs piled high with the family wash, a wheel-barrow, barrels of wine, a wooden plough, a washing-boiler, a feather-bed, an iron bedstead! These burdens thicken the neck, but there are no bent backs among the women of Scanno. And thus the hands are left free to carry a baby or knit a stocking. It is entirely against tradition to carry your baby on your head.

Who are these women, that are not Romans? Nobody knows. They use no chairs, but squat Turk fashion. They wear red turbans, and, for mourning, something like the remnant of an Eastern veil. But their history is lost.

They are certainly not like Turkish women in their ways; and, sombre and cold as the town is, they are high-spirited and happy.

Even of the wood-carrying the young ones make a pleasure. In summer they start off any time after two or three in the morning, long before the sun is up; in very hot weather, if possible, by moonlight. You wake in the night alarmed or startled. There is a rat-tat at a neighbouring door, and a cry of "Giulia!" or "Maria Guiseppa!" loud and strident, and all unconcerned for the neighbours' slumbers. It is the gathering cry of the comrades of the quarter. Dark figures are assembling on the steps below, chattering and laughing, and there is a concerted teasing of Marias and Antoninas still abed. The silence. They are off, armed with their hatchets, a cheery band of sisters, glad of each other's company, for this wild land has its wild stories, and the darkness has terrors. Up near the snow they cut the wood in the beech copses, tie it in huge bundles, load it on their heads, and then down they come in a tripping and swinging run, singing and chattering, and reaching home about six or seven.

The sexes keep much apart, and on festal (fast-days) you can count the women in turbaned groups of ten or twenty, veritable clubs of them, on the stone steps, gossiping and telling tales. Women do not seek soft dalliance with men in their hours of relaxation; and even when the gorgeous carabinieri cast amorous eyes from their balcony opposite the fountain, the answering looks from under the copper pots are mostly disdainful.

But this is their virtue, not a sexlessness. They are prolific mothers. Children swarm in the streets.

At Scanno there are all the home industries, as well as others. And they are nearly all carried on, for the sake of light and air, in doorways or in the streets themselves. A brave housewife, the Scannese.

She bakes, she weaves, she knits, she dyes, all as a matter of course. She works in the

fields; she keeps sheep or cattle. She is mason or bricklayer. I used to watch a handsome group of women masons day after day. Among them were girls who seemed to find the work as amusing as making mud-pies, bigger ones who scaled ladders as if mounting thrones, and elderly women who carried their loads of bricks and stones with not too great an air of resignation. Work of slaves, you may say, and there is something to be said for the judgment. But the Scanno women look anything but slaves. Their air is regal, rather. I have never seen so many queens. They are fully aware of their worth, and their power in the family.

The work they do is done to please themselves, with free hearts; and this makes all the difference.

So much for Scanno. And now for a pageant at Castellamare, on the Adriatic. It will make a contrast, and show, at the same time, Anne Macdonell's command of words. Evening at the mouth of the Pescara River:

A far sky, infinitely far, a space of mauve and violet that changes one knows not where, and stretches blue above. The sea is a great path, coftly patterned in turquoise and pale green; and the laughing white teeth of the surf edge the shore. The river-mouth is fringed by green, dancing poplars, and on the nearer side by dark stone pines.

And from the sea, or from somewhere between sea and sky, come boats, like great birds of gorgeous plumage, crimson and russet, flaming orange and pale lemon, parti-coloured, too, the russet dashed with indigo or painted with saffron, the yellow patterned with faded green, the orange with tiger-strips of black. Surely these red-and-gold creatures would never light on these shores! Yet they come on silently, drawn by the eyes of the women sitting in the sand near the bar; and the wings turn to swelling sails of heaving barks, proud as if they bore an emperor and his suite for freight.

There is a wild joy in their dance over the strip of surf. Now for the grand entry on the river, which is disposed with order and ceremony. They come in pairs, each pair alike in colour and design; and the designs of the sails are varied and wonderful.

Behind the colour and the pride there is peril, and there is penury, and many a homecoming to poor hearths; but the splendour is not, for that, mocking or unreal. These boats of Pescara belong to an age when labour had its ritual and pageant; and labour will be real and sound when it has them again.

Little need be said in praise of such a book; but this must be said—that it is not a book of superficial impressions, not a book just made to sell, but a permanent work of literature, such as not one book of travel in a hundred claims to be.

Do you like folk-lore? Do you care to read about great peoples of the past? Do strange customs and beliefs interest you? Do you care for brigand stories, and fighting, and heroisms? Here is a wealth of all these things. The history of the remote Abruzzi has been ransacked and most picturesquely written for English eyes, and this has been done by a true woman and a ripe scholar, with fine observation and humour.

Amy Atkinson's impressions of the country in water-colour are delicate, fresh, and admirable.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

"The Lady" says that "what really makes extravagance criminal is that the village girl is guilty of it as well as the wearer of a Court dress." Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.

## BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—(continued). Feasting and God-speed.

But Mr. Bolsover paused, as it were, in the act of taking flight, and gazed with surprise upon his melancholy son. To the dismay of the company this unfortunate boy, betrayed by his one glass of champagne into a fit of silent laughter like a caricature of his father's, remained for a time unconscious of the gaze. He was nudged in vain by the youngest Miss Bolsover, demurely.

"Tom!" said Mr. Bolsover, loftily. The son and heir was frightened. "You forget yourself," said Mr. Bolsover.

Mrs. Thornley quietly interposed. "Oh, let the boy alone, Paul. It's a poor heart that never rejoices."

Mr. Bolsover coughed again, and so resumed.

He said that he made the surrender of this fair flower from a sense of duty—duty to the human family. Watching his wife's eyes, he repeated—with a certain loss of confidence—duty to the human family.

"My dear wife," he said wistfully, "joins in the sacrifice. We have said to my friend Darbyshire, 'Take her. Make her happy.' He has given me his word like a gentleman, which he is. We believe him."

Mrs. Bolsover smiled through tearful eyes at her daughter, who now was grave and pale.

"I say we believe him," the little man continued firmly. "Consequently Minnie becomes a woman; and in the space of a brief hour she bids—er—she quits the shelter of the nest. Fledged. Of course Nature abhors a vacuum, in spite of unavoidable happy circumstances. 'We shall meet, but we shall miss her,' as the old song so touchingly and—er—seasonably—er—touchingly expresses. A vacuum."

Mr. Bolsover may be said to have looked the word.

"Still," he added, "it was a vacant chair! Course of Nature. Minnie, my girl, your father says 'Good-bye, my child. Remember, whatever happens there is a home for you.' Jack!—I call you Jack from now for the future. Mr. Darbyshire, I'm proud to have you for a son-in-law! We're all proud. If my friend Mr. Watson will let me do so, I raise my paternal glass. All standing. Thank you. The bride and bridegroom! Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray! Mr. Darbyshire, my respects, sir."

There was much enthusiasm; the talk and merriment broke out afresh for a moment, and while the bride and her mother wiped away their tears, and the bridesmaids blinked happily, Mr. Bolsover sat down beaming. He touched glasses with his old friend.

Darbyshire spoke very well, turning for the most part toward the placid mother. His sensitive blue eyes looked a little over the heads of the circle, or down upon the table.

He said he should feel quite guilty if he were not sure that they forgave him. He knew what a treasure he was taking. It was the honour of his life to win her; he would not think any better of himself if he could shine once a year in the

Queen's Birthday List. "Of course, if I could work it," he said, with a flicker of his humour, "Lady Darbyshire should have a page of Debrett among the Peerages. If she says the word, I shall do my little best. Might get on the Debrett staff and pop it in myself. But, of course, she's really far better pleased with all the kind things said of her this morning; so am I, and glad of the duty to thank you all on her behalf. Of course," he faltered, "I can't say much; talking is a poor acknowledgment in my position; isn't it? Besides, I know she has deserved them all. As for the kind things said of me—my business to live up to them, best of my ability. They make me serious. However, I've got a little wife to help me."

He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder, glancing down at her, said "Thank you all very much," and so finished abruptly. Afterwards, in the drawing-room, Enoch watched the lovers from a corner seat while the Misses Bolsover, at a loud pinaforte, left him otherwise unoccupied. Mrs. Thornley surprised him with a smile; she too had eyes.

It was pretty to see the young wife conning her husband's face when his head was turned; her content of admiration as she sat hand in hand with him showed so candidly. One saw her eyes run over the clear outline of his face, look at the way his hair was brushed, study the convolutions of the small ear, the firm set of his head. The woman appeared in her for all she looked so slight and girlish by his side; she had entered on possession. As for Darbyshire, his nervousness being gone, he was his charming self again, with ready and natural praise for the music, a special tenderness of manner toward Mrs. Bolsover, and, for the breezy Mrs. Thornley when she bantered him, a lively retribution of wit. It was by moments only, and almost gravely, that he spoke to the quiet and sweet companion who waited now to be taken away by him.

Their going made a sudden commotion. Holding back from the leave-taking, Enoch saw the bride kiss her tremulous good-byes, caught his breath at the sobbing of mother and sisters, and, with a sensation as if time stood still thereupon, watched the flutter of a handkerchief at the window of the cab driven off.

With that he was a stranger in the Bolsover household. He took his own leave immediately, meeting kindly protests with a hurried plea of some necessity of getting back to Merchanton.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### Enoch Watson Takes Account.

The spectacle of his friend's happiness being ended, Enoch had been sharply and unexpectedly cast back upon a sense of his own irreclaimable loss.

It came quite home to him for the first time. Not, indeed, to his mind, but to his heart of hearts. In making his excuses for a sudden departure, and smiling his good-byes, he was the man whose soul is suddenly required of him and who has yet to play a part; and

out of doors in the sunlight, all that sustained him under the shock to central courage was the necessity of finding his way to the railway station. He fought against blindness and weak limbs, which threatened to make him a gazing-stock.

On the platform he stood with some of the heat of life gone out, heedless and shivering. But an intensity of grief stuns us, and he was not thinking consciously of Barbara.

She had come into his mind with the first flood of dismay as having once been dearly known to him; yet the thought of her had struck no more compunction, no more reproach, than it would have done if she had been lost by death instead of by relinquishment. His trouble was vague. He had no better understanding of it than to try to put Darbyshire out of his mind, as if it were surrendering his friend that had broken him.

The effort won him instantly some self-control to look about and to breathe the air. He saw people on the platform with him, and, bethinking himself, went to the booking-office for a ticket. He also bought some newspapers.

In a carriage alone he forgot to look at them, resuming as a pleasant thought his recollection of the bride's behaviour. He could have smiled at the distress he had felt. The truth was, that he would be content, of course, never to see Jack again if so he gave him up to a dear companion.

Fancy, quickening in his hypersensitive mood, beguiled him for a space with visions of the honeymoon leading on to stored years.

His young thought of marriage—of an ideal marriage like Darbyshire's—pictured it a state of enduring rapture; he conceived that the happy pair were not simply lifted into ecstasy, but ended with a virtue of remaining for the rest of time at that fine pitch. Imagination soared up to it, far above the notion of a fast and pure and tender friendship, the strength of love to endure large sorrows as well as joys. Their sky was to be a sky without clouds, their seasons all harvest, their only occupation loving.

Dwelling on this conception brought a saner thought, however. He pictured Jack very gentle and proud with his children, and of an extraordinary courage to fend for them a start in life. Indeed, he fell in readily with Jack's enthusiasm, for they were fine youngsters—how could such a love-match of rare natures fail?—bright girls, bold boys, with Darbyshire's pluck and wit and the kindness of mother and father both. It would work—the fine Darbyshire leaven; and imagination reached forward and down the line of children's children with a half-mystical exultation.

All was right with the world.

As he walked into Merchanton there was a certain pride at his heart; and the covered market-hall, with its warmth and life, attracted him. Thronged with working folk, it was yet quiet; crying of wares is not permitted there, and the rustle and hum of cheerful movement in its crossing avenues resembled silence as he entered from the street.

None but happy faces were about him, passing slowly, mingling; healthy faces of the young, careworn, serene faces of mothers, earnest faces of the pleasant shop-women, faces of men in the resifful

mood of Saturday nights, with a week's work done and a week's wage earned manfully.

This textile town was then, it is true, in a slow backwater of trade, with old big firms continually stranding; he remembered its plight only to marvel without misgiving at the gradely fortitude of human nature as he saw it in these Yorkshire workers. They were not ill-dressed, being thrifty; they were clean, menseful, quiet of speech, calmly humorous; and the place was aglow. He moved among them aimlessly, wishing good for them, and vaguely thinking, as he had been taught to think, that hard times and even poverty might be a means both to soften and to make men strong of heart. Life was at all events a great thing, quietly defying all chances; and to be a man conscious of chance and yet not daunted, joyfully taking life in his hand as Darbyshire did, and all these did, was heroic and fine, the more so because nobody thought about it.

Darbyshire's good marriage and all that was to come of it were Enoch's reverie upon his pillow, and gave him sleep.

Nevertheless he awoke on Sunday morning with a sense of defeat and emptiness. Dressing, he referred to the fact that he had nothing to do. There was a letter for him with the Sheepton postmark, reminding him that this was his twenty-second birthday; and he read it with a dull apprehension of the contents:

"My Dear Boy,—You will be thinking of your Home, this being the first Birthday you have spent away from it, and I am sending you a small parcel of useful things to show that your Father and I do not forget our only son gone out into the World. We are happy to know that you are succeeding in business, and only hope that you still increase in Wisdom and spiritual stature, and in favour with God and Man.

"You will let your old Mother say just this, while she wishes you Many Happy Returns of a day that has always been precious in memory. She cannot put her thoughts in words like her clever Boy, but he knows how we long for his happiness; and 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own Soul?' Ah, you know the text, Enoch. Do not forget it.

"Your Father would have written but this is his busy day; he sends his love and hopes to see you soon for a weekend and a breezy walk on Crookrise. I am thankful to say we both keep well, except that I get older and soon tire now; but that is to be expected.—Your loving Mother,

#### "MARY WATSON."

Sad is your case, O trifling company of mothers out of touch with your sons, and saddest if you are pious-minded, daring timorously to exhort them at the risk of a deepening estrangement.

Enoch Watson glanced through his letter alert for the expected exhortations, lest they should fret him; and its effect, in the humour it touched upon, was just some addition of weariness.

He put it in his pocket, deferring reply as a task.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### Glimpses of Unknown Mischief.

What of Barbara West so long? With Enoch all went very well, and he was not her keeper. Neither love nor

friendship had made him that; for love implies no trust but as it is requited, and friendship had been made impossible.

But time enough had passed to draw a snare about her.

Beset by a wooer cunningly tame, with no other thought of her than of his proper womankind less dainty, Barbara was duped. Mr. Prince Varley pressed her hard. If she was wary of the fire in her blood, Barbara pitied a suppliant and contrite worshipper.

His despair was rather dreadful. For it appeared that, for some pathetic cause, he could not marry; and he had soon come to the point of telling her that passion was killing him—passion she inspired and cruelly mistrusted. He would rather die than do her harm, he said once, but he thought he should die in fact because she disbelieved him; and, having said so, the hypocrite grown earnest made a daily tale of his sufferings. This was distressing; and, strange fact, it was offered with a gathering sincerity by way of homage, being indeed the only homage such a man can pay. He declared that love was a curse; a man might shoot himself to be free of it—but for the thought of her.

That he was pleading for anything heinous, desiring any sacrifice, had no thought of reverence for the miracle of creation great and new as it was in the beginning, Barbara did not conceive. Her struggle to shake him off was defensive merely.

In the brave defence she made, patience, tact, resourceful wits and a stubborn will were all unequally engaged at close quarters with a kind of monomania.

When patience failed, and he saw the stubbornness, Mr. Prince Varley grew enraged with her and was missing for certain days, while she lived in sick terror from the hints of suicide. He came back to her with a lap-dog's looks, and she had to think herself the cause of his tragical white face, with the big tears oddly rolling down while he talked submissively, calling himself a brute and her an angel.

She was never so much in a mind to yield as when he came to her so.

The fire that Barbara played with leaped in flames about her. There came a morning when, in the instant of waking, she saw herself in some such scene of overnight. With a conviction of weakness suddenly felt, came fright; fright which, in a nature so self-centred and so firm as Barbara's, amounted to panic. She slid out of bed in a fevered maze. Presently she began to dress with clumsy fingers and hurried out unbreakfasted, on an impulse to cast herself for safety into Enoch Watson's arms, crying, "Don't let that man get me, Con."

The panic carried her almost to his lodgings before she reflected that, at this time of day, he would be sleeping. Then she rallied a cold heart, and had to look for some sort of breakfast in town. Her mind, however, was made up over it; there seemed to be only one way—she would tell her poor silly Prince that they must not see each other again.

Before and after this, events befel which at one time would have quickened Enoch's sense of her peril.

He saw her driving with Varley through a street of Merchanton, admired in a dashing turn-out. The ap-

partition only stunned him. He had to assure himself that Barbara wilfully made the choice he had thrust upon her; and the humiliation of this idea was profound. As they passed, she was for the moment looking superbly content, and Mr. Varley bent towards her with what in Enoch's eyes was an air of indulgent proprietorship.

Pondering on Varley and on Paine—who was to die in a public hospital next year—he said to Darbyshire some days after, "I can't make out why men are allowed in this world to do so much harm."

Darbyshire's eyes opened, but he humoured his friend. "Same chance to do good," he said.

"If the good went as far as the harm—"

"Blow me tight," cried Jack, as he hesitated, "better come with me for a crawl, young Watson. You've got 'em bad. Come for a crawl, and to-night take a blue pill."

Enoch laughed off his discomposure and went.

(To be continued.)

## A WORD FOR WOMAN.

I am a Woman, and am told  
To Man I am inferior;  
For some men say ('tis true, not all)  
To Woman they're superior.  
Let us together reason, who  
Would like to know if this be true.

The man who's good, and pure his life,  
And in his ways all dutiful,  
We needs must love and honour well,  
For such a life is beautiful;  
But women, too, have led such lives,  
Though in the home their duty lies.

We know that to the wars men go,  
And fight with wondrous bravery,  
That those at home may still enjoy  
Their peace, and know no slavery;  
But, oh! the courage, patience, shown  
By women, who must wait alone!

'Tis true that on the battle-field  
For Country's sake right cheerfully  
Men give their lives. But those they  
love  
Must go through long years tear-  
fully:  
'Tis harder oft to live, than die,  
With those we love no longer nigh.

Think you the lily, wondrous fair,  
Diffusing such a rich perfume,  
Is better than the lovely rose  
With its sweet scent and perfect  
bloom?  
Unlike, those flowers; yet, you will say,  
Equal and lacking nothing they.

Consider now the sunflower tall.  
I trust you each implicitly  
To say it is no better than  
The violet's sweet simplicity.  
Flowers do not greater claim to be  
Than one another: why should we?

I think you'll all agree with me  
Those we may call superior,  
Are only those who're really good;  
And none they think inferior.  
In each a brother, sister too,  
They see whose hearts are good and true.

AUGUSTA BENNETT.

TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

VI.

This week please run over the list of your friends, and select the one most likely to appreciate THE WOMAN WORKER.

Send to her or to him a copy of the paper, and a short letter telling something of its scope and aims.

Then select another friend and repeat the experiment. You may be disappointed once, but hardly twice, in estimating a friend's interest in it.

To work successfully, this must be done by every reader. Won't you help us?

LONDON SOCIALIST ORCHESTRA.

Grand Orchestral Concert

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

MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, at 8 p.m. Assisted by Miss ROSA DALLO, Miss SARA HENDY, Mr. FRANK BETTERTON, Mr. J. WATSON, Mr. E. A. ROBINSON, And Others.

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

WANTED, VOLUNTEER HELPERS to sell "The Woman Worker." If you are willing to sell this paper at meetings in London or Provinces, send us your name on a postcard. Tell us the days and hours you are free to do this work. Is there a Labour, Socialist, Suffrage, Temperance or other meeting in your neighbourhood? Why not attend it and sell THE WOMAN WORKER?—Address, Secretary, The Pioneers, "The Woman Worker," Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, E.C.

TUITION FOR EXAMS. AND GENERAL CULTURE. Expert Tutors. Low Fees. Special Commercial and Literary Courses. J. M. RATHBONE, A.C.P. Phoenix Correspondence College, Guildford. BY POST

INDIGESTION. Is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS arouse the stomach to action. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear. Ask for WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS. And remember there is NO PILL "JUST AS GOOD." By post 14 stamps. WHELPTON & SON, 4, Crane Court, LONDON, E.C.

THE SKITTLES INN, LETCHWORTH. FELLOWSHIP, RECREATION, MEALS. REST, SUSTENANCE, GAMES. No Intoxicants Sold.

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

FRENCH Lady, experienced, gives French lessons; reading and conversation a speciality; pupils visited and received.—Mile. Atria, 29, Romola Road, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

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

A Domestic Episode.

Little Willie—"Father! Father! Father!—what does versatility mean?"

Father (reading the newspaper)—"Oh, it means Emperor William or Theodore Roosevelt—ask Anby Drudge."

Anby Drudge—"The best definition is Fels-Naptha, Willie. It can do anything it is possible for soap to do. And does it better and in half the time. Washes clothes without boiling or scrubbing; takes out stains or grease spots without damage to anything; washes dishes, cleans the kitchen, brightens oil-cloths, painted wood, &c."

Suppose you divide your wash next wash-day. Do half of it with ordinary laundry soap in the old-fashioned, wash-boiler, hard-rubbing way; and the other half with Fels-Naptha soap in the easy Fels-Naptha way. You find that the old-fashioned way takes twice as long and twice the labour of the Fels-Naptha way; and that the old-fashioned washed clothes look old and dingy alongside of the snow-white purity of the Fels-Naptha washed.

Why not let Fels-Naptha do it?

Fels = Naptha

will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

THE PIONEERS' OPENING NIGHT.

TO LONDON READERS

"WOMAN WORKER" REUNION

WILL BE HELD AT HOLBORN TOWN HALL, Wednesday, November 4, 1908.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD in the Chair

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

SONGS, SPEECHES, RECITATIONS, & FELLOWSHIP.

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

HENRY G. PERRY, 103, Storks Road, Bermondsey, S.E.

THE WOMAN WORKER, OCTOBER 16, 1908.

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Table with columns for HOME and ABROAD, and rows for THREE MONTHS, SIX MONTHS, and TWELVE MONTHS. Single copies may be had by post on forwarding two penny stamps.

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

The Last Word.

We live in stirring times. A Nearer East. What a week this has been with its "wars and rumours of wars!"

I am not alluding to the crisis in the Near East. That is a matter sufficiently grave and serious which I am content to leave to wiser heads than mine. We women workers are more immediately concerned with troubles of a different nature in a nearer east than the Balkans—in an East, indeed, no further away than Bethnal Green.

Making Bad Worse. But these troubles are not confined to Bethnal Green; indeed, there are at the moment so many trade disputes in which women are concerned that I hardly know where to begin.

There is great excitement in the district, and several other employers appear to have followed the example set by Mr. Joseph. In an adjacent factory, where the girls received a time wage of 16s. a week, or 3½d. an hour, wages have been reduced to 14s. a week, or 3d. an hour. Four girls engaged on a certain piece of work, having taken, in the opinion of the employer, an unduly long time to finish, were dismissed without notice for "conspiracy."

A Novel Celebration. In Bethnal Green the whole of the French polishing trade seems to be in a ferment. The trouble started with the opening of a new factory by Mr. J. Joseph, "manufacturer of over-mantels, bedroom suites, picture frames, and everything in the furniture line, at 471 and 469A, Bethnal Green Road, and 2, 4, 6, 8, and 43, Holly Bush Gardens, E., telegraphic address, 'Skirling.'

Apparently to celebrate this extension of business, Mr. Joseph announced reductions, in some cases as high as 50 per cent., in the prices paid to experienced French polishers. The women affected, ten in number, refused to accept the reductions, and last week

they called at the Women's Trade Union League offices for advice.

The Old, Working twelve hours a day at the old rates, the most expert polisher could make an average of about 17s. weekly.

At the reduced prices she could not possibly earn more than 10s. or 11s. The work, it seems, is highly skilled, and used to be done entirely by men polishers.

Faced by an unexpected refusal to accept the new rates, Mr. Joseph adopted the usual plan of trying to create ill-feeling between the strikers and the other workers in his employment. Previous to the strike a number of young girls were working as juniors at set wages of 8s. and 9s. a week, although some of them had been in the employment of the firm for over three years. These girls were immediately given the best paying work at piece-work rates, and were naturally delighted to earn increased wages.

When I visited Mr. Joseph last week he took me round the factory and pointed to the contentment of these girls as a conclusive answer to the statement of the strikers.

After vainly trying to get other experienced women Be Blacklegs. polishers to take the place of the strikers, Mr. Joseph has applied to the local employment bureau for the services of men. The bureau, of course, is prevented by a resolution of the Central Unemployed Committee from supplying blacklegs in a trade dispute, but in answer to an advertisement several men have applied at the factory for work.

To their credit, be it said, on being informed by the girl pickets of the state of affairs, the majority of them refused to start work.

Organisation Wanted. If Mr. Joseph decides to employ men entirely he will have to pay considerably higher wages, and this, of course, in the long run, would be all to the good; but obviously his intention is merely to use the men as a lever to force the girls to go back to work at reduced wages.

There is great excitement in the district, and several other employers appear to have followed the example set by Mr. Joseph. In an adjacent factory, where the girls received a time wage of 16s. a week, or 3½d. an hour, wages have been reduced to 14s. a week, or 3d. an hour. Four girls engaged on a certain piece of work, having taken, in the opinion of the employer, an unduly long time to finish, were dismissed without notice for "conspiracy."

At another factory the men French polishers have struck against a reduction, and in this case the employer is endeavouring to get women to take the places of the strikers. There is evidently a crying need for better organisation throughout the trade.

Some of the strikers have Struggles for Existence. sad stories to tell of their struggles for existence.

One is a young widow with three children—the eldest aged four years and the youngest three months. Her husband died at Christmas. Having to pay 12s. a week for the board of her two elder children before

she has anything for herself, she finds it difficult enough to make ends meet on 17s. a week. It would be utterly impossible on 10s. or 11s.

Elsewhere Mr. Mallon Rotherhithe. gives an interesting account of a meeting held in connection with another dispute at a collar works in South Bermondsey.

In this case twenty-four girls, engaged in the highly-skilled process known as patent turning, are on strike against heavy reductions in the rates of pay. The average wage of the quickest worker at the old rates was 17s. a week, and the reduction would mean to her a loss of 8s. to 5s. a week. She estimates that she might earn from 12s. to 13s. on an average. The wages of the less expert workers in the department would be proportionately less.

Again the employer's policy has been to divide the workers. The girls in the other departments, who appear to earn about 10s. or 11s. a week, have been told by the manager that the reduction is being made in their interests, and, strangely enough, some of them were sufficiently foolish to believe this statement.

As a result of several crowded meetings, they are, however, beginning to realise the position, and to see that their low wages are not in the least likely to be increased through a reduction in another department.

Messrs. Rogers, Rotherhithe, and Mr. Profit. Joseph, of Bethnal Green, would do well to profit by the experience of Messrs. Stevenson and Sons, of the Corruganza Box Works. I am pleased to be able to say that our relations with this firm are now of an amicable character.

At the request of the managing-director I called on him in Manchester, and I think that had an interview with him been possible before, a much earlier settlement of the recent dispute might have been secured.

I was sorry to learn that the strike had resulted in a loss of business to other factories owned by the firm, against the management of which no complaint has been made. So far as the Corruganza box-works are concerned, the girls state that since the strike they have been treated with every consideration, and as the managing-director at Manchester, Mr. Arthur Stevenson, has agreed to meet me at any time to discuss any future grievances, the position is now almost entirely satisfactory.

Mr. Arthur Stevenson seemed to appreciate the point that, had an organisation existed at the time of the dispute, the matter could have been settled without publicity and with a minimum of friction.

An Infamous Insinuation. The National Federation of Women Workers are to be congratulated upon their successful Conference last Saturday. It was indeed an inspiring gathering.

Readers of the report on another page will share the surprise of the Federation delegates at the latest action of the Amalgamated Brass-workers Union. One could understand some mortification on the part of this organisation at the defeat of its pro-

posal that the Trade Union Congress should ask for the legal prohibition of the employment of women in certain branches of the trade, and would be perfectly willing to make allowances, but the circulation of this leaflet and its publication as a standing advertisement in a local labour paper at Coventry cannot be allowed to pass.

The inference that I, as a responsible trade union official, had advocated the employment of women as chimney sweeps is ludicrous to everyone who knows anything of the women's trade union movement, and of its consistent efforts to prevent women from competing unfairly with men. But this will not lessen the mischievous effects of so unwarrantable a statement amongst those who may not understand. It has, therefore, been deemed necessary, despite my personal reluctance, to take definite steps to secure the withdrawal of the leaflet.

Professor Oliver's Testimony. Meantime it may interest those who have followed this controversy to know that at the Lucerne Conference on International Labour Legislation I consulted the president of the British Section, Professor Oliver, who is well known as a specialist on dangerous trades and diseases of occupation.

He informed me that, from the health point of view, there was absolutely no case for the abolition of women's labour in metal polishing, turning, and screwing. Although the trade has admittedly serious disadvantages, as, indeed, most trades have, yet, with the exception of brass casting, in which process the employment of women is already forbidden, it compares favourably with scores of other trades in which women are at present engaged.

I am going to Birmingham shortly to investigate the conditions of the trade for myself, and after my visit I shall probably have more to say on the matter.

The Daisy Lord petitions organised by the "Clarion" and THE WOMAN WORKER were presented at the Home Office last week. The petitions were the largest sent in during the last twelve years. They contained altogether nearly eight hundred thousand names, and weighed over seven cwt. They were conveyed to the Home Office in a number of four-wheeled cabs.

The Home Secretary has not yet taken any definite action in the direction of arranging for Daisy Lord's release, and it is to be hoped that such action will not be long delayed.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Presentation of Daisy Lord Petitions. WOMAN WORKER were presented at the Home Office last week. The petitions were the largest sent in during the last twelve years. They contained altogether nearly eight hundred thousand names, and weighed over seven cwt. They were conveyed to the Home Office in a number of four-wheeled cabs.

The Home Secretary has not yet taken any definite action in the direction of arranging for Daisy Lord's release, and it is to be hoped that such action will not be long delayed. MARY R. MACARTHUR.

TO OUR READERS.

The Next Issue but One of THE WOMAN WORKER will go to Press two days earlier in the week, so that you may have

YOUR PAPER ON WEDNESDAY instead of Friday. Wednesday will afterwards be our regular DAY OF PUBLICATION

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The publication of letters in this column is not to be understood as implying that the Editor is in sympathy with what may be said by the writers.

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.

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

G. P.—Thanks for your sweet gift. W. POTT.—It is one of the most sternly touching and beautiful things in English print. Bless you!

E. HOPWOOD.—Sorry we do not know it. ALICE E. BURTON.—Many thanks for your offer; but we really cannot afford the space.

M. C. B. AND A. F. W.—Glad indeed to have your contributions. Thank you.

J. HOBBS (Liverpool).—The address of the Shop Assistants' Union is 122, Gower Street, London, W.C. It has a number of branches in Liverpool.

X. Y. Z.—"Memories and Music" is published by Elkin Matthews, London, at 3s. 6d. ALBERT CASSON.—"All about sweating" is a big order, but I have sent your letter to the Secretary of the Anti-Sweating League.

Sex or Class.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—Did your correspondent, N. G. Bacon, really intend to be taken seriously?

The statement that the strife of the sexes is greater than the strife of the classes is grotesque. There is no strife between the sexes. It is suggested that the workman could sweep the classes from the land (more power to his elbow!), but whoever suggested that man would or could sweep Woman from the land?

Women have to educate the women, not to fight the men. When the majority of women want the vote they will soon get it.

As to man's lack of sympathy, it is due not to knavery, but to apathy. He values the vote so little himself (because he uses it wrongly when he does use it) that he does not see why women should make such a fuss. Also he knows well that the mass of the women don't worry about it.

I presume all readers of your delightful paper agree that the property qualification is wrong—then why perpetuate it? If Primrose Dames, &c., got the vote, would they be any more willing to extend the franchise to their poorer sisters than the men are? I venture to think not. The statement that "votes for some women is equivalent to votes for all women" is—well, remarkable!

It may be "knaves work to ask women to wait for votes for all women"; but who does ask it? We ask them to work for it—a slight difference.

Doubtless the partial measure would benefit Mansion House Chambers, but doubtless it would not benefit the Woman Worker (May her circulation increase!).—Yours fraternally,

MICHAEL.

West Green, N.

Women Workers and Suffrage.

Dear Editor,—Agnes A. Kelly (W.S.P.U.) takes exception to part of my letter, which said that, unless before the vote is won working women force themselves into the Suffrage movement, we may find ourselves eventually dominated by the "female capitalists."

Miss Kelly says this has distressed her, because the Society she represents would be only too glad to welcome servants and laundresses to their at-homes, but unfortunately lack of time and intense weariness on their part forbid their coming. Now, that is just my point. I am a registry keeper, so Miss Kelly can tell me nothing about their lot that I do not know.

But what is the W.S.P.U. doing for them? What is the W.F.L. (of which I am a member) doing to ameliorate their lot? Agitating for votes, you say. Good, I answer, as far as it goes; but are these women workers behind you? I say no, emphatically no; and they never will be until they are organised.

Miss Kelly did not answer the more

important part of my letter. I said that I had learned with regret that one of the London Suffragé branches held at-homes where "evening-dress" was general; and I humbly submit that evening-dress is not likely to encourage the presence of working women.

Whether we like the idea or not, working people have always been, and are still, the backbone of every movement. With them all things (even votes to-morrow) are possible. Without them we can do nothing.—I am, a lover of the workers,

NELLIE BEST.

129, Victoria Road, Middlesbrough.

The Limited Bill.

Dear Miss Macarthur—I should like to point out, in reply to Mary L. Pendered, that it would be impossible for women to get a vote on the same terms as men, for the following reasons:

(1) That the married woman worker's husband is the ratepayer; (2) the woman worker who is not married rarely earns enough money, and mostly lives with her parents; and (3) women workers who live on the premises, such as shop assistants and domestic servants, vast as their numbers are, would not be helped.

I think that it is time we had adult suffrage. The "leaders of the cause" are asking us to assist them in securing the vote for themselves, and some of them telling us point blank that they do not want us to have it.—I remain, sincerely,

RAY DE JONG.

Stroud Green Road, Finsbury Park.

Hands Across the Sea.

Dear Madam,—Permit me from this far-distant sunny land to congratulate you on the stately brilliance of the weekly journal over which you preside. It is worthy of the cause it seeks to voice; of the men and women who contribute its interesting, human matter; and of the support of all who wish first of all for the triumph of Right in the world.

May I suggest that Miss Dexter's exquisitely sweet poem in your issue of August 21 should be set to music if that has not been done already? There are many Daisy Lords produced by this sad, sad world, even if some of them escape her awful fate; there will be many more in the future until the social order has changed, and on the ruins of the present is built a higher and nobler structure; and such sweet, womanly pathos as that of this poem deserves to be a musical classic until the brighter day arrives.

I think, too, that the poem, "A Cornish Love-Song," in the issue of August 28, by Rose E. Sharland, is genuine poetry and should be set to music, too. There may be others I have not yet read equally worthy.—Yours sincerely,

W. H. WHITAKER.

Natal, September 17.

Female Slaves in Canada.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—Having lived on a Canadian farm for some years, and having friends on farms, I have never come across such a state of affairs as the writer of your articles depicts.

I do not think the lady who wrote these articles knows much of Colonial life. I admit a farmer's wife has to work hard, but the life is not what your correspondent would have us believe. There are some few cases such as she describes, but they are in the minority.

As to marriage, I never before heard it said it is proper to be married before you are twenty-one. Girls there are the same as here. One thing is sure: most girls there make excellent wives, for they are taught to be domesticated, which cannot be said of all girls in England.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PROMISED LAND SOCIETY.

By J. J. Mallon.

The first article of this series is unavoidably held over for a week.

You do occasionally find a man who is like the young fellow who was going to get a woman from the East; but such men are few and far between. I spent many years in Canada. Both my children were born there. Therefore I think you will admit I ought to know.—Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) F. STEWART.

180, Foster Hill Road, Bedford, October 11. [Canada being fifty-seven times larger than England and Wales, there is room in it for many sorts of experience. Each of our correspondents tells, of course, her own. The state of things described by Miss Forbes-Chisholm, wherever it exists, ought certainly to be decried.—Ed.]

A Pioneer.

The Rev. Gertrud von Petzold, M.A., was, till a few weeks ago, the one woman in England who, having been ordained as a minister, was in full charge of a church. She is a German by birth. After studying at Berlin University, she went to St. Andrew's, took her degree with honours at Edinburgh, and then entered as a theological student at Manchester College, Oxford. For the last four years she had been the pastor of the Free Christian Church, Leicester, which she has inspired with new life.

Miss von Petzold has always been a staunch upholder of the suffrage for women, preaching, speaking, and organising for it. Indeed, she has continually identified herself with all movements for social reform and for justice to the worker.

As might be expected, she has had to endure a certain amount of persecution. Against her has been raised what Sir John Gort ironically calls "the vague accusation of 'Socialism,' which to a public man is a calumny as terrible as it is unanswerable." But she has unwaveringly proclaimed that the religion of Jesus is love, that no one can love God whom he has not seen unless he love his brother whom he has seen, and that love must include complete justice.

We trust the day will come when England will discover that she can no longer do without women workers in the pulpit; and will recall the Rev. Gertrud von Petzold from America, whither now she sails.

MARY CARTER.

The Elms, Haincote, Leicester.

A Quaint Old City.

Dear Madam,—While on a cycling tour I visited Chester, entered the shop of A. Mountford, 104, Northgate Street, and was so impressed with the courtesy of the owner that I kept his address. He did not stock "The Clarion," but said he was most pleased to supply it to order.—Yours truly,

E. KEATES.

84, Burghley Road, N.W.

What Would Jesus Do?

Dear Editor,—The paragraph entitled "Troubled Consciences" reminds me of a book I was asked to read a few months ago, in the hope that it would save my wicked Socialist soul. The friend who was so solicitous for my spiritual welfare is a lady of the Mrs. Derry type. She has "accepted salvation," and attends mission meetings three times a week.

The book was entitled, "What would Jesus do?" and told the story of a business man who determined to ask himself this question at every turn. The wonderful results you may imagine.

The good lady's face was a picture for "Punch" when, on returning the book, I told her that it was pure Socialism, and that if everyone would follow the hero's example we would ask nothing more. She has made no further attempts to convert me.

I suppose she considers me a hopeless case. I frequently read extracts from THE WOMAN WORKER to her, to which she listens in stony silence. But one never knows.

E. S.

Zola's daughter is to be married to M. Maurice Abland himself an author. According to the "Daily Chronicle" Zola left two natural children, a boy and a girl, who after the novelist's death were adopted and educated by his widow.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Ghosts.

SHIVERS & SHAKES.

We who have the honour to address you in this great page week by week are sadly-out of date in that we have never made the acquaintance of a ghost. Our friends, the romantically-inclined and the practical, have all triumphed over us in this.

We do not believe there are any ghosts, and we do not believe there are none! But for all that we confess to being a little afraid of them, and yet we delight in ghost stories, especially on dull days, when life is weary and stale, and one's head is composed chiefly of cotton-wool. Then is the time for hair-raising tales of the spirit world, the time for shivers and shakes and holding of breath.

A ghost story is a "fearful joy," and one of the best tonics for a fit of the blues ever invented.

Your Chance.

If you have compassion on your fellow-creatures in those hours of dullness, and if you feel at all philanthropic towards the Prize Editor, you will send in some tonics. Send us ghost stories, 200 words in length, true or otherwise, and the writer of the best shall have One Guinea reward.

Address to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., and do not send later than Wednesday next.

SHORT STORIES.

These have come along in great form—or at least in great numbers. We are not so enthusiastic as to the quality of the majority as we have been on one or two occasions, but we feel rather kindly towards the six here published. The prize story is called

GRATITUDE.

Maiden! with the figure slim, Bravely riding jigger trim, Rationally clothed and prim. Pedalling with dainty feet, Where the sun and shadow meet, At a pace not slow nor fleet.

It was a very fine morning, a fresh, bright, light morning, with a "gentle zephyr" in it. My capacity for enjoyment was in first-class order. With a flash of intuition I saw my chance; the road was level for some distance, and then wound up and up. I would reach the fair pedaller before the ascent and assist her to climb it. A few strokes of my 7 1/2 in. cranks and I was alongside and stammering something about the hill being a steep one. And if I might give her a—little assistance? At which she turned her dazzling orbs my way, and uttered, "Thank you."

So we commenced the ascent; the maiden serene and smiling.

The way was long, the hill was steep. My pace soon dropped into a creep; My breaths got neither long nor deep, I think the maiden went to sleep.

The road wound on—and up. But it's a long hill that has no ending. We reached the top, a stretch of lovely level lane lay before us. She was still serene and smiling. She thanked me "so much," and glancing along the lane she said, "Now we can get on a bit."

Gracefully bending forward she dropped her dainty heels and "got on" at about eighteen miles an hour.

As for me, I got off, and rode on a little later trying to compose a blank-verse satire beginning, "Oh, woman!"

VALENTINE.

In the Autumn of 1908.

Summer was over, and the Frost King laughed, glad to leave his glittering throne at the North Pole. The news of his triumphant approach came on the wings of the cold wind. Poor men sighed for the hardships to come, but the King recked naught of their sufferings.

Meanwhile, in the regions of the burning sun, a little black imp rejoiced at his lot, for he was preparing a surprise for the Frost King.

So it came to pass that the mighty King, as he journeyed joyfully southward, on a sudden fell sick. For a blast of the hot desert air filled his lungs, and the heat seemed well-nigh a death-blow. He staggered and fell in the arms of his chill servant, the North Wind, whose cool breath revived him. Then with one bitter groan he turned reluctantly, weeping; while the imp laughed and sang, and the air was filled with the breath of his nostrils.

Men wondered at summer's return 'mid the mists of the autumn, knowing neither the tears of the Frost King nor yet the breath of the demon.

(Miss) A. V. JENKINS, Sydenham.

From Eternity to Eternity.

(A Short Story of a Long Life.)

Fire, mist, and starry heat. From a nebulous womb in the depths of space a world was born.

Years and years and years ago, long before you and I were here, long before there were any people at all in this grey old world, a little plant was born in the warm water of a great wide sea.

A single floating cell, born to decay. Years passed, jelly-fish floated in the waters of the sea, creeping things crawled upon the land, tall tree-like ferns grew among the swamps, birds rested among their leaves.

And then there came a tail-less ape, hairy of body, and erect of form, with slanting brow.

Time passed. In a little Galilean village there was born of humble parents a man—Christ Jesus. The sun rose in golden glory in the eastern sky.

Then there came a weary time. There were wars and struggles and strife, poverty, unemployment, starvation.

It passed. The streets of the cities were filled with the laughter of happy children. Men and women went joyously to their daily work. Love reigned in the hearts of the people.

At last the red sun sank and died, the fire-mists gathered and glowed, new worlds began.

G. VURWARD, Sandown.

Punch: The Story of a Skye-Terrier.

When his owner first saw Punch he looked more like a sickly doormat than anything, but to be walked on was evidently not his vocation.

With children he was as gentle as the proverbial lamb, but there was soon not a dog in the neighbourhood that he had not worried. To his master he paid absolute homage, and would even leave a fight at the sound of his whistle; but light he would and did on every opportunity.

Again and again would Punch's master have complaints brought to him of the injuries the silver-grey had done to other dogs. One man wrathfully declared he was an offspring of the arch-fiend, for how could a Skye-terrier win in a combat with a mastiff unless assisted by supernatural powers? And one lady questioned the fairness of Punch's methods, as he had bitten her dog

on one side, and then run under him and bitten him on the other!

But one day a huge Newfoundland met Punch, and the latter found his match. When Punch put in an appearance after the fight a vet. was called in; but it was too late.

Bandaged in a dozen places Punch lay, when suddenly a hoarse bark was heard outside. Punch lifted his head, growled angrily, staggered to his feet, feebly barked back, stumbled towards the window, and fell in a little heap, beaten at last by the deadliest foe of all.

MARGARET MUSGRAVE, Bradford.

Kismet.

Peggy hung her trope—a fallen horse-shoe—over her kitchen door. "Tis my 'Kismet' to marry the first man who passes under you," she saluted it. "Kindly select somebody nice."

By and by, beginning to question the wisdom of leaving your 'Kismet' to work quite unaided, she took some sewing into the porch, in order to revise the selection. Thus craftily she intercepted young Giles, of the stores, who was plainly disappointed at not being asked in.

More welcome was Jack Brent, of the Long Farm, but he lolled against the door-post, obtuse to hints to cross the threshold.

Peggy had to descend to subterfuge. Said she: "I want you to sample my bake." Her entrance into the kitchen was followed by a cry of dismay. "Oh, Jack! I've burnt myself!" She held up her dimpled wrist to invite compassion.

How could he guess the wound was three hours old?

He detained the hand to quicken his recollection of remedies, till, sorely tempted, he risked an old one—he "kissed the place."

Afterwards Peggy put away the now unnecessary horse-shoe. "But you didn't arrange the match," she confessed to it. "I meant to have him all along."

E. H. DENNIS, Putney.

A By-path to Fame.

The Professor dusted his bottles and arranged them carefully in rows. For he prided himself in his bottles.

The Writer, eager and hopeful—for youth surged strong within him—entered. "A grain of Fame, please," he said.

The Professor weighed it out from one of his bottles.

"The price?" asked the Writer. "Happiness," said the Professor. And the Writer paid.

The Professor replaced the bottle on the shelf and turned to his ledger.

Some few days later the Professor looked up from the polishing of his diamond scales and saw the Writer again at his counter.

"And so you have returned," said the Professor. "I knew you would. They all want to do so. But many have not the courage."

"I bring back the grain of Fame," said the Writer, wearily. "May I have my Happiness?"

"I can return nothing," said the Professor. And the Writer bowed his head. "But I will take back the Fame and exchange it for two grains of Wisdom."

And the Writer, wondering at the price he paid, accepted, and went sadly on his way.

The Professor turned to his ledger and made a fresh entry.—A. FAY MACMILLAN, Dundee.

PIPPA'S BED-THOUGHT.

Oh, what a drear, dark close to my poor day!

God bless me! I can pray no more to-night. No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right:

All service is the same with God—With God, whose puppets, best and worst,

Are we: there is no last and first.

ROBERT BROWNING.



## THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Conducted by Pandora.

## THE WOMAN CLERK.

The woman clerk has come in for a considerable amount of attention lately, and only the other day, in one of the London parks, I listened to several members of the Clerks' Union who waxed eloquent over the conditions of the clerical market.

I cannot honestly say that I gained any information of value from their remarks, though I recognise the earnestness of the speakers, and their heartfelt desire to make life better for men and women clerks alike. So far as women are concerned much ignorance prevails, and there is much to be said that badly needs saying.

## Demand and Supply.

First and foremost, it should be clearly noted by all who have to earn their living that the clerical market is overstocked.

For the last ten years girls coming straight from school, often ill-educated, have been flocking into this market, and in a very great number of cases they have displaced male clerks, not because they were better, but simply and solely because they were cheaper.

As very little training is required for the lower branches of clerical work, it is attractive to young girls of fifteen and sixteen, who gladly feel themselves independent at this age. A few months at a type-writing and shorthand school gives them the necessary equipment—I am talking about the lower branches, remember—and then they earn a few shillings weekly. As long as they are quite young, and can take a very low salary, there is a fair amount of work to be had.

But owing to the enormous influx of girls every year, it is very doubtful whether this will be the case for any length of time; and for the really well-educated clerk, or even for the ill-educated middle-aged clerk, there is very little demand. Those who are thrown out of work at thirty-five or forty years of age have small prospect of finding a new opening.

In spite of these undeniable facts, girls are still eager to become clerks, and parents and teachers seem to offer no objection.

## Poor Pay.

The salaries are low—naturally, as the number of clerks is so great, and the work in its lower branches requires so little skill or training. They are often no more than a London factory girl gets.

In the advertisement columns of a well-known daily paper I read that the following salaries are offered: 10s., 8s., 12s., 15s. weekly. When it is remembered that in almost every case there are railway fares to be paid, it will be seen that a living wage is not available. A capable girl may rise to £1 weekly, but in all probability she will be replaced in a short time by a girl a few years her junior at half her salary.

And when one considers the nature of the work done this is not surprising.

In the case of the really well-educated girl who knows a modern language tho-

roughly, the prospects are better, though by no means brilliant, because the demand for this superior type of work is so limited.

## Long Hours and Monotony.

It is difficult to see what compensations there are for these low wages.

The hours are very long, many clerks having to work from nine to five and six o'clock, with only short intervals for meals. If the time spent in travelling to and fro is added, it will be plain that a girl clerk gets very little time to call her own.

Then, as a rule, the work is extremely monotonous, offering no scope for self-expression of any kind. You cannot possibly take much interest in adding up row after row of figures, or in copying out invoices, or recording sales, and the like.

The room in which you work is generally small and often very stuffy.

It is a melancholy picture I have drawn, to be sure; but I believe it to be a true one. Women clerks, after three or four years of work in an office, become anaemic and fagged, and less and less fit for motherhood, the duties of which too many women assume when they are in a worn-out condition, to the detriment of their children.

Let us try to divert the stream of women clerks by turning their energies into healthier channels. Let parents and teachers urge the girls in whom they are interested not to take up clerical work, but to train for something that requires greater skill, and hence can command better wages.

Prevention is better than cure, and it would be wiser to check the number of girl clerks than to try to improve their lot when they have entered this already overcrowded market.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DURK.—Thank you for your cheery letter. It is pleasant to have male supporters. With regard to tapestry weaving, your sister could get lessons at the British Irish Spinning and Weaving School, 3, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, W.; at the Tapestry Studio, Shottery, Stratford-on-Avon; or at the Haslemere Weaving Industry, Surrey. There is no great demand for hand weaving, but a capable girl, with artistic tastes, could make quite a fair income, either as a worker on her own account or as forewoman or workwoman for a good firm. As you are a decorative artist yourself, you could probably get orders for your sister.

BETA.—I wish I could help you, but at present I do not see my way to do so. As far as I can make out from your letter, you would like to start a kind of Y.W.C.A. on Socialist lines. You feel you could then, not only earn your own living, but help others. It is an entirely laudable desire, and not impossible, I should think. Could not you and three or four other workers take a house together? You could act as house-keeper and manager, and the others would contribute to the upkeep of the house. There is no money to be made in such a scheme, but you could live and do something to brighten others' lives.

(Remainder of answers next week.)

Some men are rich enough to afford every luxury except a clear conscience. —Philadelphia Record.

## FOR POOR MOTHERS.

## IV.—Nightdress and Shirt.

To make a nightdress, follow instructions for the lower part as for chemise, taking six yards of flannel or calico for a person of medium height.

First, then, cut off 1½ yards for the two sleeves, which should be made by the "Bishop" pattern, with one (inner) seam only.

Take two pieces of tape, first seeing that they are of the size required to enable the arm to slip very easily in and out, and allowing for shrinkage. Use these to bind the inside of the frill, which should be gathered two or three inches from the border of the sleeve, and stitched on to the tape.

The nightdress will set better if a yoke of square pattern be used, and the straight top simply gathered into it; finish with box-pleat down the front, and either a straight or roll-over collar; trim as desired.

If a yoke is not used, the top of the gown may be rather more difficult to fit; but an experienced mother will be used to that part, and will find mine a very simple method of making these garments.

In making shirts, the same method is used as above, but the usual differences are made in finishing fastenings, &c., which should be on the opposite side to those of a nightdress.

Remember to ask me about any difficulty. EDNA BERLON.

The Automatic Knitter, advertised in this column, is thus described by one of our staff who has seen it:—It makes socks, stockings, vests, and other things in a surprisingly short time. It looks an easily understandable machine, and as it will also refoot socks and stockings in about the same time as it takes to darn a hole by hand, it should be as invaluable to the housewife as a sewing machine. These machines have been made since 1870 by the same firm, but naturally the present day model is a vast improvement on the earlier machines, and must surely be very near perfection. A good hand can make a pair of socks in twenty minutes.

## KNITTING FOR PROFIT.

A PAIR OF SOCKS

CAN BE MADE IN

20

MINUTES

ON THE

AUTOMATIC KNITTER



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

TUITION FREE. Machines for Cash, or Easy Terms.

Full particulars and Samples from—  
W. W. AUTOMATIC KNITTING MACHINE CO.,  
83, Southwark Street, London;  
55, Oxford Street, W.; 192, Upper Street, N.

## BETTY.

By Annie H. Perry.

What's that! You knew Betty! Ah dare say.

Sad? Why, yes; if it comes to that, it's like to be our lot too. Don't we tew (work hard) as she did, an' for nought no better?

But what's t' use o' talkin' about wershens!

She were a weyver at Booth's, weren't she? An' afore that at Briggs's. Ay! an' she addled (earned) a good wage i' her young days, too. More nor Ah can do nowadays, what wi' trade booms, an' bad trade, short time, reductions, lock-outs, an' what not.

But Betty were a tewer an' reight, i' them days. Ay! it were afore she gat agate courtin' wi' owd Wetherhead son. You mind them Wetherheads, don't yo'! All on 'em flat-footed, an' walked wi' their feet at a quarter to two. But a downright decent family.

Well, as Ah were sayin', Betty she took on wi' one o' Wetherhead sons, him 'at worked at t' delf (quarry). He addled weel an' all, an' we all thought 'at they'd be nicely off when they were wed.

Such an a spread they made. They'd boath been savin' up fer more nor a year, an' they'd some grand furniture; noame o' your hire system, but down on t' nail. An' we hed a do i' t' club hall what cost a bonny penny. Ah know 'at what wi' dancin', an' kissin'-ring, an' stations, an' all t' rest o' t' lakin' (playing). Ah were fair jiggered t' next day; an' Ah says to Betty, at t' miln:

"Aren't yo' tired to-day, Betty?" Ah says.

"Not me, marra," she says, an' she laughs. "Ah can stand a fair lot o' sich-like as we had last night," she says. "Ah'm as strong as here an' there a one—happen stronger," she says.

Eh, barne! an' her man were crippled for life at t' delf nobbut a few month at-after.

How did it happen? Nay, who knows! Summat gave, and gurt block o' stone came at t' top on him. Iverybody thought he'd be done for, seure, but they picked him up an' took him to t' infirmary, an' he did come round. But he were nobbut hawf a man, so to speyk, for his right arm were parilized an' his left foot cut off at th' ankle.

Betty were fair mazed wi' it; an' she no wonder, as you may say. For now she'd to be breadwinner by hersen, an' it were a good while afore he were fit even to go round wi' a few bits o' tape an' buttons, as he did later on; an' you know he couldn't make much of a livin' at that.

Then Betty had a mishap. T' doctor said t' shock of her husband's accident did it. Happen so, but when a woman's trying to addle at piece-work an' lower rates twice as much as she's been doin' afore, she's like to have mishaps, to my thinkin'.

But Betty said, "Happen it's as weel, for if t' child had lived it 'ud ha' meant more brass."

Well, anyway, Betty weren't so strong for a long time; them mishaps is weakenin' things, an' she were back at t' miln afore t' doctor said she were fit.

Other childer after? Ay! five on 'em.

Jack, that's th' owdest, is assmatic, doan't you know him? She'd to put him out to nurse, an' he were niver strong. Lizzie, that were t' third livin', she's a crooked arm an' leg. Where she were nursed, Ah've heard tell 'at they let her creep on t' cold stone floor, an' that made her so. Then t' bonniest of 'em, little Janey, she died o' t' croup afore they could tell her mother: she were at t' miln at time, an' t' little 'um, bonny lamb, lay like an angel when Betty gat home.

Oh, ay! t' other two were stronger; two lads. It's a pity one o' 'em worn't a lass, she'd ha' been able to help wi' t' housework more.

T' lads did their best, but Betty had a heap to do when she came in fro' t' miln at night. What wi' cleanin', an' washin', an' bakin', an' makin', an' mendin', an' what not, it were oft one an' two i' t' morn afore she could get to bed; an' she'd to be at t' miln again at six.

So you may believe she couldn't stand that so many years—though it's cappin' what you can stand when you're forced, isn't it?

T' end were 'at Betty wear hersen out—reight tewed hersen to t' deeach. T' doctor said it were t' inflowenzy. Ah, well, he ma' call it what he likes. Ah suppose it wodn't look weel to put on t' certificate "Warked to t' deeach." It wodn't do, wod it?

But then, as Ah were sayin', it's like to be our lot; nobbut a bit slower, be-like, nor Betty's.

Only last week Ah went to see mi Uncle Abram, an' he says to me—he's a handloom weyver, happen you know, an' he niver took to t' milns an' t' new looms, an' he says:

"Why, lass, t' weyvers used to say 'at these 'ere new-fangled looms 'ud make it easier for iverbody to live, 'cos they'd turn out more stuff, an' t' weyver 'ud ha' less to do," he says.

"But for all 'at Ah see, lass, you all tew an' tew, an' niver nowght else. You're no better off nor folk were when Ah were a lad. Happen you addle a bit more: mind, Ah say happen. But supposin' you do, what then?"

"Have you more to eyt, more time fer education? Have you any better health, can you walk as far?" he says. "An' laugh as 'earty, or sing as rollickin', as we could when Ah were a lad?"

"An' will your childer be any better for all them looms what's even goin' to think, as you may say? Them 'at only needs one hand to mind twenty."

"Will t' one be paid t' wage o' twenty?—that's what Ah'd like to know, An' if not, who'll be any better off, an' what about t' nineteen out-o'-works?"

"It's 'hands' nowadays!" he says. "Us weyvers were men i' t' owd times; now there's nowght but hands!"

An' Ah says, "Ay, uncle, happen ther's summat i' what you say."

The Queen's "Christmas Gift Book," to be published for charitable ends, will appear early in November.

## Talks with the Doctor.

## THE HABIT OF HEALTH.

Every doctor is so continually beset by people who have the habit of being ill that every doctor has to consider whether it is not possible to induce the habit of health.

In many cases it is not. The root of most of the diseases that afflict children, men, and women is to be found in their lack of money to buy necessities.

To public hospitals and dispensaries men and women and children come week after week, and month after month, complaining of first one ache and then another ache, first one symptom and then another symptom. Such people have formed the habit of disease, and some of them appear happiest when retailing all the signs and symptoms. But this habit of disease does not arise without a definite physical cause, and that cause, in the majority of cases, is lack of food, of clothing, or of proper room-space. In a word, poverty.

Nevertheless, it is possible to form the habit of health. Children have it.

If a healthy baby wants feeding, it cries till it gets fed; if it is uncomfortable, it cries until it is made comfortable. If its surroundings do not suit its habit of health and well-being, the baby protests to the utmost of its power and its lungs until some change is made in those surroundings.

This is the habit of health.

Every man and woman ought to cultivate this habit before all other habits. If men or women find that their health is getting in any way below par, if the conditions in the factory or workshop or office or kitchen do not suit them, they should not rest content until these conditions are altered.

Girls are beginning seriously to strike against reductions of wages. I want to see them seriously strike against the conditions that produce anaemia and constipation, and all their attendant devils of indigestion and debility.

If you are not well, there is a cause. Find it out at once, protest against it to the utmost of your power and to the full extent of your lung capacity. Insist on your right to health as you insist on your right to regular pay.

It is, in fact, your right to a healthy, vigorous life from which all other rights should be derived.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C.—Bathe the children's sores every night, and the skin round them, in hot water until the skin is soft and the scales loosened. Then rub in gently a little ointment made of Unguentum Hydrarg-Nitrat. dilution, mixed with an equal portion of vaseline. Do not take the prescription you quote. Use massage regularly, with coconut oil as lubricant, and if you are run down get an iron and quinine tonic.

ANXIOUS MOTHER (Hull).—The sediment by itself need cause no anxiety. Let the patient bathe the parts with warm boric acid solution, one teaspoonful to the pint, and take this medicine for a week (she should stay at home until she gets better): R. Spirit Aether Nitrosi, 1oz; Kinum Ipecac., 3oz; make up with chloroform water to 12oz.

KEERAT.—Wash the head in warm water with a mild soap, such as Vinolia, every week. I am breaking my usual rule and sending you an excellent prescription by post.

X. Y. Z.

## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## Peg and the Pig.

There! I knew it! I was sure last week, when that pig objected so strongly to curling up his tail, that he would want to unfold it again this week.

And this time it is a tale of woe. He has a complaint to make. He says, "You humans always talk of us as 'dirty pigs,' and accuse us of 'wallowing in filth.' But may I ask what else you give us to wallow in? Do you suppose we should not prefer clean and airy sties in which respectable pigs might bring up their families properly, and fresh and wholesome food instead of decaying refuse?"

## Transformation.

Which is just what might be said by many of our fellow-creatures, my dears, at whom the Superior Person sniffs disdainfully, "Dirty pigs!"

Housed and fed and treated little better than pigs, may we expect to find them princes? Under the guise of the beast the prince is hidden. And if the Superior Person would go to his brethren with the magic touchstone of justice and love, he would learn many surprising things. But he also is under the spell of the vile Enchanter of whom I have spoken before, who makes of that should be a fair home-garden a strife-filled jungle.

And I am not always sure which is most to be pitied, the Beast who should be a Prince, or the Superior Person who might have been a Human Being.

There are many curious transformations, my dears. Princes, born in palaces and clothed in purple and fine linen, have been turned to pigs because they did not strive to hold fast their princeliness, but followed the evil counsel of Greed and Selfishness, two of the wicked Magician's most powerful helpers.

## Circe's Feast.

Some of you know the story of the Enchantress Circe, who, when visited by the fellow-voyagers of Ulysses, the wandering King of Ithaca, placed them on thrones with downy coverings, and set before them milk and honey and wheat and wine.

Homer, who tells the story, says: "Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost." And if we lose ourselves in feasting, my dears, something dreadful is sure to happen. "Fair-seeming" was Circe's feast, but "venomed" was the bread, and drugged the bowl," and while the friends of Ulysses were losing themselves, the sorceress waved her wand, and—

No more was seen the human form divine; Head, face and members bristle into swine!

Ulysses, who had remained behind in his ship, came later, and for him also the beautiful enchantress set the feast, and mixed the poison in the golden bowl. Then, while he drank, she waved her wand, and—

"Hence to thy fellows"—dreadful she began—  
"Go, be a beast!" He heard, and yet was man.

For he had been warned by the god Mercury, who had bestowed upon him also the magic herb Moly, which made the wicked arts of Circe of no avail against himself, and enabled him to compel the restoration of his companions. At his command the "fraudful Circe" set wide the door of the sties, and as the "bristly herd" rushed forth—

Touched by counter-charms they change again,  
And stand majestic and transformed to men.

And you will say, "Oh, but that is only a story! Or—if it happened at all, it was a long way off, you know, and a long, long time ago."

Ah, yes! But it happens every day around us, dears, and we have need of the gift of the gods, the magic herb Moly, if we would not become, under the influence of evil Real-World fancies and baleful enchantments, greedy, selfish pigs, trampling down our fellows in the struggle for a larger sty, and a wider trough, filled to over-flowing.

And the charmed herb, with its milk-white flower, is, as old Homer tells us, "to mortals hard to find." But having found even a petal, we begin to emerge from the beasthood of greed and selfishness; and if for us the table should be spread bounteously, we pray that we may be "forgiven to eat while any starve."

## Morals and Manners.

While Circe's pigs were "pointing morals" I had forgotten mine, and when I remembered him I hoped he would have taken himself off. But looking up I found that, like Mary's little lamb, "still he lingered near." Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Peg to her parlour asked a pig  
For half-an-hour, or so,  
But when she'd had enough of him  
The pig refused to go.

Was he going to be like Saint Anthony's pig, and never leave us? Must I, like Mary's teacher, unkindly turn him out?

"I shall not require your services any longer," I said politely; "and no doubt you have other engagements."

"Is that all you have to say?" he grunted reproachfully. "H'm! You humans talk about 'the manners of a pig,' but I certainly don't think much of yours."

## A Vote of Thanks.

Then I understood. He was waiting for a vote of thanks. The kind of thing your fathers have to "move" sometimes, my dears, at Friendly Society or "Co-op" meetings. "The thanks of this assembly are due to Brother Bacon for his invaluable assistance—"

And my pig really had been of service. So I stood up in the correct attitude, and in a tone befitting the occasion, said:

Sir, think not ingratitude mine,  
Your laurel-wreath gladly I'll twine,  
On all teaching I seize,

"Books in brooks, tongues in trees,"  
Then, wherefore not sermons in swine?

And should Peg e'er be shined as a saint  
(Can anyone say that she mayn't?)  
Then no pigment mixer  
On canvas shall fix her,  
Unless he her pig, too, will paint.

Piggie was quite delighted. I learnt that his one ambition was to attain to such glory as the pig of Saint Anthony, of which the story is handed down.

Oh, yes, my dears! All have hopes, desires, ambitions. Pigs and pigmies, picaninies, polliwogs and politicians. And at the thought that this might be realised, my piggie went away quite happy. And why should one make even a pig unhappy for lack of a few kind words? Those we may always give, "though silver and gold have we none." There! Now that he is comfortably disposed of I may attend to my artists.

## The Hanging Committee.

With paintings, pencil and pen-and-ink sketches (illustrating our Page of September 18), spread before me, I feel like the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy. And I want to hang you all.

Dear! dear! You know what I mean. Not that I wish to "string up" my precious children to lamp-posts, but to give their pictures places of honour.

Taking into consideration both quality of work and originality of design, I must give the prize to Alice Ebury (aged 12), 30, Victoria Street, Heckmondwike, for a very charming picture, the upper half showing the "fair dame, richly dight" in her tapestried bower, busy with her "broidery," and the lower, on one side the rock stairway, and on the other the "hapless prisoner pacing his dungeon."

Leonard Ebury (10) sends a spirited pen-and-ink drawing, "Richard besieges his Brother John." Armed knights man the battlements of the castle, and the besiegers approach, one on a marvelously "foreshortened" horse.

May Harry sends three paintings. "Old King Cole," a gorgeous "colour-scheme" indeed. "The Meeting of Robin Hood and King Richard." One does not know which to admire most of these two very attractive gentlemen, the black-moustached king in his silver armour and plumed helmet, or the "bold Robin," with brilliant auburn hair and garb of Lincoln green. But the gem of the three is "The Wizard Scowling horribly." If May gave him a scowl it must have dropped off in the post, for he wears now a pensive and poetic expression. But his massive pencil, poised like a javelin, is indeed a fearsome weapon.

The very best picture of those not original in design is the charming little painting of "Ye Old Trip to Jerusalem Inn," by L. T. Hodges. That I will "hang," framed.

John Foster sends two very nicely done pencil sketches of "The Silvery Trent" and "Entrance to Nottingham Castle." Annie Groves' "Robin Hood" and "Crusader," and Dorothy Madden's "Old King Cole" are very good. And dear little Mary Ebury, who is only six, deserves a prize for her sweet little letter as well as for her picture of the Castle on a rock.

Now—by request—the rhymers, like the artists, are to "have a chance." As short as you please, dears, but not longer than five four-line verses. Age limit, 14. Time, up to October 23. Prize, a book costing not more than 5s.

Ped.

## HOME NOTES.

By Dorothy Worrall.

"I hate the kitchen and everything in it."

"Do you, really? Oh, I'm so glad! I feel just the same, only I didn't dare to say it."

"Aren't they dreadful, those people who will persist in telling you how many curtains they have ironed and how many pounds of onions they have pickled?"

"Yes, indeed! I always go away if anyone begins to talk in that way; it gets on my nerves. Women who are so interested in that kind of thing can't be properly interested in anything else."

This is what I heard as I walked with two women the other day, and it astonished me; for they were both nice women, and yet they talked like that. I didn't bother to argue with them. But I wondered how many other people think in the same way, and in the same way don't dare to say it.

That in itself shows that they are a little bit ashamed. There must be something wrong when women

## Kate their Homes,

and can't bear to listen to anyone talking about them. Don't you think that if you are lucky enough to have a nice home, you should interest yourself in it, so that the work is pleasant to you, not hateful?

As for the notion that women who are interested in housework can't have any other ideas, that's all stuff and nonsense, to my thinking. Why, in one day's work in a house there are enough funny unexpected happenings to develop a sense of humour in anyone, and if you have a sense of humour you can interest yourself in anything.

You should have seen me just a few minutes ago, tugging away at a pan lid that had got stuck inside the pan. Beatrice held the pan down while I pulled until I was purple in the face. We did look funny.

But I got it out.

Am sure you have all had similar experiences. I wish you would write and tell me about them, for I do love

## A Good Laugh.

You feel so much better after it. When I let out my dog, Mick, for his nightly bark, he comes in absolutely panting with satisfaction. Laughing leaves you in the same condition—doesn't it?

I would like to remind you once again that recipes sent in must be either original or have been proved to be really good; that is to say, worthy to be put in THE WOMAN WORKER.

My recipe this week is very easily made and very tasty.

TOMATO AND ONION SAVOURY.—3 onions, 3 tomatoes, 1 cupful of breadcrumbs. Slice the onions and tomatoes, and fry them. Grease a pie dish, put in a layer of onions, a layer of tomatoes, pepper and salt; then put half the breadcrumbs, then tomatoes and onions in layers again, till the dish is full. Season again with salt and pepper, and put remainder of breadcrumbs over. Put a few bits of butter on top and bake for 20 minutes.—Dorothy.

Now is the time for damsons, as they are so plentiful. I have had 'so many recipes sent in for

## Damson Pickle

that it has been very hard to decide which is the best. At last I have sorted

them out till there are only two left, and I leave it to you to say which is the better of these two: The 5s. prize is divided between Mrs. J. H. Burrows, 18, Vine Street, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, and E. M. Jones, 29, Fell Street, Holt Road, Liverpool.

PICKLED DAMSONS.—To every 6lb of damsons, allow 4lb of lump sugar and 1 quart of vinegar. Boil the sugar and vinegar together, and pour boiling on the damsons. Let them stand all night and next morning pour all together into the pan; just let them come to a boil, then skim. When cool it is ready to put away in jars, and will keep for years.—Mrs. J. H. Burrows.

To PICKLE DAMSONS.—4lb damsons, 2lb loaf sugar, 1 pint vinegar. Put the vinegar and sugar in a pan to boil. When the sugar is dissolving, drop in the damsons a few at a time. When they begin to crack, it is done. Put in bottles or jars, and, when cold, cover with egged paper. This recipe will answer for all kinds of plums.—E. M. Jones.

## GENERAL RECIPES.

TO MAKE COLD MEAT APPETIZING.—Place slices of cold meat in a dish, then a layer of fried onions, then meat and onions again until dish is full, season with salt and pepper. Fill the dish up with hot water, adding cold gravy if you have any. Cover and bake 1 hour. Then thicken with a little flour and serve.—Mrs. Maybury, St. Helens.

EGG FOR AN INVALID.—Beat the yolk and white separately until extremely light. Add a pinch of salt, pour into a cup, and set the cup into a saucepanful of hot water, stirring constantly till scalded but not cooked. When this is done slowly, the egg just thickens slightly, and puffs up until the cup is almost filled with the creamy custard. Set in the oven a moment, then serve.—Grace Taylor, Accrington.

ANOTHER WAY OF COOKING AN EGG.—Separate the white from the yolk and beat to a stiff froth. Place on a buttered saucer, and drop the yolk in the centre of the white without breaking it. Season with pepper and salt and set over a saucepan of water till the white is just crisp. Serve with thin white or brown bread and butter.—Nurse Briggs, Dereham.

VEGETABLE MARROW JAM.—Prepare a marrow, and boil it until tender; take it out of the water and let it drain until cool. Cut it up into small squares and place in a deep dish. To each pound of marrow add 1lb sugar. Sift the sugar over the marrow and leave until next day. Then add 3oz whole ginger (bruised) and the grated rind and juice of two lemons. Boil altogether for 2 hours or more till clear.—Mrs. B. Q. Valsey, Swindon.

GINGER PUDDING.—4oz breadcrumbs, 2oz treacle, 1oz butter, 1 teaspoonful ground ginger, a little milk. Melt the treacle and butter together, then add to the breadcrumbs and ginger. Mix to a light consistency with the milk, put into a greased basin, and

steam 2 hours. Serve with white sauce.—Mrs. H. Court, Halifax.

CRACKED EGGS.—To boil eggs that are cracked, put a little salt in the water before putting the eggs in. This prevents the egg from coming out.—Mrs. E. Robinson, Prestwick.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Put 4lb blackberries into a bowl; boil 4qts water and, when cold, pour it over the blackberries. Let it stand a week, stirring each day. Then strain through a muslin bag. Add 1lb lump sugar to each quart of liquid, and let it stand another week. Take off scum and stir each day. Then strain and bottle.—Mrs. Stringer, Guiseley.

CHEESE SAUSAGES.—4oz grated cheese, 4oz breadcrumbs, dessertspoonful of brown flour, pepper and salt, 1 egg, mixed herbs to taste. Mix into a stiff paste with beaten egg, shape into sausages, and fry in boiling fat.

POTTED MEAT.—1lb lean meat, 1/2 cow heel, 1 teaspoonful salt. Cut up in small pieces and put all together in a stew jar; add pepper and salt, cover with cold water, and let it stew slowly in the oven for 4 hours. Then take bones out, grease a mould or basin, and pour meat and liquid in. Let it stand in a cool place all night, and before you turn it out, loosen all round the edge with a knife.—Mrs. Reid, Gorton.

TO REMOVE FAT FROM HOT SOUP.—Pour the soup through a cloth that has been rinsed in cold water, and the fat will remain in the cloth.—Mrs. A. J. Palmer, Kensington, W.

## A Prize of 5s.

is given every week to the sender of the best Home Note (not necessarily a recipe) to Dorothy Worrall, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, E.C.

Miss Balkwill, the Progressive candidate for Hampstead, says she is not a Suffragist, but "just a woman worker who tries to do some little good in a quiet way."

Out-relief for the old in Clerkenwell, which is to be at the same rate as pensions, is at present paid to more than 1,000 people over the age of 70. The poor old man at Brentford who was sent to gaol by a heartless magistrate at 75, for taking some apples when he was hungry, has been given 5s. a week by an unknown lady.

## Oatine

is matchless as a Complexion Beautifier: it is Nature's own cosmetic. Oatine does what soap cannot do, it gets down into the pores of the skin and cleanses thoroughly. Send for

FREE SAMPLE of Oatine Cream, and book on "Beauty Hints," or send 3d. for box of samples of 8 different preparations THE OATINE CO., 260a, Denman St., London, S.E.

## THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN (1909 Model).

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

They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each.

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium-pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. The massive 16-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and all the latest improvements. One of the letters we daily receive: "Please send me THREE MORE PENS: the half-dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."

THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN is a marvel of simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a tilt—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The massive 16-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had.

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/., is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each. Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers: MYNART & CO., Ltd. (Dept. C.), 71, High Holborn, London, and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

## VOTES FOR WOMEN.

### Another Wild Night at Westminster.

The precincts were full of policemen. They crept like blackbeetles into the cover of a hundred nooks; in any hidden place you could see the dim mass of them stealthily waiting for prohibited antics on the part of the mob.

Away from Palace Yard they cut a bolder figure, and pranced about on splendid great horses which walked at their bidding up flights of steps, or reared or pirouetted or did any other wondrous unexpected thing the occasion might demand.

#### Splendid Steeds.

These clever horses started their long dance in the early evening, for by seven o'clock a mass of people had come to Whitehall, and each moment its dimensions swelled. But the horses gave it no peace, and many of us spent the night in an endless attempt to elude their approach.

Naturally such persistence was not appreciated. We were many, they were few. Men who had been trodden upon or nearly over-riden were full of fierce curses, and had stones been plentiful some of these fine horsemen had received sorry recognition of their equestrian skill.

The police, however, neglected nothing. Every gutter had been swept clean, and the exasperated crowd, lacking heavier missiles, threw only "boos," and curses into the air.

#### Baffled by the Police.

At eight o'clock the crowd was as dense as on the occasion of the last gathering, but it was sternly held off the House. A wall of police breasted it in Victoria Street, in Great George Street, in Whitehall—everywhere. Caxton Hall sent forth little processions of its champions, who rode on a great wave of people up to this blue breakwater, and were then stayed, and after more or less of parley, scattered.

It seemed to be part of the police plan not to make arrests. Again and again in the early part of the night they declined captures which on past occasions they would have certainly accepted.

This time they used more objectionable methods, and several of them were guilty of conduct not short of dastardly. One great fellow drove a woman before him with blows and pushes that kept her reeling. This was more than we could stand, and in a moment the cowardly policeman was himself at bay, and it was a miracle that saved him from a battered scone.

#### Latent Anger.

I have never seen a crowd so much inclined to war against the emissaries of order.

One who hit a youth needlessly in the face was felled in a trice, and from time to time a tigerish growl came from packs of people in Victoria Street and elsewhere, threatened by the hoofs of the unresting steeds.

Growls still more menacing came from the direction of the river.

The unemployed had concentrated there, and were in a bad mood. Two or three times they lunged forward

towards the House, but were stayed by a solid weight of police. Once it was whispered that John Burns was in sight, and the hungry fellows shouted with savage exultation at the prospect of laying hands upon the old leader of the out-of-workers. But John Burns on these occasions is coy, and he wisely did not court attention.

As the evening advanced the policy of refusing arrests broke down, and we had repetition of the old sad scenes. Some distraught girl would call out her battle cry and hurl herself upon the thin blue line. Then seven or eight great fellows would seize her, and the group would toss aimlessly about in the grip of a surging, eddying throng, and at last end its perilous career in the Bridewell.

#### A Friendly Crowd.

Far more than on any previous occasion the crowd was friendly to the women, and on the whole it gave them lusty backing. It had its hooligan elements, of course, and a fine fellow who I hope may see these notes was set upon by some rowdies he had manfully beaten back from their destined sport with two of the ladies. I went to his aid in time to get the benefit of a charge by the police, who came upon us, hitting indiscriminately. My valiant friend vanished in the hurly, and I fear he suffered. It did not always go well with the rowdies, however.

"Aw cawn't abide blokes wots narsty wif women," a broad-shouldered coster explained, and a second after his fist crashed upon an impertinent mouth that had ventured to utter a rudeness to a suffragist beset.

#### Police in Possession.

As before, the night terminated with a great clearing operation. A line of rearing horses bore down upon us and drove us sullenly up Victoria Street. Our numbers were thinned by this time, and the police had their way with us. At eleven o'clock the vast assembly was almost dispersed.

It was altogether a less eventful night than that of the last demonstration. The crowd, though enormous and inclined to be fractious, was kept far away from the Houses of Parliament, and never escaped from the domination of the police. Had it done so I do not doubt that the outcome would have been in the last degree disastrous.

J. J. MALLON.

#### The Cotton Lock-out.

As we went to press, the likelihood of the cotton dispute being settled seemed very remote.

The National Federation of Trade Unions had induced the spinners and cardroom workers to agree. They were to accept a reduction at Christmas on condition that the whole question of rates should then be reconsidered.

The masters, we understand, refused this offer, and stood out for a reduction as from January next for twelve months. It is rumoured that the masters decline to accept any negotiations coming from the General Federation.

Meantime, poverty is making itself acutely felt.

## What Gaol Feels Like.

A Woman Suffragist's Experience.

Dr. Helen Bouchier wrote to the "Chronicle" the other day a very interesting letter on her month's term of imprisonment. The observations of a physician are of real value on the subject of prison life.

"In my own case," says Dr. Bouchier, "I suffered very much less from many of the details of prison life than the great majority of my fellow-prisoners. I was never at all troubled by the fact that my cell door was locked. It came upon me rather as a surprise that one of my fellow-prisoners suffered so acutely that, after the first night, she felt as if she would go mad, and on the second night screamed so, and was so excited and unnerved, that she had to be removed to the infirmary."

"Yet I found even that short term of imprisonment, in some subtle way, affecting my mind. Trivial incidents that at first I had known and felt to be absolutely unimportant, began to loom larger before my mental vision, and I found myself gradually losing all sense of proportion. "If the 'needlework officer' forgot to leave a pair of scissors in the morning, for instance, I could think of nothing else for the greater part of the day."

"But the fact which showed me most startlingly the effect produced by unnatural conditions of seclusion, silence, and monotony was the growth of a strange feeling of apprehension, of shrinking from the outside world. When the last day came I said to myself, 'Not to-day; I shall be more ready to-morrow.' And this when I had spent but one month within those walls!"

"There are some of us in the Women's Freedom League who are ready to go to prison for five years or seven years when the call comes. But when we have talked it over amongst ourselves, we have acknowledged to each other that our lives will be practically ended—that we shall never do any more work in the world."

#### Prisons and Song.

Madam Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerly Rufford sang in Brixton Gaol on Sunday. "I never was so upset in my life," Madam Butt told a "Daily Mirror" representative, "as when I faced the rows of faces, some seeming so sinful, others so pleasant that one could not believe their owners had committed any serious offence."

We agree with the great singer that it would be a good thing if other prison officials arranged concerts of the same kind for their charges, and brightened their lives a little.

#### Help More than Harm.

The latest plan for fighting Socialism is a school for the purpose of manufacturing non-Socialists.

According to Press reports the Anti-Socialist Union, lately formed, will study standard works on Socialism, and every speaker to represent the Union must graduate in that school. There will also be an intelligence department for the collection of Socialist pamphlets.

In fact, we have every hope of this new movement being responsible for a good many hot and strong Socialists.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED**

**WHITE**

**& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

## THINGS DONE AND SAID.

### The Week's News for Women.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

##### Campaign at the Opening of Parliament.

##### The House Invaded.

The scenes of Tuesday, which are described on another page, were the outcome of a well-planned campaign on the part alike of the Women's Freedom League and the W.S.P.U.

Last week a petition uniting Suffragists of all parties was presented to the Prime Minister by Miss Margaret Llewellyn Davies, hon. general secretary of the Women's Co-operative Guild. It pointed out the indefiniteness of Mr. Asquith's promises, and continued:

We do not think that the enfranchisement of women could be reasonably assured in the way indicated, unless the Government were prepared—

(1) To introduce the Bill next Session, and (2) To emphasise the sincerity of their intention of giving votes to women by letting it be known that they would refuse to pass the Bill without the women's clauses, if these should be rejected by the House of Lords.

(3) We wish also to point out that, in view of the attitude of the House of Commons to our claim, there can be no reason why the Government, being themselves willing to accept women's suffrage, should not make it a part of their Bill as introduced. The unusual course proposed, of offering the House of Commons the opportunity of inserting legislation on a subject of first-rate importance into a Government Bill by way of amendment, has given rise in some quarters to a doubt of the genuineness of the proposal, which we should be glad to see dispelled.

(4) With a view to securing the confidence of women, we regard it as important that some clear indication should shortly be given of the qualifications for women which would be compatible with your project of electoral reform.

The movement being forty years old, Mr. Asquith was asked to give these points his serious consideration, and grant the suffrage this session.

He replied that the Government could not give facilities for a controversial measure, and thereupon the W.S.P.U. resolved to attempt again to gain forcible entrance to the House of Commons, and lay their views before Mr. Asquith in person.

#### Police Notification.

The answer was a notice published by the Commissioner of Police to the effect that the streets about Parliament Square must be kept open and unobstructed. He warned the public of the danger of assembling there.

In answer to this the leaders made an appeal to the public to help them to enter the Square.

Miss Pankhurst said: "What will happen I cannot tell you, but I appeal to all men and women who love justice to come to Parliament Square and help us to reach our goal."

Miss Christabel Pankhurst said: "We are not afraid of being hurt; we are not afraid of being sent to prison. We have tried all gentle means and have failed. Now we shall fight."

Mrs. Drummond said: "The deputation will march from Caxton Hall, and it will be for you to see that the doors of Parliament are not slammed in their faces."

#### The Three Arrests.

The arrests of these three leaders that followed had reference to these and other incitements.

On a warrant issued on Monday morning, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Christabel Pankhurst surrendered themselves at leisure on Tuesday evening. Their case was before Mr. Curtis Bennett as we went to press.

#### Women's Freedom League.

A smart piece of work was done all over the kingdom by members of the Women's Freedom League, who, in the small hours of Monday, pasted a proclamation upon the doorways of Cabinet Ministers' private houses, on the Government offices in Whitehall, the Bank, the Mansion House, Holloway Gaol, police-stations, town halls, post offices, and pillar-boxes throughout London and the leading towns of England and Scotland.

The proclamation was in these terms:

#### PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Nation depends for its progress and existence upon the work and services of women as well as of men;

WHEREAS the State is organised for the mutual protection and co-operation of all its citizens, women as well as men.

WHEREAS the Women's Freedom League calls upon the Government to remove the sex-disability which deprives qualified women of their just right of Voting in the Parliamentary elections and

#### DEMANDS

the immediate extension of the Franchise to Women on the same terms as it is or may be enjoyed by men.

In the Name of Liberty and Humanity the Women's Freedom League claims the Vote.

#### Tuesday Night's Conflict.

##### Forty-four Arrests.

In the attempts to force a way into Parliament Square, forty-four women and men were arrested; many hurt, and many more frightened.

Vast crowds gathered out of sympathy or curiosity, and in Whitehall at one moment, where they were dense, some constables lost their heads and charged at a gallop. Women and children were thrown down or crushed.

People flying for refuge into a blind alley found themselves packed as in a fire panic. Windows and railings were broken by the pressure of human bodies.

#### The Invasion of the House.

The appearance of a Suffragette on the floor of the House of Commons was not preconcerted. Mrs. Travers Symons acted on an impulse of her own.

She was the guest of a member, Mr. Idris, M.P., and, after being in the House for more than an hour, she rushed in from the lobby almost to the gangway, crying out: "leave off discussing the children's question, and give votes to women first."

Afterwards she gave to Mr. Idris a written apology exonerating him from blame. What she did "was on the spur of the moment."

Miss Duval, Miss Sedley, Miss Lucy Williams and Miss Irene Miller have been out with a barrel organ collecting subscriptions.

Two members of the Women's Freedom League, collecting in front of the Royal Exchange, were moved away by the police.

Miss Balfour, sister of the ex-Prime Minister, has become a subscriber to the W.S.P.U., but adds that she "is greatly interested in the work of the habitations affiliated to the Primrose League that have definitely declared for Women's Suffrage."

In signing the manifesto to Mr. Asquith,

Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, Miss Julia Dawson, and Miss Macarthur notified that they were personally in favour of Adult Suffrage.

The Women's Freedom League is opening "Votes for Women" shops in various districts in London for a fortnight at a time. Miss Seruya has charge of this organisation, and has just opened the first shop in Seven Sisters Road, Holloway.

#### THE SIGN OF THE SKULL.

##### "Work or Revolution—Which?"

Mid-October, and London shivering at an ugly menace. As yet there is nothing organised and formidable, but the signs of popular impatience are such as prompt and prudent Ministers should take warning by. There is wild talk among some of the leaders of workless men and women; mistrust of Mr. John Burns, whom at one time it was hoped to conjure with; and a foolish growing conviction, full of possible mischief, that the Social Revolution is to be achieved at once by riot and plunder.

Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee seems to grasp at the sense of justice which ought to inspire the Government; it has a more human ring than the arguments of Mr. Lloyd George, and is not apologetic; but theirs are the only sympathetic voices of men in authority, and the Prime Minister talks of other things.

Saturday and Sunday's demonstrations in London were sporadic only. There was a great display of police. Too much attention is being paid to the threats of reckless orators who cannot lead.

There was neither on Saturday that large gathering of unemployed on the Embankment which had been advertised, nor on Sunday, either in London or in the country, that general march of workless men upon the churches which certain members of the National Right to Work Council had proclaimed. The real prophets of the Social Revolution are men of sober temper, who do not associate themselves with incitements; and the true forces of discontent know this.

But it is evident that, in the absence of immediate, genuine and adequate measures it may in a little while be impossible to restrain the people.

#### Defiant Banners and Speeches.

The Trafalgar Square demonstration, though not so large as had been expected, was very bitter in tone.

Three banners gave it the revolutionary look. There was one that put the question "Work or Revolution—Which?" Another had a rather pointless picture of the head of Fouchet, with grass in his mouth. A third, bearing the true words, "Starved to Death in a Land of Plenty," was surmounted by a plaster skull.

Mr. Jack Williams, the organiser of the demonstration, said: "You have filled this square to-day, and you will fill Parliament Square on Monday. But don't stop there. Before many weeks are over you will have to fill Belgrave Square and Grosvenor Square; and if you are prepared to march to the West End every day next week I am prepared to march with you."

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., proposed a resolution calling upon the Government to take

immediate action, and declaring that otherwise "it will be left to the hungry men to ignore the rules of a society that has no regard for them." He bitterly criticised the Government.

"Mr. Haldane wants you to drill for six months and learn to kill those who are not your enemies. If you want any drill I should advise you to have it in your own backyard, and learn to kill those who are your enemies." (Great cheers.)

He did not think they would get much by rushing the House of Commons as the Suffragettes were going to do. "Rush some place," he said, "where there is something worth rushing for. If you are hungry, and your wives and children, you ought to rush every baker's shop in London." (Loud cheers.)

On Monday and Tuesday Parliament Square was kept clear of the unemployed and of others, too, by a force of 5,000 police, mounted and on foot. Shopkeepers had boarded up their windows needlessly.

Mr. Asquith had to be furnished with a special bodyguard. Men followed him clamouring for work and groaning loudly.

### London County Council.

Councillor Frank Smith insisted, on Tuesday, at the London County Council, upon speaking on the unemployed question, and moved a resolution. He was "named" and ordered to retire, but refused; and a crowded gallery cheered him.

In the end the Council had to adjourn, and police were called in to clear the gallery.

A disgraceful scene marked the resumption of the Council's proceedings. The Chairman signed the attendants to remove Mr. Smith, who was still speaking; and they attempted this. But he sat among his comrades of the Labour Party, and the attempt failed. They were subjected to the indignity of a struggle; but only the furniture gave way.

Mr. Crooks and Mr. Sydney Webb warned the Chairman that he was acting illegally in using force.

"I protest against this disgraceful scene," shouted Dr. Salter.

The Moderate leader then moved a further adjournment of half an hour. His party filed out again.

When at the end of the half-hour the Chairman reappeared Mr. Smith sprang to his feet. He had spoken a few words only when Captain Swinton proposed the adjournment of the Council.

This was carried on a division.

### Police Violence at Leeds.

A speech by Mr. Asquith at Leeds on Saturday last was the occasion of rougher measures of police than it seems to have warranted.

Outside the Coliseum a meeting of Suffragettes, Mrs. Baines the leading spirit, was joined at their invitation by the unemployed; and Mrs. Baines cried out to the crowd that they should break down the doors. Some show of doing so was made, and a body of police, instead of keeping their ground, charged unexpectedly with batons.

A number of children in the crowd were knocked down and trampled. There is a good deal of public indignation over this excessive measure of alarm.

### Deputation to Mr. Burns.

#### Great Dissatisfaction.

On Monday a deputation led by Mr. Keir-Hardie, Mr. Summerbell, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Henderson, and other members of the Labour party, saw Mr. Burns to ask for an immediate amendment of the Unemployed Workmen's Act of 1905, and the allocation of a grant of £250,000 to London.

Mr. Burns put them off with a reference to the Premier's intention to make a statement in the House of Commons on Wednesday, assuring them that the question of un-

employment was receiving careful consideration.

The deputation found this reply "curt and unsatisfactory." It was afterwards denounced at a meeting on Waterloo Bridge. This meeting was to have been held by Cleopatra's Needle, but the police called attention to a regulation by which no meeting may be held within a mile of the House while it is sitting.

The speakers included Mr. Stewart Gray, Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, Mr. George Lansbury, and Mr. Frank Smith. A large force of police surrounded a perfectly quiet crowd.

### Mr. Burns and Bradford.

In answer to the request of the Bradford City Council for sanction to a loan of £50,000 for work for the unemployed, Mr. Burns has written declining to receive the suggested deputation, and asking for details of work proposed to be undertaken.

When the unemployed heard of this decision they passed a resolution stating that 8,000 persons are out of employment in the city, with 24,000 women and children dependent on them, all on the verge of starvation.

Mr. Crooks, M.P., speaking at a Socialist demonstration said that exactly seventeen years ago Mr. Burns told the then President of the Local Government Board that the time had arrived for some great scheme for the unemployed. If the time had arrived seventeen years ago it was a bit overdue now. (Cheers.)

### Women's Work in Manchester.

The Lady Mayoress of Manchester appeals for cast-off clothing in aid of a scheme to provide women's work and do something for poor children.

The scheme is:—(1) To secure a large room; (2) to provide several sewing machines; (3) to engage a competent woman who understands the making and mending of clothes and who can supervise the work; (4) to advertise in the newspapers for cast-off clothes; and to find employment for women and girls who are in distress owing to want of work. These clothes could be made up into suitable sizes, and would afford a supply of garments for distribution to children.

The scheme has the merit of ensuring that certain women and girls now on the Labour Register shall have suitable employment.

A Nottingham contingent set out on Sunday to walk to London and demand an interview with the President of the Local Government Board.

There is danger of a serious conflict with the police to-morrow in Birmingham, where the unemployed leaders are bent on the choice of Chamberlain Square as their place of meeting. It is not easy to see what good purpose their insistence will serve.

Addressing a large Socialist gathering at Leicester Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., said Tariff Reformers were full of sympathy for the unemployed, but if the list of subscribers to the Tariff Reform League were published it would prove such an exposure that the League would not survive it twenty-four hours.

Mr. J. E. Hold, a commercial traveller, gave voluntary evidence against the police in a case arising out of the dispersal of the Trafalgar Square crowd on Saturday night. He saw a constable strike what he thought an outrageous and wanton blow, at which the crowd cried "Shame." The victim of the blow, who had returned it, was remanded.

Southwark Borough Council will spend £15,394 in providing special winter work for 300 men. Battersea will spend £7,000 on road-making. There are other piecemeal attempts to deal with the trouble, but there is nothing adequate.

## NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN WORKERS.

### The Annual Conference.

The third Annual Conference of the National Federation of Women Workers was held in the Holborn Town Hall last Saturday.

In 1906 the first Annual Conference was attended by six delegates; last year twenty-seven delegates attended; and this year the number had increased to thirty-eight, representing the following branches:—Banbury, Bourneville, Coventry, Colchester, Central London, Edinburgh, Edmonton, Halstead, Hoxton, Norwich, Oxford, Preston, Silvertown, Whitechapel and Woolwich.

Miss Macarthur, the president, said that much good work had been lately done by the Federation. In one case they had assisted fifty girls, who had struck because their wages had been unreasonably reduced. Through the organisation those girls had fought the employer successfully, and had returned to work at the old rates of pay. (Hear, hear.) Three small strikes were now in progress, and they had every hope of bringing them to a successful issue, as far as the girls were concerned. Their affiliation to the Women's Federation League gave them additional weight and importance in fighting unjust employers. The National Federation gave advice to women and girls workers in all matters relating to their work and wages. It sometimes happened that they were asked for assistance in quite other matters. For instance, a woman having lost her child at once went to the Federation for help in recovering the little wanderer. And girls had asked for advice when they had found that their sweethearts were not quite as tender and loving as they considered they should be. (Laughter.) It was gratifying to know that all the branches throughout the country were well received, and often assisted by the men's trade unions. (Hear, hear.)

Miss Louisa Hedges, the secretary, presented the annual report and balance sheet, which showed three thousand members in twenty-nine branches.

The balance sheet, which showed a credit balance of £440, was unanimously adopted.

### Election of Officers.

Some amusement was caused during the election of officers for the coming year. A delegate, in proposing the re-election of Miss Macarthur as president, described her as "an admirable figure-head." Miss Macarthur declined the compliment, declaring herself to have been really the "man at the wheel" in the movement, and by no means a "figure-head."

The delegate at once explained, amid much laughter, that she had meant that their president had shown such an "admirable head for figures," judging by the position of the Federation, and Miss Macarthur was thereupon unanimously re-elected.

Mrs. Lamont, of Edinburgh, was urged to continue as vice-president. It would be an "international" affair, said Miss Macarthur, with Mrs. Lamont as vice-president and herself as president.

A Delegate: Where does that come in? (Laughter.)

Miss Macarthur: Well, I am now a "colonised" Englishwoman. (Renewed laughter.)

The following officials were elected:—President, Mary R. Macarthur (London); vice-president, Mrs. Lamont (Edinburgh); treasurer, Rosa Hillary (Central London); secretary, Louisa Hedges; assistant secretary, Helena Flowers; Committee, Mrs. Williams (Coventry), Miss Leng (Oxford), Misses Cook and Wright (Whitechapel), Misses Newton (Halstead), Misses Murray, Gurden, and King (Edmonton), and Miss Windsor (Hoxton). Trustees, Mr. Pete Curran, M.P., Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., and Miss Martha Keane.

A resolution was passed authorising the Central Council to appoint a national organiser, and to ask all members who could afford it to pay a contribution of one penny

per month towards providing an organising fund.

At the suggestion of the Colchester branch the opinion was expressed that it would be advantageous to hold the Conference in a different town each year, to arouse interest throughout the country.

### Old-Age Pensions, &c.

A long discussion took place on out-of-work benefit and superannuation, the subject being introduced by Mrs. Williams, Coventry, in an exceedingly able speech. They had, she said, arranged for marriage portions for girls, and why not some provision for the aged? The marriage dowry caught the eyes of young women asked to join the Federation, and was a great inducement to them to associate themselves with the movement. One girl on joining said, "I don't want no sick benefit, but I mean to have the marriage portion when I get spliced." (Laughter.)

Miss Macarthur thought it was ridiculous to make people wait till seventy for an old age pension. They were going to ask the Government to reduce the age to sixty. Personally she would like to see it fixed at fifty-five. (Hear, hear.) She had often heard it said that men were too old at forty-five for fresh billets, and women were too old long before that age. (Loud cheers.)

It was finally decided that the Central Council should be instructed to consider the possibility of instituting an out-of-work and superannuation scheme, and to report at the next conference.

### Against Accidents.

Miss Esther Dicks moved the following resolution, and Miss Carter seconded: "That this conference of organised women workers calls upon the Government to redeem the pledges given by the Home Secretary in 1906 to institute a scheme of compulsory state insurance against accidents or industrial diseases covered by the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1906, and requests the Labour Party to place this reform in the forefront of its programme." The resolution was adopted.

### Legal Minimum Wage.

Miss Kimber (Oxford) moved, and Miss Windsor (Hoxton) seconded the following resolution, which was also adopted:

"That this conference of organised women workers hereby calls upon the Government to immediately introduce a Bill for the establishment of Wages Boards, to fix a Legal Minimum Wage in selected industries, and expresses the opinion that no such Bill will be satisfactory or workable unless it applies to factory workers as well as to home workers."

The President said it was monstrous to legislate only for home workers in this connection. There were to-day girls who worked in factories from 8 a.m. till 6.30 p.m., receiving the princely wage of 5s. per week. (Cries of "Shame!") If the proposed Bill dealt only with home workers, the result would be that there would be less work done at home and more work done in factories, where many women and girls were being sweated to death.

It was decided that the date and place of the next conference should be left to the Central Council.

### A Libellous Leaflet.

Mrs. Williams (Coventry) then asked the delegates to consider an extraordinary document which had been published and circulated in Coventry.

### TO EVERYBODY!

Trade Unionists especially.

AT REDUCED wages females are doing DIRTY, UNHEALTHY cycle polishing at one of the leading Cycle Manufacturing in Coventry.

Parents and friends of females should persuade them not to do this dirty and unhealthy work, as they sacrifice their health, their lives will be shortened, and they will receive no more than they would obtain in a cleaner and healthier trade.

### FEMALES!

If you agree with Miss MacArthur that females SHOULD do men's work—chimney sweeping, &c., DO IT!

but not without you have the same price for your labour as is paid to men.

Much indignation was expressed at the circulation of this libellous and misleading statement.

Miss Macarthur explained that she was seeking legal advice on the matter.

Finally, on the motion of Miss Smyth (Birmingham) the following resolution was passed unanimously: "That this conference regrets and deplores the circulation of so unwarrantable a statement and endorses the action of the Federation delegates at the Trade Union Congress."

A most successful reunion, arranged by the London members of the Federation, took place in the evening, when a splendid programme of songs, recitals, and dances were enjoyed.

## WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

### Activity at Portsmouth.

The Portsmouth Women's Labour League will have plenty of hard work next January when the annual conferences both of the W.L.L. and of the Labour Party will meet in that centre, and there will be hospitality and social intercourse and attendance at meetings to take up the time and thoughts of the local comrades. But the branch there does not shirk work, and the report which comes this week from one of its members, L. Miller, shows them still full of energy after three days of a bazaar (and months of preparation for it). This is the account sent:

"The members of the branch, in conjunction with the other local sections of the Labour Party, held a most successful 'Merrie England bazaar' on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of this month, in aid of funds for local and parliamentary elections. On the first day, the bazaar was opened by our parliamentary candidate, Alderman W. S. Sanders, on the second day, by the Rev. S. Bircham, Labour member of the Board of Guardians; and on the third day by Miss Margaret McMillan.

"The visit of the 'Children's Friend' has given us intense pleasure. May she soon come again!

"This, our first venture, has been attended by great success, and has brought us a very substantial sum of money, for lack of which our party has hitherto been badly crippled. The bazaar closed at about midnight on Saturday, amidst hearty cheers and with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' by the workers, who, happy if tired, unanimously resolved to hold another bazaar next year."

### Debate with Unionist Champion.

The National Executive has arranged for a debate on Thursday, November 5, at the Caxton Hall, which ought to arouse wide interest and attract an attentive audience. Miss Margaret Bondfield will maintain "that the full development of women is possible only under Socialism," whilst Miss Murrell Marvis will uphold the contrary opinion, and Lady Frances Balfour will preside.

### Who are the Combatants?

Miss Murrell Marvis is well-known as a writer and lecturer in the Unionist and Tariff Reform cause, and as the authoress of two biographies of Mr. Chamberlain—one dated 1900, "The Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, the man and the statesman"; the other a popular shilling life, dated 1906, called "Joseph Chamberlain, Imperialist."

Miss Margaret Bondfield does not need any introduction to the readers of THE WOMAN WORKER. As a Socialist and trade unionist her work is well-known, and she is a member of the Woman's Labour League Executive. Just now she is doing propaganda lecturing from one end of the country to the other after the close of her ten years of work as assistant secretary of the Shop Assistants' Union.

The chairman, Lady Frances Balfour, is a Unionist and Free Trader. She, too, is a very active writer and speaker on political matters, and as a sister of the present Duke of Argyll, and sister-in-law of Mr. Arthur Balfour, she is closely connected with the families which are accustomed to govern the rest of us. The debate will be really worth hearing. Tickets from 6d. up to 5s. Gallery free. Remember the date, Thursday, November 5, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster.

### To the Mothers of School Children.

This is the title of the newest leaflet published by the National W.L.L., and it urges the parents who are unable to give their children sufficient food to claim their rights under the Feeding of School Children Act, and ask that they shall be fed at school. The leaflets can be obtained from Mrs. Middleton, 8, Jedburgh Street, Clapham, London, 3s. 6d. per 1,000, post free.

### What was Done at Hull.

The idea of the leaflet is taken from one issued at Hull last winter. Mrs. Stone, president of the Hull W.L.L., describes what happened there. The League were the first to send a resolution to the papers demanding that the halfpenny rate be enforced and that the children be adequately fed instead of by spasmodic effort. Some time after, the League was asked by the I.L.P. to send two representatives to form a committee on the feeding of school children; the other societies joining being the Co-operative Society (Education Department), Independent Labour Party, Social Democratic Party, Fabian Society, and Trades and Labour Council.

The Charity Organisation Society was making frantic efforts to keep the meals going by private efforts, the Education Committee being compelled to provide rooms, attendance, and utensils. But as soon as this leaflet was spread broadcast in the town the children asked for such a number of tickets that the demand was far in excess of the supply. The Charity Organisation Society met and declared with great regret their inability to carry on the work any longer. Canon Lambert declared that it was all due to these leaflets, though he allowed that nothing illegal or unconstitutional had been done.

An appeal then was made to the Council for a grant to carry the meals over till midsummer, and thus the Council was forced to make provision of food and to acknowledge its responsibility with regard to the hungry children.

### Unemployment and Child Starvation.

In many centres this winter already threatens to be one of more disorganisation and slackness of work than usual. No work, no wages. No wages, no food for the little ones. Let the women of the Labour League see to it that the children's lives are not wrecked at the beginning by want of nourishment. We don't encourage the parents to shirk their responsibilities. But we tell them that if they cannot give their children food themselves it is their responsibility to see that the children do not starve, but that they claim the help of the community, which is now made possible as the result of the action of our Labour members in Parliament.

### Belfast Branch.

The League in Belfast is going forward steadily. Interesting papers have been read by Mrs. Baxter, M.A., on "The exploitation of children," and by Miss McGattiken on "The feeding of school children by the State."

"Question Night" has developed into quite a feature of our meetings, and brought forward such eloquence as to surprise even ourselves. We are anxious that all good women and true should come and give us a helping hand. The branch meets on Monday night at the Avenue Hall, Garfield Street, Belfast.

### America: The Presidential Election.

Engene V. Debs, the well-known American Socialist, and editor of their principal paper, "The Appeal to Reason," is a candidate for Presidential honours this year.

He has issued a special appeal to women to come forward and help in the campaign. He feels the special value of women's work in this connection. They always obtain a respectful hearing, and the movement seems to flourish most where their influence is most strongly felt.

THE DAISY LORD FUND.—Already acknowledged, £32 14s. 4d.; Edina, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Twilley, 1s.; Cecily Howie (collection), 10s. Total, £33 7s. 10d.



NOW  
I  
USE

**"Nugget"  
Furniture  
Polish**

The "NUGGET" POLISH

**"STILL STICKING TO THE BEST"**

The advertisement features a central illustration of a man with a long white beard, wearing a dark uniform and a peaked cap. He is standing on a cylindrical tin of 'Nugget Furniture Polish'. He holds a cane in his right hand and points with his left hand towards the text 'NOW I USE'. The tin he stands on has 'The "NUGGET" POLISH' written on it. To the right of the man, the words 'NOW I USE' are stacked vertically. Below that, the product name 'Nugget Furniture Polish' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. At the bottom of the illustration, a small rectangular box contains the slogan 'STILL STICKING TO THE BEST' in all caps.