

VOTES FOR WOMEN

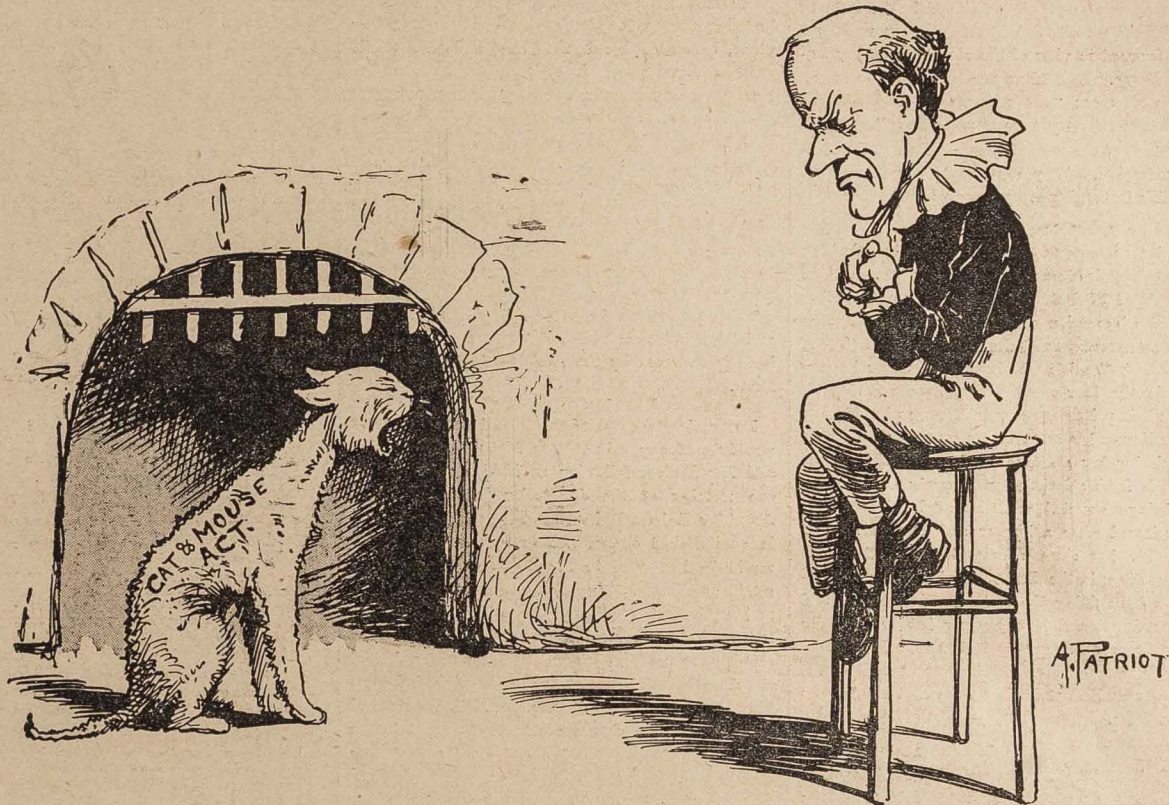
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THE CAT THAT FAILED



LITTLE REGINALD (to the Cat):—"Of course, I have to pretend you're a success before the other chaps. All the same, if I were not such a good humane little boy, I should like to drown you!"

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DEDICATION

To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.

THE OUTLOOK

Last Friday Parliament was prorogued, thus bringing to an end a session which, as far as women are concerned, has been barren of interest, distinction, or honour. It is true that Mr. Dickinson's Suffrage Bill was discussed and defeated, but it was a Bill that was never intended by its promoters to be taken seriously, and was rightly ignored by all the Suffrage organisations outside Parliament.

Beyond providing time for this stillborn measure, the Government have failed utterly to reckon with the one movement that is alive in the country to-day, and have only recognised its strength by staining the Statute Book and their own record with the measure of coercion known as the Cat and Mouse Act. We deal more fully with this matter in our leading article.

The Chesterfield By-Election

A vacancy having been caused at Chesterfield by the death of Mr. Haslam, a short but hard-fought three-cornered by-election contest has been in progress there since last week. Polling day was on Wednesday, and the result, which was still undecided when we went to press, has not been predicted with certainty by any of the party newspapers. The *Daily Telegraph* calls Mr. John Scurr, the Independent Socialist candidate, "the dark horse of this election"; and the *Times*, discounting the probability of his obtaining a four-figure poll, admits that "these are uncharted waters, and there has been great wreckage of electioneering forecasts in recent years." The sensation of the election has been the repudiation by the Labour Party of the Liberal-Labour candidate, Mr. Barnet Kenyon, on the ground that his identification with the Liberals would stultify his independence in Parliament as a champion of Labour interests. We cannot suppress a fleeting hope that the Parliamentary Labour Party, which professes to put Woman Suffrage in the forefront of its programme, may apply the same search-

ing test to itself, and refuse any longer to bolster up a Government that refuses votes to women.

Good Luck to John Scurr!

Our good wishes go to Mr. John Scurr, who, besides having a special claim on our sympathies as a member of the VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship, is fighting the election as a candidate independent of all political parties, and is laying great stress on the subject of women's freedom. He is at this moment under shadow of arrest for a so-called inflammatory speech made in connection with it at Leeds, some months ago. The other anti-Government candidate, Mr. Christie, is in favour of enfranchising women on the Conciliation Bill basis. Mr. Kenyon's opinions on Woman Suffrage, which are cautious, not to say lukewarm, are of little consequence, since, if elected, he will merely support the Government that persecutes women instead of granting them justice.

The Vote and the Grievance

The Chesterfield contest has provided an interesting example of the power of the vote to redress grievances. It was thought at first that an anti-Insurance Act candidate would be run solely for the purpose of exposing certain local grievances suffered under the Act. This would have seriously damaged the chances of the Liberal-Labour candidate, there being 5,000 insured persons in Chesterfield. Consequently, the necessary concessions were obtained in the nick of time by a deputation that was received with eagerness by Mr. Masterman, this week, and this danger to the Government was

averted at the last moment. Precisely the same tactics were adopted at the Altrincham by-election, on the eve of which the Government promised to introduce the Insurance Act Amendment Bill at once. Who, after this, can expect women to believe that their interests would not be safeguarded by the possession of political power?

The Ulster "Pillors and Robbers"

The serious riots in Londonderry, attended with loss of life and necessitating the presence of the military, give point to the resolutions which have been passed by men's organisations and at mass meetings all over this country, insisting that if Suffragists are to be imprisoned for incitement to the destruction of property, Sir Edward Carson and others should be imprisoned for far worse incitement to riot. The reason hitherto given for the immunity of the Ulster militants from prosecution has been that no result followed from their incitements, whereas damage to property followed in the wake of the Suffragist speeches. But this plea can no longer be put forward in view of the recent tragic happenings in Derry. It is of no use for the Times to say that the riots are "the outcome of deep passions embedded in the very fibre of the people." That is equally true of the revolutionary actions of the militant Suffragists. Why are the Ulster inciters at large while Suffragists are prosecuted?

The Suffragist Prisoners

We give on page 680 an analysis of the working of the Cat and Mouse Act since its passage into law on April 25 last. It is very instructive as to the effect of coercion on a movement that has its roots in an unconquerable desire for freedom. Out of some forty Suffragists who have come under its provisions in the four months that have now lapsed, only one is in prison as we go to Press, and not one of those on licence has come within measurable distance of completing her sentence. Several of the women have made fresh attacks upon property in the intervals of being rearrested, while Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, again released after a hunger and thirst strike on August 14, has since addressed two enthusiastic public meetings in the East End. Mr. George Lansbury has been doing the same at Chesterfield, and Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenney left England for the Continent quite openly last week. It is mere bluff on the part of Mr. McKenna to pretend in the face of overwhelming facts like these that his Act has been a success.

Mr. Asquith's Admission

We dealt at length last week with Mr. Asquith's reply to the deputation of suffragists from the N.U.W.S.S. We return to the subject this week in order to draw attention to an important observation which fell from him in the course of Mrs. Fawcett's speech. The passage is reported as follows in the Common Cause:—

Mrs. Fawcett: "Your pledges and promises to us remain unredemed. I admit that in January you could not redeem them, and you offered us—or rather you forced upon us—something which you deemed an equivalent, but we deemed no equivalent. In support of our own view, we can at least quote the authority of many of your most distinguished colleagues, who had repeatedly told us how greatly superior were our chances of success by way of amendment to a Government Bill coupled with the promises you had given us in November, 1911, compared with any chance afforded by a private member's Bill."

Mr. Asquith: "So they were; so they were. They told you the truth."

Assuming that this is a correct report—and there seems no reason to doubt it—we have here a definite and direct admission from Mr. Asquith himself that the substitute provided in January of the present year for the unredemed pledge was unsatisfactory and inadequate.

View of the Manchester Guardian

This being so it must be patent to his most loyal supporters that Mr. Asquith himself and the Liberal Party suffer serious dishonour so long as they refuse the only compensation which is fully equivalent to the pledge which has failed. The Manchester Guardian sees this quite clearly, and says:—

A man who is debarred from fulfilling a pledge in one particular form is not thereby discharged from all

obligation in the matter. The burden of fulfilment still lies upon him as heavily as ever. If he has quite unwittingly misled those with whom he was dealing by offering them something which he finds himself incapable of carrying out, he is bound in honour to exhaust his ingenuity in the task of finding some full equivalent. He must even go further than before if that is necessary in order to redeem his word. This then is the position in which Mr. Asquith and with him the Liberal party stand to-day. He could not do for the suffrage what he promised, but he is definitely bound to find an equivalent.

The Nation

Another Liberal Organ—The Nation—takes a similar line, and is no less emphatic on the subject. "In some quarters," it says, "language has been used which has given the impression that the Government, although it had not been able to give effect to its undertaking, now five years old, was absolved from further responsibility by the circumstances under which that undertaking broke down. That has always seemed to us a dishonourable interpretation of the facts." It proceeds to discuss what would have happened if the Speaker had, by some means or other, been able to rule the Home Rule Bill out of order, and states unequivocally that nobody imagines that the pledge to the Irish would have been regarded as redeemed by this misadventure. It concludes its argument in the following words:—

It is evident that, as a man of honour, it is of capital importance that he [Mr. Asquith] should find an alternative plan for carrying out a promise and doing justice to his own reputation. Mr. Asquith, having hit on one scheme whereby the House of Commons could declare its sincere opinion, in spite of the party system, is clearly bound to find a substitute for the scheme that has failed.

These quotations from the Manchester Guardian and The Nation are sufficient to show that our view is fully endorsed by the most clear sighted Liberal Press.

What is An Equivalent?

It remains to consider what kind of a substitute would be of any value. The Manchester Guardian and The Nation, following an incidental remark of one member of the deputation, suggest to Mr. Asquith a Reform Bill with woman suffrage included in an italicised clause, i.e., in a form in which it would be left open to the House of Commons to retain or omit it. They claim that this would be a real equivalent of the pledge which is still unredeemed. Even from a superficial point of view this is not the case, for no account has been taken of the essential element of time. The original pledge, illusory as we always held it to be, at least professed to give women a chance of enfranchisement before the next general election. The scheme now propounded offers no such chance, and therefore it is in no sense an equivalent of that which failed.

The Only Way

But the real reason why such a solution of the problem is quite out of the question to-day is that the whole procedure, by means of a Government Franchise Bill in which the vital question of Woman Suffrage was to be left open to the House had already been utterly discredited before the Speaker gave his ruling. We do not believe that any section of responsible politicians would consent to a repetition of that situation, even in a modified form. As to the opinion of the suffragists, the day has gone by for *will o' the wisp*. There is only one solution which affords a genuine prospect of success, and that is along the orthodox lines of a definite Government Bill, in which a clause providing for the enfranchisement of women is included as an integral and essential part. This is the unanimous demand of militant and non-militant suffragists, and, sooner or later, the Liberal Party, if it is to remain in power, must accept the inevitable, and adopt this course.

Liberal Rebels

We are glad to see that two important Liberal officials, the president and chairman respectively of the Macclesfield Young Liberals, have resigned office as well as their membership of the National Liberal Association on account of the refusal of that body to allow a free discussion of Woman Suffrage at their last annual meeting. If Liberals all over the country would follow the lead of Mr. White and Councillor Barclay, the women's fight would be made immeasurably easier.

Wages of Postal Servants

The postal servants are holding a private conference at Matlock, this week, to discuss the Report of

the Select Committee on their wages and conditions, with the findings of which they are said to be anything but satisfied. The men, with their thousands of votes, have the Postmaster-General and his colleagues in the hollow of their hands if they use their power energetically. But the women postal servants have no vote with which to back their demand for redress of grievances, of which they have more than their share, for they are in every department paid less than the men for doing the same work. A writer to the Times on August 19 points out one of their hardships when he shows that the Report does not touch the case of the small postmaster who is also a shopkeeper. Large numbers of these, he says, are women in very poor circumstances.

We record with very deep regret the death at Samaden, Switzerland, of Mr. P. T. Henlé, who was well known to ourselves and many others in the suffrage movement in connection with his advocacy as barrister of the suffrage cause in the law courts. His powerful personality, integrity and sound common sense had led many to predict for him an influential and useful career. These hopes have been cruelly blighted.

(Next week we hope to publish a story by Lawrence Housman, called "A Side-Wind.")

A MILITANT

Calm days and gentle ease,
Her spirit sought for;
She, who preferred to these,
The Cause she fought for.

Fragile the strife among,
Nothing could bend her,
In the foe's face she flung
Her, "No Surrender."

Stiff armour of the strife
Still buckled on her,
She gave her fighting life
Her Cause to honour.

MAUDE SANSON CARTER.

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THE CHESTERFIELD BY-ELECTION

CANDIDATES:
Mr. John Scurr (Ind.)
Mr. Barnet Kenyon (Lib.-Lab.)
Mr. E. Christie (U.)
POLLING DAY:
Wednesday, August 20
Liberal-Labour majority in December, 1910—2,223

The result of the by-election at Chesterfield, where a vacancy has been caused by the death of Mr. James Haslam, was not known when we went to Press on Wednesday night. The contest has been one of special interest to readers of this paper, for Mr. John Scurr, the candidate who is standing independently of all political parties, is a member of the VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship, and is making the advocacy of woman suffrage a prominent feature in his campaign. Our readers will remember that he has contributed more than once to our columns. We give below a few details of his life and career.

The Other Candidates' Views
The other Anti-Government candidate, Mr. E. Christie (Unionist) is in favour of a limited franchise for women, while a profession of sympathy has been made by Mr. Barnet Kenyon, the Liberal-Labour candidate, who cannot, however, expect to be taken seriously as a Suffragist by anyone, since he supports and is supported by the present Anti-Suffrage Government, and has been helped throughout the election by Miss Violet Markham, the well-known Anti-Suffragist.
The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies have taken no part in the contest. The militant Suffragists, on the other hand, have conducted a vigorous campaign in the constituency, and the Women's Freedom League has actively supported the candidature of Mr. John Scurr.

THE CAMPAIGN By One Who Helped

All day long from noon till night we kept it up. For nearly eleven hours at a stretch our platform was never for a moment without a speaker. It was in the middle of the market-place in that rather dreary town which has clustered round the crooked, corkscrew spire. It is unfortunate for a town to be known chiefly for a hideously crooked spire and a dreary atmosphere of smoke, through which even an August sun looks pallid. But John Scurr and his supporters made an enlivening change. One after another we got up and spoke; no pause between one speaker and the next, except for an occasional question. From time to time Tories and Liberals held their meetings in the same market-place. They tried to draw our crowds and shout us down. It made no difference. Our speakers went quietly on, and the crowd stood always thick and silent around them. People in the night have a gift of silence.
On the woman's side, the Freedom

League was most active. They had been there three or four days. Mrs. Despard was unwearied. On the Tuesday she spoke eight times, and always with the same vigour, the same force of personal persuasion. Miss Nina Boyle backed her up finely, and so did others of the League, The W.S.P.U. had three speakers working in the outlying districts among the miners during "shifts"—Mrs. Duval, Miss Wylie, and Miss Amy Hicks. Of the National Union I saw no trace. The "Antis" had opened a sort of shop, I suppose in honour of Miss Violet Markham and her "Anti" brother, M.P. for the next division. It was placarded with the weary old "Suffragette's Home" and the queer assertion, "Women do Not—." We know all that. Inside, an unhappy woman was kept to ask anyone to sign a petition against "petticoat government." We know all that too.
Of men Mr. de Pass stuck to it best, for he hardly left the platform all day, and was perpetual chairman. Among the speakers were Mr. Harben (with Mrs. Harben helping too), Mr. Hartley (the Leicester candidate), Mr. Burgess, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Drew - Roberts, and Mr. Clarke (for the churches), and many others. But above all there were Lansbury and Scurr himself. That was what gave the "dramatic" point. One under sentence, both under the law, both declared "pillors and barattors" within the meaning of Edward III. But both at liberty, both denouncing the Government, repeating the speeches for which they were charged, holding out new hopes for the men and women who crowded round them; and both equally beloved by those who listened.

No halls were hired, no indoor meetings held. The appeal was straight to the people in the streets and the people on the "banks" or at the pit-mouth. In the evening I went with Scurr in a motor through the whole of the wide district. It was a characteristic northern region—bleak gray fields, low hills, with occasional belts of blackened trees, here and there an agricultural village, here and there a coal-pit, the gaunt machinery and smoking chimneys at the top, the line upon line of miners' dwellings running up the hill in steps at the side, or gathered on the flat into a haphazard kind of town—all the houses the same, all the streets the same, no variety of life or sign of joy except the prospect of a largish public-house at the corner. Scurr spoke at pit after pit, and town after town, always so serious, so convinced himself, and therefore so convincing to the crowds who came out into the

dark and stood to hear. Many women came, bringing their children. Tattered, dirty, and wretchedly clothed most of them were, rather noticeably poverty-stricken even for the children of English working people. And as Scurr dwelt upon the desire of all men and women to give their children a fuller and better life than they had themselves, and how essential for women the equal right of citizenship was, I could always hear the women saying to each other, "He's right," or "That's where it is."
The great triumph came after our return to the market-place. The speakers were still going on, though it was past ten. Then the turn came for Scurr's last appeal. I have heard a good deal of eloquence, but very seldom anything so splendid in its power or so moving. It was fine in expression, and the rush of passionate words; but it was the man's own sincerity and passion behind the words that gave the power. It was another proof also that in appealing to the working people you cannot aim too high or draw too grand and spiritual a picture of the possibilities of human life. The enormous crowd listened as though enchanted. They are silent in the north, but I never heard more genuine cheering than theirs when the end came.
Whatever the result may be in votes, such a fire has now been lit in Chesterfield as, by God's grace, shall never be put out.

MR. JOHN SCURR

Mr. John Scurr was born at Brisbane, Queensland, on April 6, 1876. His father was Scotch, and his mother Irish; and few who heard Mr. Scurr speak at the Kingsway Hall early in this year, at a meeting held to protest against forcible feeding, will forget his account of the way his mother was driven, as a girl, out of her native country by famine and rebellion. He came to England when still a boy, and was educated at the George Green Schools, Poplar. As early as 1896 he was an active politician, and was successively secretary of the Poplar Labour League, member of the Executive of the United Irish League of Great Britain, and member of the Executive of the Social Democratic Federation. At the present moment he holds the office of Chairman of the London District Committee of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Workers' Union, and also of Vice-President of the Poplar Trades Council.

Mr. Scurr, besides being an ardent supporter of Woman Suffrage, is a keen advocate of Free Speech. During the disturbances in Hyde Park this summer, he worked hard to secure fair play for the women, whose speakers were being mobbed, and it was his presence, and that of his fellow-dockers, that was largely instrumental in restoring the order that now prevails there on Sunday afternoons. An extraordinary feature of the Chester-



"Fellowship is the Foundation of all Progress" JOHN SCURR.

field by-election is that Mr. Scurr is himself liable to arrest at any moment under the old Act of Edward III., which was responsible for summoning him before a magistrate to answer for a speech made in Leeds months ago; also that Mr. George Lansbury, one of his most active supporters in the election campaign, has been liable, the whole time, to re-arrest under the Cat and Mouse Act.

His Election Address

That Mr. Scurr is both a good Suffragist and a good hater of the Government that refuses to do justice to Suffragists, is seen in those passages of his election address dealing with the women's fight for freedom.
"I hold strongly," he says, "that every man and every woman should have a vote. The rights of citizenship should not depend upon a property qualification, but on the fact that we are men and women. I am therefore a keen supporter of the Women's Suffrage movement. I hold that it is impossible for any community to be governed sanely if its women-folk are excluded from citizenship."

The "Cat and Mouse" Act

In connection with the Women's movement the Government's record is a bad one. They have tried to crush a legitimate political agitation by coercion. They have added torture to the horrors of prison under the infamous "Cat and Mouse" Act. When prisoners are reduced to the point of death they are released until, being somewhat recovered, they are re-arrested, and the same process goes on endlessly. Yet although this treatment is meted out to men and women who are Suffragists, and the purity of whose motives has been attested by British juries, when another prisoner, a wealthy man, convicted of indecent offences against children, is ill in prison they release him without any conditions whatever.

IMPORTANT LIBERAL SECESSIONS

There are Liberals in rebellion at Macclesfield, and the cause of their revolt is the attitude of the Party towards Woman Suffrage. Mr. W. L. White and Councillor H. G. Barclay, the president and chairman respectively of the Macclesfield Young Liberals, have tendered their resignations, and these were accepted with regret at the annual meeting of the Young Liberals on Thursday night.

Both are known to have been steady and warm supporters of Woman Suffrage, and Mr. Barclay, in an interesting speech on his retirement, said they felt they could not, as officers of the Young Liberals, join with the Liberal Association in political work so long as full discussion of public questions, including Woman Suffrage, was denied to the members of the Liberal Association. Last year he resigned his membership of the Liberal Association because at the annual meeting a free discussion on the question of Woman Suffrage was not allowed. Mr. Barclay further said he greatly regretted their member Colonel Brocklehurst's, vote against the Dickinson Bill.

Mr. White and Councillor Barclay have held their offices since the Macclesfield branch of Young Liberals was formed six years ago.

A STRAIGHT QUESTION

Mrs. F. D. Acland puts a straight question at the end of a letter in last week's Nation to the woman Liberal who consents to work for an Anti-Suffrage Liberal candidate. "I would urge every woman," she says, "to face the question frankly: 'Why does an anti-suffragist candidate like to have me canvassing for him, but refuse to have me voting for him?' If she can think of an answer that she likes, let her work for him."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE PETITIONS

Although most active Suffrage workers now agree that petitioning Parliament is as useless as it was nearly a hundred years ago, when Orator Hunt advised the Reformers to be militant because "Parliament has kicked your prayers and petitions out of doors," it is not uninteresting to read in the supplement just issued of the second report on Public Petitions that in the period from July 25 to August 15 of the present year, second in order of number of petitions came that for a Votes for Women Bill. Fifty-one petitions were presented in favour of this measure, and none was presented against it.
A number of these were presented in the last week of the Session. Last Wednesday week, petitions for the extension of the franchise to women were presented from Bridgwater, Combe, Corsham, Glastonbury, Kingston, Richmond (two), Rotherham, Street, and Surbiton.

On Thursday in last week, petitions were presented from Banbury, Bangor, Belfast, Clapham, Conway, Ealing, Knowle, Maidenhead, Newbury, Oxford, Reading, Slough, Solihull, Thame, and Twyford.
On Friday, others were presented from Battersea, Chelsea (two), Ewell, Hanley (three), Islington (two), Kennington, Southwark, Stone, Sutton, Tarporley, Wallasey, and Walthamstow.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the "Daily Mirror," in which paper the above picture appeared on August 20.) MR. SCURR AT CHESTERFIELD.

UNFORTUNATE

By D. A. Hawkin

Mrs. Barnabas Jackson was an exemplary British matron in the fullest sense of that beautiful phrase. She was a wife and mother, an excellent housekeeper, an indefatigable church-worker. She had never, since she was first introduced to him, audibly controverted the words of Mr. Barnabas Jackson, nor failed to give him roast fowl, with accompaniments, for his Sunday dinner. She had borne him four children, for three of whom, as they reached marriageable age, she had arranged desirable matches.

At the period at which I have the honour to introduce her to you (or, perhaps, you to her), her youngest child, Felicia, alone was left to cheer the eminently genteel parental hearth; and as Felicia had just "put up" her hair, arrangements would no doubt shortly be made for her too.

The hair which Felicia, with delicious thrills of excitement had recently converted from a long plait into an unstable grove of little curls on the back of her little head, was of the palest, prettiest gold; she had firther claims to beauty in a fair oval face and a pair of really lovely blue eyes, deeply fringed. She had also the temper of an angel, and a sweet, unselfish spirit; and unselfishness, as her mother told her, is always popular.

Mrs. Barnabas Jackson was really proud of Felicia, though she would have died rather than tell her so, such was the Spartan excellence of her principles.

It was at this same period that Mrs. Jackson came under the influence of a lady with decided ideas, short grey hair, a passion for philanthropy, and a Bishop for an uncle; and it was under this influence that she began to take an interest—somewhat fearful at first—in the "Unfortunate"; she spoke of them with a capital "U" and in a lowered voice.

So strong was this influence—the Bishop came up to a conference at Westminster on the substitution of the phrase "but it is inadvisable" for the phrase "for it is not advisable" in the preface to the new (revised) edition of the Appeal for the Curates' Aid Society, and Mrs. Jackson was introduced to him)—so strong was this influence, that Mrs. Jackson was induced to take one of the Unfortunates as domestic help into her own immaculate household. It was pointed out to her as a bounden duty, the household being one into which this element could be imported without serious fear of detriment to young morals; and as she had been sorrowfully proving the perfidy of three servants' registry offices and the inutility of six advertisements in the local Press, Mrs. Jackson agreed.

The only difficulty was Felicia; but the Bishop—who was really quite a revolutionary, dear man!—was at one with his niece in thinking that young girls should be early taught the facts of life.

So Felicia, whose acquaintance with the facts of life had never passed the bowing stage, and that only to the nicest of them, was kept home from church one Sunday evening, and introduced to a great many all at once by her mother, aided by a booklet written by the Bishop's niece.

Felicia did not enjoy this *en bloc* method. She was miserable and perplexed, and when the story of the Unfortunate, the future domestic help, was delicately sketched out to her, she grew very pink with anger and clenched her hands.

"But, Mother," cried Felicia, "how mean of the horrid man! Oh, how could he? To leave her to go through all that alone, and never pay anything for it himself! I think men are horrid things!"

"Hush, hush, hush, Felicia!" cried her mother, inexpressibly shocked. "You know nothing about it, my dear. These things are unfortunate, but they can't be helped. You will know some day, perhaps, and, meanwhile, don't say wild and foolish things."

Of course, this silenced Felicia, but her pillow was very hot and very wet that night, turn it how she would.

The Unfortunate arrived, having left her child, of whom she appeared to be fond, in the more or less maternal care of an aged person in a poor street

sufficiently far from the home of Mrs. Barnabas Jackson to prevent the mother from running off to see it and neglecting her work. For this she paid five shillings a week from her wages, the law regarding her as sole responsible parent of her child—a proud position she could not even have shared had it been born in wedlock.

Felicia was afraid to look at her at first, almost afraid to eat the bacon she had fried. But when she found the new domestic help to be very small and very pale and very mild, with a pair of dismal dark eyes, and no paint, she began to take an interest in her; and one evening, being weary of her own thoughts, she took a bold step. Mrs. Jackson had gone to a working-meeting at the vicarage, and after tea Felicia, a little timidly, went out into the kitchen.

Jane—her name was Lily, but Mrs. Barnabas Jackson thought this too fanciful—was sitting quietly enough by the fire, making a little frock out of some bright, cheap flannelette.

"We shall want some more coal in a few minutes," said Felicia, hanging nervously over the fire; "but not at once. Is that for your baby, Jane?"

"Yes, Miss," said Jane, with a little smile of pleasure, and she help up the dress.

"It's very pretty," said Felicia, who shivered at the colours. "How old is she, Jane?"

"It's a boy, Miss. He's nearly thirteen months now. He'll be forgetting me soon," said Jane, with a little gulp.

"Oh, no, I hope not," said Felicia, hurriedly. "How old are you, Jane?"

"Nineteen in June, Miss."

It was just Felicia's age. She nearly ran away at the thought, but stayed and summoned up all her courage.

"Jane," she whispered, "how could you do it?" A faint colour came over the maid's plain little face, and she paused before she answered.

"I was very young, Miss," she said at length, biting her thread tremulously. "And I didn't know no better. Nobody'd told me, and he said it wouldn't do no harm."

"Who was he?" asked Felicia, her blue eyes very wide.

"The young master, please, Miss," said Jane. "Oh, Jane! He must have been a perfect pig!"

"Oh, I don't know, Miss," said Jane, taking up the little dress again. "There's lots of girls taken in that way. He was a nice-spoken young gentleman, too, and very good-looking."

She seemed to find some satisfaction in the good looks of the man who had ruined her.

"I expect he's married some nice young lady, now," concluded Jane, with interest, but no bitterness.

"I should hope not!" cried Felicia. "No decent girl ought to speak to him. I wouldn't! Oh, there is Mama! Jane, will you please bring some more coal?"

Felicia went away in June to visit her aunt, who had married into military circles. She was to stay a month, but she stayed two; and one morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Barnabas Jackson had sat long over their breakfast, Jane, on coming in to clear the table, found her mistress in high good humour. Jane had given satisfaction, on the whole, and Mrs. Jackson had very kindly kept her on; the Bishop told her she was doing a good work.

When Jane had been given her orders for the morning, her mistress took up a letter from the table, and said, with satisfaction breaking through her dignity: "I'm sure you'll be glad to hear, Jane, that Miss Felicia has become engaged, to an extremely nice gentleman, in the Army, and highly connected. They are coming home together at the end of the week, so we shall have to be very busy."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Jane. "I am glad to hear it, and I hope they'll be very happy. If anyone deserves it, it's Miss Felicia, I'm sure!" Her face was suffused with smiles of real pleasure; she was very dull, and no perception of the difference between her own life and that of this other girl of her own age seemed to strike her.

Jane and her mistress were indeed very busy during that week. The lovers were to arrive in the

evening, and Jane threw all her energies into the preparation of a meal which should prove how welcome they were to her, at least. She really loved Felicia, and smiled to hear the happy young voice again in the hall. She had put a ribbon in her cap, and scrubbed her face till it shone, and her apron rustled loudly as she moved. Her soup was a masterpiece, and she trembled with excitement as she carried in the steaming tureen.

The re-united family was standing round the open window, and the room was bright with flowers and the sunset light. They were all talking at once when there came suddenly a great crash.

Felicia screamed, and the young man turned round with a half-annoyed "Good heavens!" Jane had dropped the soup tureen and run from the room.

The other maid, one of a succession of temporary persons from the registry office, waited through dinner; and when it was over Mrs. Barnabas Jackson went into the kitchen and interviewed Jane. She had, expected something like this all along; there was always something about a girl; if she wasn't dirty or dishonest—she only hoped the silver was safe—just like a girl, to choose a moment like that for misbehaving; this was what came of trying to do good to the lower classes—and so on. Thus Mrs. Barnabas Jackson during dinner, and her tone to Jane was one of uncompromising severity.

"I really must know what was the matter," she insisted. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"Yes'm, thank you," whispered Jane, washing dishes.

"Then what was it, Jane?"

"I'd rather not tell you, please'm."

"But, please understand, Jane, I insist upon knowing."

Until at last, Jane—"If you please'm, the young gentleman is the father of my little boy."

Mrs. Barnabas Jackson started away from her little maid with an expression of horror. She walked to the window and stood there some long minutes, swallowing down a great many bitter emotions. Then she shut the kitchen door, and came back into the scullery.

"I consider that this is most likely nothing but a malicious fabrication," she said. "But be that as it may, I will not have a word of it breathed to Miss Felicia—do you hear? After all—most young men—wild oats—" Mrs. Barnabas Jackson put her handkerchief to her mouth, and turned away.

"Yes'm," said Jane. "But, please'm, Miss Felicia said she'd never like to marry anyone who—"

Mrs. Jackson stamped her foot. "Be quiet this instant, Jane!" she cried. "Miss Felicia knows nothing about it, and you will kindly forget her ridiculous notions."

She glanced behind her at the kitchen door.

"Of course, I shall want you to leave at once," she said. "I will give you your full wages, of course—but never let this come to Miss Felicia's ears, do you understand? You had better go up and put your things in your box, and let me see it before you lock it up."

"Yes'm," said Jane, keeping back her tears.

Mrs. Barnabas Jackson turned to go. "After all, it's a very little thing," she said. "A young man of spirit must have his fling. But it's extremely unfortunate for me—just now."

"Yes'm," said Jane.

A big tear rolled down her plain little face, and fell into the bowl of dish-water.

- BOOKS RECEIVED**
- "The Land Hunger: Life under Monopoly." London: Fisher Unwin. Price 2s. net.
 - Mark Rutherford's Novels. 6 Volumes. (London: Fisher Unwin. Price 1s. net each.)
 - "Was She Right?" By John Karlo. (London: Heath, Cranston and Ouseley. Price 1s. net.)
 - "Man, Woman, and the Machine." An Address given before the New Constitutional Society for Woman Suffrage. By J. Cameron Grant. (New Constitutional Society, 3, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge. Price not stated.)
 - "Penal Reform League Quarterly Record." (Penal Reform League, 68A, Park Hill Road, N.W. Price 6d.)
 - "Against Criminality." By Arthur St. John. (Penal Reform League. Price 2d.)
 - "Prison Régime." By Arthur St. John. (Penal Reform League. Price 2d.)
 - "The Hungry Forties." (London: Fisher Unwin. Price 1d.)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SUFFERING OF THE POOR

No woman who realises the suffering of the poor can read this newest contribution to social literature, by B. Seeborn Rowntree and May Kendall*, without a recurring feeling of intense irritation at having to concentrate upon winning the weapon to remedy that suffering, instead of being free to attack the cause of it. "How the Labourer Lives" is the result of an enquiry made by those two authors into the conditions of the agricultural labourer in England, his wages, and the way they are earned and spent; and it is a pretty severe indictment of a system, the responsibility for which is avowedly on the shoulders of the men of the country only.

And it is the woman who suffers equally with the man, if not more than he does, from a condition of things which is summarised by the authors of this book in the words:—"The wage paid by farmers to agricultural labourers is, in the vast majority of cases, insufficient to maintain a family of average size in a state of merely physical efficiency." When we reflect that the "average size" here taken is a family of five only, and that a wage of twenty shillings only is here regarded as a possible minimum, we can realize to some extent what the actual physical sufferings of our rural population must be under present conditions as revealed by this enquiry. Of the suffering of the woman, both for herself and her children, the following passage at the end of the closing chapter gives us some idea:—

One other point remains to be mentioned—namely, that the women and children suffer from under-feeding to a much greater extent than the men. It is tacitly agreed that the man must have a certain minimum of food in order that he may be able to perform the muscular work demanded of him and the provision of this minimum, in the case of families with small incomes, involves a degree of under-feeding for the women and children greater than is shown by the average figures we present. It is not necessary to dwell on the short-sightedness of a policy which provides energy for the workers of to-day at the heavy cost of the growing children and of the women during their child-bearing period, the time of greatest financial stress in the life of the workers.

It is impossible to doubt the truth of such assertions as we read the dreary record of forty-two families investigated by our authors, which, on an average, "are receiving not much more than three-fourths of the nourishment necessary for the maintenance of physical health." "Meat for man only," is an item occurring again and again in the budgets given of these forty-two families; the rest is mainly a record of bread and margarine and potatoes. Of course there is charity, and of course the house is often rent free. But as one woman briefly remarked, "We can't eat the house"; and as for charity, it is scarcely the just return for honest labour, and an increasing proportion of our rural population feels this.

Besides being a book full of practical details, "How the Labourer Lives" has also much light to shed on the human side of the rural problem. Debt is the great burden of the rural household. Of one woman, respectable, honest, hardworking, we read that—

It was written on her face that she could not pay her way. "I sleep all right till about twelve" she said, "and then I wake and begin worrying about what I owe and how to get things. Last night I lay and cried for a couple of hours."

Of another case we read that—
The whole family, directly or indirectly, is suffering from chronic anxiety, overwork, and underfeeding. They are intensely respectable people, to whom the precarious nature of their income and its inadequacy are peculiarly distressing.

The record of a third case, that of a family of eight, named Barrington, living on fourteen shillings a week, out of which one and sixpence has to be paid in rent, concludes thus poignantly—

She [Mrs. Barrington] was speaking of a former neighbour, who had faced the Barrington problem on the Barrington wage. "And how did she manage?" we asked. "Oh, she died!" The family under review seems to be on the way to a similar solution of the problem.

Can one wonder, reading this kind of thing, that in another hard case, for the sake of a wage of ninepence a week and his meals, a boy of eleven works for a butcher, carrying heavy baskets of meat to a village a mile away, which, as his mother says, "bends him all sideways"?

It is gradually becoming acknowledged that only state intervention can solve the problem of the agricultural labourer and his family. So from whatever standpoint the suffering of the poor may be regarded, it never fails to cry out for the woman's help, and to emphasize the urgency of the woman's vote.

E. S.

* "How the Labourer Lives." By B. Seeborn Rowntree and May Kendall. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. Price 2s. net.)

WOMEN OF THE COUNTRY*

There is a curious blending of simplicity and art in all Mrs. Bone's work—in her literary framework, artless simplicity in her thought. Like a very little child picking flowers in a meadow, so she selects her words fastidiously, daintily, almost timidly. Each one is chosen with conscious care for its own sake and given its due place in a delicate mosaic. A cultivated mind holding to the simplest of creeds seems to satisfy its complicated mechanism by this elaborate weaving of words. The quiet, true lives of the women of the country are shown to us among the changing seasons, and we feel how the skies and the winds and the dawn become part of their lives, although they may not know it. The slender thread of a story winds round the character of Ann Hilton, the shy spinster who is so truly Christian that all her neighbours call her "peculiar." She lived "alone in an orderly quiet

house with one window open towards her Invisible Friend." Her simple piety sends her love out to everyone, and she feels the ruin of the village girl with personal shame. But the scandal of pretty Jane Evans only hardens the heart of her neighbours until it is too late. When the life of the young mother has passed into that of her baby their hearts open to the workhouse orphan, and we leave Ann Hilton in her cottage with the child on her knee surrounded by the offerings of virtuous women. "It's a good thing it's a boy," they say, "it's soonest forgotten about."

This is a slight delicate story beautifully written, but many will impatiently miss some touch of robustness, some colour in the greyness. There are a good many small mistakes which should be corrected in a second edition.

Mr. Muirhead Bone contributes a very beautiful frontispiece, which is wonderfully in tone with the feeling of the book.

NEW POEMS

ORIGINAL DERIVATIONS†

The derivative element in verse does not exclude originality. In a certain sense to be derivative shows breed and ancestry. Just as the banal painter belongs, as often as not, to no school, so the mere literary parvenu has sometimes not sufficient blood in him to show any descent at all. If we point, therefore, to the derivative element in Mr. Squire's verse, it is not to deny him originality, of which, indeed, he has plenty, at least in germ; and even when his note is derivative he has generally something original to say. In his three first poems the author presents to us quite frankly three of the very diverse influences which have gone to the moulding of his muse—the influence of Francis Thompson, of the "Shropshire Lad," and of Mr. W. B. Yeats.

Here, under the influence of the first named, is an excerpt from a vision seen on a foggy night in a London railway-station, of all places:

With instant light
Rends the film; with joy I quiver
To see with new celestial light
Flower and leaf and grass and tree,
Doomed bars on an eternal sea,
The phantom-like as transit smoke,
Beauty herself her spell has broke,
Beauty, the herald and the lure,
Her message told, may not endure;
Her portal opened, she has died
Supreme immortal ascende.

Here, both in form and thought, something has been derived from our last great singer, but it is proudly and graciously done; there is nothing subservient or constrained in this utterance: it is, if one may coin the phrase, an authentic echo of a sound that has gone abroad.

Take this again of "The Three Hills" on which men built a town, "taming" them to civilised uses. At night the moon looms down on them and smiles:

She sees the captors small and weak,
She knows the prisoners strong,
She hears the patient hills that speak.
"Brothers, it is not long!

"Brothers, we stood when they were not
Ten thousand summers past.
Brothers, when they are clean forgot
We shall outlive the last;

"One shall die and one shall flee
With terror in his train,
And earth shall eat the stones, and we
Shall be alone again."

Students of contemporary verse do not need to be told where the inspiration of those fine lines comes from. And for the subtle cadence of its metre—so troublesome to the careless, so delightful when it is accurately mastered—this that follows assuredly owes something to the leader of the Celtic movement:

Faded is the memory of old things done,
Peace floats on the ruins of ancient festival;
They lie and forget in the warmth of the sun,
And a sky silver-blue arches over all.

And now to all these good derivative things let us add, by way of finish, something—two verses written at the end of a long day's tramp—which belongs more entirely to the writer's self:

Ah! sleep is sweet, but yet
I will not sleep awhile,
Nor for a space forget
The toil of that last mile;

But lie awake and feel
The cool sheets' tremulous kisses
O'er all my body steal . . .
Is sleep as sweet as this is?

This is throughout a pleasant book of verse, all of it worth a passing acquaintance, and some of it worth knowing. L. H.

* "Women of the Country." By Gertrude Bone. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

† "The Three Hills," and other poems. By J. C. Squire. (London: Howard Latimer. 1913. 2s. net.)

THE OLD WORLD NEW*

Literature has done well for Suffrage. Almost without exception, the poets, imaginative writers, scholars, and essayists are with us. It is because they understand the deeper issues of life that they write well, and our cause is of all issues one of the deepest. So one is not surprised to find that one of the best young poets is also one of the best Suffragists. Mr. Gerald Gould is the example. He may think himself old in poetry, for we believe he published a volume of poems as a schoolboy; but, happily, he is still young in life and everyone knows his service to the cause.

It is true, this volume has no direct connection with it. Poets rarely succeed in illuminating a cause directly with the glow of poetry, though it is superb when they do succeed, as Milton and Wordsworth sometimes did. But about this collection there is one thing specially interesting to suffragists. Some people talk about "sex war"; others pretend a suffragette necessarily loses all attractiveness to man. Well, there is not much sign of "sex war" in these poems! and as to attractiveness, of course one cannot say to whom they were written, or whether they were written to a definite person at all. Poets generally write to phantoms of imagination, though perhaps in earthly semblance. But of one thing we are quite sure, Mr. Gould could never have written these poems to an "Anti," no matter how phantasmal! The old attractiveness is there, but it is intensified, immeasurably strengthened by the woman's new consciousness and vitality. "My Lady's Book" is still as good a title as ever; but "Ditties to my Doornat" will not do hereafter.

So the poems are on the old theme of love; the revelation through which people most easily perceive glimpses of a kind of infinity, no matter for how short a time. It is hard to select this poem or that from the series, for all are really parts of a whole. But one of the freshest and neatest in form seems to us the brief lyric beginning:—

Summer will come, and then with steady
Droop and drift the year will go,
But Spring is here already—
Didn't you know?

All are good. In his dedication Mr. Gould speaks of the book as "the best that I can do." It is all good, but we are glad to think it is not the best the poet will do. Indeed, he has already done better since, and it is always so fine when the last is the best.

A BOOK OF LYRICS

A dainty booklet of short poems† (the author's motto being in the words of Poe's essay on "The Poetic Principle," which he quotes: "I maintain that the phrase 'a long poem' is simply a contradiction in terms"). These lyrics are slight, but show poetic feeling and insight. One feels that to produce deeper work the writer needs broader experience, a wider outlook on life, a keener sense of the joys and sorrows of the world. One or two of these lyrics should be suitable for musical setting, by the way. The most arresting verses seem to us the three which make "No More"—an exquisite little poem. Here and there one would like less obvious workmanship, such as in the lines:—

Love shall find an art
To comfort those sad hands.

(in "To Her with Juno's Eyes"). The "sad hands" are a blemish, we suspect their *raison d'être*.

* "My Lady's Book." By Gerald Gould. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

† "Lyrics and other Verses." By George Reston Malloch (London: Elkin Matthews. Price 1s. net.)

Articles and News contributed for insertion in VOTES FOR WOMEN should be sent to The Editors, VOTES FOR WOMEN, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C., at the earliest possible date, and in no case later than first post Monday morning prior to the publication of the paper. The Editors cannot hold themselves in any way responsible for the return of unused manuscripts, though they will endeavour as far as possible to return them when requested if stamps for postage are enclosed. MSS. should, if possible, be typewritten. Subscriptions to the Paper should be sent to The Publisher, VOTES FOR WOMEN, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1913.

"CAN THE CATS LEGISLATE FOR THE MICE?"

During the course of John Bright's great campaign for the extension of the franchise to the working classes he was again and again met with the proposition that the educated and prosperous classes knew better than the working man himself what was good for him, and could be trusted to legislate in his interest and for his welfare. The tenor of his argument in rebutting this proposition can be summed up in his memorable epigrammatic sentence, "Can the cats legislate for the mice?" This saying epitomises our verdict upon the session of Parliament which came to an end last Friday.

For women as a class in the community have precisely the same reason for distrusting the legislature, in the election of which they have no share, as had the working man in the days of John Bright. They have the same charges to bring against the lawmakers, namely, that matters appertaining to their welfare are persistently neglected, and that any attempt to bring their grievances to the front in ways that clash with the interests of their political masters is met with the bludgeon of legislative coercion. The session that has just come to an end provides ample illustration of this double wrong invariably inflicted by Parliament upon a completely voteless section of the community.

Let us consider first in what way the just claim of women for consideration or for the redress of their grievances has been ignored. Of the three great measures that have been passed during the session, one—the Home Rule Bill—gives self-government to the men (tax-payers) of Ireland, while it denies the same boon to the women (tax-payers) of that nation, and expressly forbids Irish men to amend their constitution in order to admit women for the space of three years after the final enactment of the measure.

The second Government measure of supreme importance—the Welsh Disestablishment Bill—though it deals with the Church, ignores completely the opinion or the will of women, who are par excellence the churchgoers and the church workers, and who are admittedly the mainstay of every form of religious organisation in this country.

The third—the Plural Voting Bill—occupies itself with the electoral grievances of men, while its promoters ignore altogether the immeasurably greater electoral grievances of women. The fact that such

a Bill should be brought forward by a Government that refuses to introduce a measure to give Votes to Women, and should be passed by a Parliament that withholds its serious consideration from the subject of women's political disabilities, is in itself an affront to the great unenfranchised half of the people of this country.

Of the few remaining measures that are the harvest of the session just concluded, the Mental Deficiency Bill puts new and dangerous powers into the hands of the police—powers which we know by experience will be used with far greater ruthlessness and irresponsibility towards women, the politically self-defenceless class, than against men. The notorious case of Miss Jessie Brown (who in spite of right, unanswerably and most authoritatively demonstrated, has been unable to win any kind of official recognition of her innocence), even if it stood alone instead of being only a typical instance of the sort of fate that falls upon many innocent and hapless women, would be enough to make women tremble at the thought of the misuse to which the new powers of the police are likely to be put. Until women as well as men are included in the Police Force, until women as well as men sit on the magisterial Bench, above all until women as well as men have a voice in the State that controls the police and appoints the magistrates, women as a class have the gravest reason to mistrust and dread the operation of the Mental Deficiency Act.

The session that has just gone by saw a belated attempt to amend some of the glaring anomalies, hardships, and injustices of the Insurance Act. The Amending Bill as drafted was "for men only." On the way through the House, albeit in opposition to the Government, the principle was established that the maternity benefit meant benefit for the mother, an interpretation that should have been made clear in the drafting of the original Act. But all the fundamental grievances of women under the Insurance Act were completely ignored. The scandal of the widow's position, the wife left destitute upon the death of her insured husband, who is the sole beneficiary of the insurance toll contributed by their joint labour—that problem was never touched. No promise for a future Amending Bill was given with regard to it.

Again, the glaring anomaly of the wife's position with regard to income tax and the injustice and humiliation attaching thereto, which Mr. Lloyd George himself admitted at the beginning of the session, has not been done away with. It is true that a promise has been given for dealing with this matter next session, but Mr. Lloyd George has expressly stated that the method of rectifying it which alone commends itself to women will not be adopted. What wonder is it that we have to arraign the House of Commons for the persistent neglect of women's interests both in this last session and in all Parliamentary sessions?

Moreover, the Government have not hesitated, when women have waxed insistent in their demand, to meet them with the bludgeon of coercive law. The infamous Cat and Mouse Act, the mention of which is omitted or slurred over in all the articles in the Party Press which deal with the output of the session, is a foul and indelible blot upon the history of Parliamentary Government. It is in itself the last condemnation of the system which holds women in political subjection, just as the lash was the last condemnation of the system of negro slavery. That murderous Act has branded for all time upon the minds of women and men John Bright's question, "Can the cats legislate for the mice?"

Government of women by men is, in fact, to-day nothing more than Government by brute force. Its laws lack the sanction and authority that is conferred by the institutions of liberty. Thus it is that many of the proudest and bravest of the non-criminal and law-abiding half of the human family have been driven into rebellion against legislative tyranny.

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ON THE KERB

A Fellow's Experiences as Paper Seller

It was not by any means in a moment of wild excitement that I offered to try my luck at selling our paper, and the mood of calm despondency that settled upon me then merely deepened as the time drew near for carrying the project into execution.

However, I resisted the temptation to change my destination, and was soon somewhat cheered by my reception at the office, where I was advised how many papers to take out for a first venture, and told gleefully how many volunteers had been there on the same errand that day. Good spirits were infectious, and it was in a much brighter mood that I made my way to the railway station which was my chosen post. I had elected that the scene of my activities should be in a neighbourhood where I was likely to meet a fair number of acquaintances, and near my destination I encountered one of these, who, not altogether voluntarily, had thrust upon him the greatness of being my first customer. Parenthetically, I may dwell for a moment on the gratifying results of that happy accident, for, through this chance meeting, he has not only become a regular reader of VOTES FOR WOMEN, but, with the wider knowledge he has gained from its perusal, he has changed from one of the host who give a merely academic assent to our principles into an active and stalwart supporter.

My First Venture

I must return to the story of that first venture. The Viaduct Station at last. I take up my stand on the kerb. Facing me are the posters of the evening papers, one referring to a bomb incident of the previous day, another announcing a fine inflicted on a Suffragette's father. I have been told that public feeling runs very high, and I wonder what excitement is in store for me. I make as big a show of my wares as I can, but it is rather too early for my pitch, and there are comparatively few passers-by, most of these being strangely apathetic and jaded-looking. One elderly working-man waves his hand to me and calls out, "Good luck" as he passes, and this affects me more than the assurance of an unpleasant-looking individual that I ought to be burned, and the muttered injunction of another, "Go 'ome and mind the bily." Indeed, I am amused rather than grieved when two ladies of the depressed and depressing type shake their heads at me and declare loftily as they pass that they do not want votes. One can hardly be surprised that such people should express such sentiments. Nor do I miss the humour of the situation when a man with a quite comically dirty face bids me go away and do the washing. The stream of passers-by becomes more dense, and the component parts more lively and prosperous-looking. For the most part they regard

me out of one eye in a strained and furtive way that must surely be painful for the solitary optic involved, but which suggests that they are ashamed to confess to their insuppressible interest in an active Suffragette. Only the small boys are frankly and genuinely interested—they stop and stare, mostly with undisguised amusement, but often with every sign of intelligent appreciation, and in no case is their behaviour objectionable. Some of my papers are sold, and my spirits rise again, though I get considerably cooler. One or two rough-looking men, cabminders, I learn later, buy from me, telling me they make a practice of buying our papers whenever they see them on sale. Women buy, treating me with the cheery comradeship which distinguishes the adherents of our cause. One or two men of the well-dressed class become purchasers, and one bright-faced foreign lad remains in my memory, because of his wild efforts to find a penny, forthcoming at last from the furthest recesses of his most inaccessible pocket.

"No Good to Man or Beast!"

When the time comes to retire from my post, I am almost sorry to go. On the whole, I carry away pleasant memories of that strange hour. The worst ordeal to which I have been subjected has been the unpleasant staring of the well-dressed bounders who emerge from the hotel bar at the side of the station. Perhaps the most amusing incident was the rapt attention of a tall, cadaverous individual, who called out, from the security of the station yard, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! You're no good to man or beast!" Strange to say, at these words I did not wilt and wither and humbly take myself off—hence the speaker's surprise. For a long time he eyed me sadly and wonderingly, as if perturbed that so contumacious a female should exist—gradually he sank deeper into the gloom of the station, and finally disappeared.

Since my first attempt I have returned to my pitch once a week at the same time—the one hour is, unfortunately, all I can manage to spare. The first strangeness has gone, and unimportant casual incidents make less impression, but the real interest deepens, and with it the belief in the value and importance of such work is strengthened. The porters and cabmen and the casual workers round the station look out for me. I have had long conversations, from which I learn how strongly these men, who see so much of what is worst in our social system, believe in our cause. One man is specially impressed with the fact that women have more foresight than men, and loses no opportunity of making his belief public. My presence and the perusal of the paper give rise to the liveliest possible arguments in the station yard, in which, I rejoice to note from the distance, my champions seem to have the best of the fray.

Occasionally, some horror-stricken individual points me out to a porter, but when he has passed on, the delighted grins in my direction assure me where the sympathy of the onlooker lies. I have been accepted into the brotherhood of the kerb, for which privilege I am thoroughly grateful. The friendly bootblack who winks at me when some pillar of respectability shows his disgust at my presence, rather bashfully accepts a paper as a gift, but the same paper is lent to the neighbouring Evening News seller, and later, when the bootblack goes off, is reclaimed, carefully folded up, and pocketed. The men who come off their cabs tell me as they pass, "I'm with you, my girl," even when they are not prepared to buy. I have managed to persuade an inside porter that I do not sell the papers for profit, nor am I paid for bringing them out. Of the casual passers-by, many stop to question me, generally to assure me of their belief in the underlying principles of our movement, even when they object to special methods. On them, and on all who declare their sympathies, I endeavour to impress the necessity of joining in our work, and, above all, of making their views known at election times. I find that the interest of the general public grows as the weeks go on, that more and more men buy from me and question, that even when I am going through the streets with the papers over my arm, men of all classes stop me, asking if I will sell to them, and are quite eager for discussion. And, above all, the fact that I am doing this one piece of definite work, which appears to the uninitiated to require so much pluck and patience, gives me a certain authority to speak on the question in my own circle and carry on what is by no means the least important part of every believer's duty to the Cause—the making of converts. A. S.

(Particulars regarding membership of the VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship will be found on the last page of this issue.)

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(To Aug. 16, 1913)

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"VOTES FOR WOMEN" IN A HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE



DELIVERING "VOTES FOR WOMEN"

THE NEW FELLOW

READ FROM BEGINNING TO END!

(We are indebted to a member of the Fellowship for the above story of a copy of VOTES FOR WOMEN told in pictures)

ECHOES OF THE DEPUTATION OF JULY 24

Owing to the great pressure on our space last week we were obliged to leave over some interesting matter in connection with the charges of assault against policemen arising out of the deputation from the Cat and Mouse Act Conference on July 24. We have, however, no hesitation in printing it this week, as it forms an instructive parallel to what has been taking place more recently at Derby. The solidarity of the police evidence at Bow Street on August 5, as shown both by our legal correspondent and by Mrs. Cavenish Bentinck in the interesting communications that we print from them below, was enlivened last Saturday at the inquest held on the victim of the street rioting in Londonderry on the preceding Thursday. Entirely contrary to the evidence of an eye-witness, brother of the man who was shot, two inspectors declared that no policeman could have fired the shot in question, and one of them added that he "could account for every one of his men."

QUESTION IN THE HOUSE

In the House of Commons on August 7 Mr. Jovett asked the Home Secretary if his attention had been drawn to a statement made by an eye-witness that on July 24 last Miss Margaret McMillan, who was waiting in or about St. Stephen's Hall to see what would happen to a deputation of suffragists, was kicked and shaken and flung down a flight of steps by the police; and if he had inquired into the truth of this statement, and if so, what was the result of his inquiries?

Mr. McKenna: Careful inquiry has been made by the Commissioner of Police into these allegations, and he finds that there is no truth in the statement that Miss McMillan was kicked, shaken, or flung down a flight of steps by the police. One woman in the crowd, who may have been Miss McMillan, was seen to fall on the steps, but she was not pushed by any constable. She has made no complaint to the Home Office or to the Commissioner of Police.

It is a curious thing how many women from time to time have been "seen to fall" down the steps of the House of Commons when a Woman Suffrage deputation was endeavouring to obtain admittance.

(From a Legal Correspondent.)

The summons against P.C. Treddell for assault, which was heard on August 5 and 6, was dismissed by the magistrate after a long hearing, on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to sustain the charge. Such a conclusion would give the ordinary reader a completely false idea of what occurred, because there was ample evidence given for a conviction if the magistrate had had the courage either to analyse or weigh it. He did neither, and he justified this dereliction of duty on the ground that there was practically an equal quantity of evidence called by the defendant, and it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. But this analysis and weighing of evidence is exactly what a magistrate is appointed to do, and he is selected from barristers of ten years' experience to ensure his being competent for the task.

Incontestable Evidence

Where was the difficulty? On the one side there were called seven independent ladies of unimpeachable character, who had no interest whatever in fastening upon one policeman rather than another, and yet they were practically agreed in this—that P.C. 459A was the man who assaulted Mrs. Cecil Chapman at the door of St. Stephen's Hall, and who laid violent hands upon Mrs. Cavenish Bentinck in the roadway outside St. Stephen's porch. Could they all have been mistaken? It is not likely, and by a curious coincidence they fastened upon the real number of a policeman who was admittedly called by Inspector Rogers to the scene of action immediately after the assault complained of by Mrs. Chapman had been committed. The facts of the assault were not seriously contested by the defendant, but he relied

upon the testimony of an inspector and three or four policemen to prove that he was in the cloakroom when Mrs. Chapman was assaulted, and inside the building when he was seen to assault Mrs. Cavenish Bentinck in the road outside. Amongst others, he called P.C. 273A, who testified that his duty for the last three years had been to stand at the door of St. Stephen's Hall, and that he was stationed there on the day in question. But, wonderful to relate, he had not seen Mrs. Chapman at all, nor had he been asked by any lady to permit her to go into St. Stephen's Hall, nor did he assault any lady, because there had been no occasion to resist or remove anyone.

The Serio-Comic Conclusion

If this was true, as it probably was, then it can only be reconciled with the positive testimony of those who had witnessed and felt assaults by supposing that P.C. 273A had been relieved for a short time, during which the events occurred, by 459A, unless, indeed, everything deposited to by those who saw and felt it was sheer hallucination. It must not be overlooked that every policeman was interested in the protection of a comrade, and the serio-comic conclusion of the whole matter is that the only man who had an opportunity to commit the assault complained of did not do it, and the only man who was seen and felt to do it was not there. This would be laughable if the inference to be drawn from it was not that the magistrate feared to make a decision lest he should seem by doing so to throw discredit upon the organised testimony of the police. It is time that a magistrate was found capable of enlightening the public and the police upon so vital a question by boldly speaking the truth.

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Sir,—Either the Augean Stables are not in it, or the Mandarins and Pook Bahs who pocket large sums from managing the nation's affairs are guarded and waited upon by fairies, hobgoblins, and changelings wearing extremely thick boots on their fantastic toes. Now, I am getting somewhat odd to believe in fairy stories, however picturesque, or in the wisdom of allowing the well-fed and powerfully protected to swear away the liberties of the ill-fed, the articulate, and the unprotected without let or hindrance. Therefore did I, together with Mrs. Chapman, take out a summons against 459A.

But one does not summons the "Flying Dutchman" for steering a wrong course at sea, nor does one charge a ghost with entering an inhabited house on land; likewise, we should not accuse the astral bodies of "Division A." An astral body may appear solid enough, but you cannot catch it. That is where we made a mistake.

A constable, on whose collar stood the legend A459, gripped me outside, and at a considerable distance from the House of Commons. Fixing my eyes on A459's collar, I said, "I shall take your number, A459." This I repeated twice, my words being heard by a lady standing immediately behind me, who likewise kept that number in her mind. The instant I had extricated myself from this man's rude grasp, I opened my little bag, and entered the number, A459, in my pocket diary, showing it then and there to yet another lady, who said, "What a good thing you have his number." As many people afterwards came up to ask if I were hurt, they can hardly have thought that A459 and I were merely shaking hands as old acquaintances. Another lady, who did not see A459 at the time he went on duty at one o'clock till he went off duty at an hour he could not recall, because, there being no fixed time for his relief, his hours of toil depend on circumstances, and are practically unlimited! No wonder the Wizard's servants look so emaciated, so transparent and famished!

"I would suggest," said Counsel for the Police, looking sternly at that lady's frail form, "that Mrs. Cecil Chapman was endeavouring to force her way into the House?" Whereupon an angrily suppressed titter of merriment rippled round the Court. Hours were wasted in disputing as to whether the vanished custo-

Chapter I

Scrubbing Brushes

were made for floors, not for table-cloths and sheets.

You can get the dirt out without scrubbing. And the stains too.

Not with ordinary soaps perhaps.

But you can with Fels-Naptha in the Fels-Naptha way.

That is simply soaking, rubbing lightly and rinsing.

All in cold or lukewarm water.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

dian of that door had "merely" pushed Mrs. Chapman three feet, or "only" pushed her five feet two inches, and, after all, "What do you mean by pushed?" "If" retorted the witness, squaring her shoulders, "anyone will come here, I will illustrate my meaning and show exactly how Mrs. Chapman was treated." "Rather drastic," murmured the magistrate, turning a sad eye on this woman's well-knit figure. No volunteer came forward to furnish the Court with an object-lesson in police methods, and we were informed that none but "the necessary force" had been used in order to disperse a few quiet and constitutional women, who seemed unaware that they had been asked to go. That this "necessary force" involved the knocking down of Miss Margaret McMillan and Miss Turquand was never denied. Of course, it was "necessary," but nobody had been surprised, as they would have been had such a thing happened to the Scottish Balmies the week before. Only the ladies themselves expressed considerable surprise, but what of that?—Yours, &c., RUTH BENTINCK.

THE HOME SECRETARY AND REDUCTION OF SENTENCES

As an outcome of the Home Secretary's statement in the House of Commons, which we gave in full in our last issue, in which he attributed the unconditional release of Lady Sybil Smith, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and Miss Evelyn Sharp, after serving only four days of their sentence, to the fact that they were no longer militants, the following letter has been sent by Miss Evelyn Sharp to Mr. McKenna:—

"In view of the fact that certain other of the Suffragist prisoners now being subjected to the Prisoners (Discharge for Ill-health) Act—namely Miss Kerr, Miss Lake, and Miss Lennox—have no connection with the militant movement beyond being members of the Women's Social and Political Union and taking part in the constitutional work of that Union, I write to ask on what ground these women are still serving their sentence in prison, or are liable to re-arrest at any moment, while I, who am also taking part in the constitutional work of the Union, which I first joined in 1906, and of which I am still an active member, and in addition was constructing me, nevertheless saw him and his number outside the House, and described his whereabouts quite accurately."

"I am now asked to believe that A459's only reason for not seeing me at that time was that he never left the precincts of the Wizard's Castle—or the Augean Stable (the reader can take his choice of terms), remaining within that building from the time he went on duty at one o'clock till he went off duty at an hour he could not recall, because, there being no fixed time for his relief, his hours of toil depend on circumstances, and are practically unlimited! No wonder the Wizard's servants look so emaciated, so transparent and famished!"

Name.	Date of Conviction.	Sentence.	Place of Imprisonment.
Miss Louisa Gay	Jan. 9	8 months	Holloway
Mr. Donald McEwan	May 19	9 months	Calton Gaol, Edinburgh
Miss Lake	June 17	6 months	Warwick
Miss Graham	Aug. 11	14 days	Holloway
Mr. John Manders	"	2 months' hard labour	Pentonville
Anonymous	Aug. 19	Remanded	Holloway

SUFFRAGETTES & TOURISTS

The foreign tourist now in England, and the country cousin who comes to town in August, are in no danger this year of forgetting the existence of Suffragettes and the Suffrage movement. Not even the possession of a Baedeker can wholly disarm suspicion, and the steps of the woman sightseer are dogged wherever she goes. One of these protested, the other day, when she had been followed round an old City church for some minutes by the aged pew-opener. The old woman apologized. It was "all along of these Suffragettes," she explained, then added, with a self-pitying sigh, "It really isn't at all pleasant to be a lady nouveau, is it?"

Foreigners No Better Off

The foreign visitor is no better off. She finds the State apartments of Hampton Court barred to her, for instance, unless she can find someone of importance to answer for her "good behaviour." The local hotel-keepers complain that they have lost hundreds of pounds through the decrease in numbers of visitors to Hampton Court this summer; and one of them, who has been corresponding with the Office of Works on the subject, has received the following reply from Mr. Lionel Earle:—

"I am directed by the First Commissioner of His Majesty's Works, &c., to point out that, as stated in a previous letter, the Board were prepared to consider the application of the Belgian visitors who were staying at your hotel if made through their Legation. Similarly the applications of other foreign visitors should be made through their Embassies or Legations. As an alternative, the name of some person (or firm) who is prepared to sign an undertaking for the good behaviour of the recipient of a permit may be submitted. The Board must naturally reserve the power to refuse to accept the guarantee offered, but they would not do so without good cause. I am to add that the Board regret that they are unable to accept the guarantee of hotel keepers, in view of the danger at present existing to priceless possessions. The Board also regret that at present they do not see their way to reopening the Palace."

Our Solution

Now, why do not tradesmen and others who have suffered financially from the actions of the Suffragettes, or (as at Hampton Court) from the mere fear of such actions, make their complaints in the proper quarter, and insist upon the Government putting an end to an intolerable situation by giving votes to women?

NEW CONSTITUTIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

2, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge

President: Mrs. Cecil Chapman

A paper seller writes that the majority of those who buy say they have never seen a copy of a Suffrage paper before. Even those who admit having seen one, often add they have never yet seen a woman selling them in the streets. It does constitutional Suffragists small credit that even large country towns should hitherto have been so neglected in this respect. The only way in which a "law-abiding" Suffragist can work is by influencing public opinion, and if they do not get people to read the truth about the movement, one would like to know by what other means they propose to attain this desirable end?

Will every member of the N.C.S. remember to make a note of the names and addresses of new acquaintances likely to be interested in our lectures, with a view to sending them cards later on? Our aim should be to get people who have as yet not thought much about the Vote. Many of the finest speakers in England come to our room, and we do not want their words only to reach the ears of the already enlightened.

It is imperative that the N.C.S. should have more speakers. The Society ought to undertake far more work, and is often unable to do so because our speakers are always too fully engaged. It is hoped that all who can will join a speakers' class. Everyone can speak the moment they have something to say, and no suffragist is ever at a loss for that! What is needed is merely the habit of mastering a few facts accurately, and an earnest desire to make those you address understand fully all that these facts mean to women. Will everyone who could join a speakers' class this autumn communicate with Mrs. Bentinck, 78, Harley Street, W.?

Get your friends to promote contributions to our unique and magnificent Bazaar, December 2.

THE WEST END FLAT CASE

In the course of a pamphlet published on the above case by the Labour Press, Mr. Keir Hardie says with reference to the Home Secretary's statement that there was not enough evidence to force the graver charge of procuration:—

"Suppose this had been a charge against a number of strike leaders, or militant suffragettes, does anyone doubt that the able men at Scotland Yard would have somehow brought the letters, and the ledgers, and the diaries together, and by piecing the evidence bit by bit would have discovered the identity of the writers of the letters? Does anyone doubt it, I ask? I don't."

STRONG PRESS CRITICISM

What we do assert is that the Act of 1912 was passed after much sincere and earnest effort by many high-minded men and women to check a particularly callous and odious form of wrong-doing. Yet they complain—and their complaint is bitterly just—that in the very first case in which a woman and male "clients" are concerned, those clients secure the protection of the very office in the State which should be readiest to expose and denounce them before the law, because they happened to add to their crime the greater offence of being highly placed in social and in political circles.—Globe.

Mr. Laurence Housman

(In the "London Bulletin.") The Home Secretary has not merely been judicial, but political interests to serve, and under our present political system he is a political rather than a judicial functionary, and if he, through the officials working under him, had cognisance of any facts which threatened the party system, what safeguard is there that those political interests will not be put in front of judicial interests? That is the position we have got to fight, because the regular process is for cases of this character to pass into a department governed by political rather than by judicial interests. It is due to the suffrage movement that women are awake to the way in which these cases are being dealt with, and a very strong section of the suffrage movement is going to direct itself to the public ventilation of such cases, and to the watching of them in court. Women are going to insist, too, on being present in court when they are heard.

A COMPARISON OF PUNISHMENTS

The following comparison of sentences, which we hope from time to time to repeat in these columns as fresh cases occur in the Courts, will show (1) how much more hardly offences against property are dealt with by the Law than offences against the person; (2) how much lower the persons of women and girls are rated than those of men. There are few stronger arguments for the woman's vote and all that it implies than this tendency of the administrators of the law to rate human life, and the lives of women and little girls in particular, far below human possessions.

(1) One Month for Injuring a Child
The Yorkshire Telegraph and Star (Aug. 12) reports, under the heading of a "Light Sentence," the case of a labourer at Sheffield, who was convicted of indecently assaulting a little girl of four years of age. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour.

(2) Six Months for Raining a Child
In Forward (August 2) it is reported that a man of Govan, found guilty of repeatedly soliciting a little girl of eight for immoral purposes was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Two Months for Sealing a Dog
The Times (Aug. 13) reports the case, heard before Sir John Dickinson of a bookmaker, charged with sealing a black Pomeranian dog, which he had afterwards sold for £2. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Three Years' Penal Servitude for Stealing 2s. 4d.
At the London Sessions, on August 19, before Mr. Lawrie, a tailor with previous convictions against him was charged with stealing 2s. 4d. and a collar stud. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. The case was reported in the Daily News and other papers (August 20).

THE SUFFRAGE DEPUTATION

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors.—One cannot feel anything but gratitude for, and admiration of, the members of the N.U.W.S.S. who have brought their great Pilgrimage to such a successful issue. To have won the kindly approbation and commendation of the Home Secretary must be gratifying beyond all expectation, coming as it does from a Minister of the Crown so strongly opposed to the Cause for which they stand. Having initiated and led the march from Edinburgh to London in the autumn of last year, in the same spirit and for the same end as the recent "Pilgrimage," I am bound to identify myself with those whose work in this great cause is based on constitutional lines; and all that is just and true in me demands to enquire—From what source does this approbation spring? For fully forty years constitutional methods were unable to gain recognition, much less approbation. Mrs. Fawcett, who has given her life to this great cause and has never once deviated from this approved course of action, has had to strive until the evening of her days for the small crumbs of encouragement now thrown to her. Long-deferred justice indeed more fiery zealots of the cause to take the field; and there followed six years of more or less violent militancy—which has harassed the Government by its defiance of law, and the unassailable strength of moral and physical courage displayed by its advocates. The tortures of the hunger-strike, forcible feeding, and the operation of the Cat and Mouse Act have nauseated both ministers and people; and Mr. McKenna turns with relief to the patient workers who, hitherto, had not been worthy of his notice—much less his commendation.

I hold no brief for militancy; but I claim that, by contrast, and by contrast alone, can constitutional methods appear the palm which Mr. McKenna has been pleased to bestow upon them. As the pioneer of this form of propaganda, which has done so much to dispel the prejudice of the country towards our cause, I candidly admit that the courage and self-sacrifice of the militant women impelled me to go forth to bring this discredit suffering to an end.

May it not have been this same spirit which prompted the Pilgrimage and sustained the courage and endurance of the Pilgrims, and won for them the long-delayed approbation of those in high places? Thus a seeming evil has been turned into good, and brought forth fruit a hundred-fold.—Yours, &c., FLORENCE DE FOSBLANQUE. Dunton, Petworth, August, 1913.

IN THE PRESS

BANKRUPT!
The deputation, however, has clearly shown, not merely that the Prime Minister is bankrupt of argument to rebut the charge that he has not fulfilled his pledge, but that he has made no serious effort to find a way out of the difficulty created by the Speaker's ruling on the Reform Bill.—Christian Commonwealth.

WHAT IS AT STAKE?

Mr. Asquith received them courteously and generally; he admitted the seriousness of their case, and he expressed sympathy with the hardship involved upon them by the working of the party system. But, whenever pinned down in argument, he turned aside with a compliment or a jest. He even went so far as to revive the old

suggestion of a Referendum, which he himself has explicitly stated, and cogently demonstrated, to be inapplicable to this very question of woman's suffrage. He refused to express the smallest contrition for the fact that his pledge had not been fulfilled, or the smallest intention of applying himself to the compensation of women for that failure. All this would be perfectly natural, perfectly acceptable, if the matter were a trivial one, or if Mr. Asquith were not the head of a Government pledged a thousand times over to the principles of popular representation. But the matter is not a trivial one, nor are the feelings aroused by it, or the interests involved in it, fit subjects for dismissal with the idle courtesy of a jest. From the mere party point of view, whether Mr. Asquith sees it or not, the issue of Liberalism is at stake. But from the point of view of the nation which is at stake is belief in Parliament, obedience to authority, and the legitimate development of personality in a free State.—New Statesman.

"THOSE THAT HAVE EYES"

That the working classes as a body are in favour of Woman Suffrage is an extremely disputable proposition, on which most men are agreed by the actual conduct than by the official declarations of the Parliamentary Labour Party. In not a few notable instances the professions of the leaders rather than the sentiments or convictions of those for whom they claim to speak. After all, there are well-marked and unmistakable symptoms when the country wants a party to change. In regard to Woman Suffrage, can it be pretended that those symptoms are at all discernible, except, indeed, to the eye of faith and hope?—Morning Post.

INSURANCE ACT PROSECUTIONS—

COMPARISONS.
On August 9, Edward Squire, of Wivenhoe, was, at Colchester, fined £5 on the first of eight summonses for refusing to pay insurance contributions for two servants, and 37s. costs, and in each remaining case, a total £7 4s. On July 21, Mrs. Kate Harvey, of Brackenhill, Bromley, was summoned on ten counts in respect of her gardener, William David Asquith. She was fined £1 on each count, costs £4 10s.; "special costs," asked for by the Insurance Commissioners, £2 2s., and ordered to pay the arrears, 5s. 10d.; total £16 17s. 10d.

REVOLUTIONARY ACTIONS

The following incidents have been attributed in the Press to Suffragists during the week:—
Thursday, August 14.—Attempt to fire Intermediate School at Carnarvon, some damage. Haystacks in adjoining farm set on fire.
Attempt to burn unoccupied house at Sands, High Wycombe.
Friday, August 15.—A newly-erected, unoccupied house in Bangor partially destroyed by fire.
Haystack destroyed by fire on Lord Derby's estate at Knowsley.
Saturday, August 16.—Attempt to burn down pavilion on the Waverley Recreation Ground, Liverpool.
Two greens damaged on the new Betchworth golf-links at Dorking. A haystack in the vicinity destroyed by fire.
Tuesday, August 19.—Timber yard of Messrs. J. F. Hobson and Co., Bedford, set on fire. £200 damage.

SUFFRAGE DIRECTORY.

- Actresses' Franchise League, 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.
- Artists' Suffrage League, 23, Kings' Road, S.W.
- Australian and New Zealand Voters' Association, 9, Grosvenor Street, W.
- Catholic Women's Suffrage Society, 55, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.
- Church League for Women's Suffrage, 8, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.
- Civil Services Suffrage Society, 12, Southey Road, Highbury.
- Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association, 45, Dover Street, W.
- Federated Council of Women's Suffrage Societies, 14, St. James' Street, S.W.
- Forward Cymric Suffrage Union, 53, Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.
- Free Church League for Women's Suffrage, 2, Holmby View, Upper Clapton.
- Friends' League for Women's Suffrage, Mill Field, Street, Somerset.
- Gymnastic Teachers' Suffrage Society, 2, York Place, Oxford Road, Manchester.
- International Woman Suffrage Alliance, 7, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.
- International Women's Franchise Club, 9, Grafton Street, W.
- Irish League for Woman Suffrage, Emerson Club, 13, Buckingham Street, W.C.
- Irishwomen's Franchise League, 31, South Convent Buildings, Gk. Brunswick St., Dublin.
- Irishwomen's Reform League, 23, South Anne Street, Dublin.
- Irishwomen's Suffrage and Local Government Association, 163, Rathgar Road, Dublin.
- Irishwomen's Suffrage Federation, 23, South Anne Street, Dublin.
- Irishwomen's Suffrage Society, 27, Donegal Place, Belfast.
- Jewish League for Woman Suffrage, 32, Hyde Park Gardens, W.
- League of Justice, 2, Leynalde, Harewood, N.W.
- London Graduates' Union for Woman Suffrage, Chester Gate, Ealing.
- Marchers' Qui Viva Corps, 69, West Street, Hoxham.
- Men's Federation for Women's Suffrage, 34 and 35, Ludgate Chambers, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
- Men's League for Woman Suffrage, 156, St. Stephen's House, Westminster.
- Men's Political Union for Women's Emfranchisement, 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.
- Men's Society for Women's Rights, 25, Victoria Street, S.W.
- Monster Women's Franchise League, 8, Grand Parade, Cork.
- National Industrial and Professional Women's Suffrage Society, 5, John Dalton Street, Manchester.
- National Political League, Bank Buildings, 14, St. James' Street, S.W.
- National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, 15, Gk. Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.
- New Constitutional Society for Woman Suffrage, 8, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge.
- People's Suffrage Federation, 34-35, Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill St., S.W.
- Scottish Churches League for Woman Suffrage, 11, Howe Street, Edinburgh.
- Scottish Federation for Women's Suffrage, Sanwick, Bervickshire, N.B.
- Spiritual Militancy League, 46, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.
- Suffrage Atelier, Office: 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C. Studio: 6, Stanlake Villa, Shepherds' Bush, W.
- Suffrage Club, 21, York Street, St. James', S.W.
- Suffragist Churchwomen's Protest Committee, 23, Howland Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.
- Votes for Women Fellowship, 47, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.
- Women Sanitary Inspectors' Suffrage Society, 83, Sutherland Avenue, W.
- Women's Freedom League, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.
- Women's Silent Co-operation for Freedom, 10, Southfields Road, Eastbourne.
- Women's Social and Political Union, Lincoln's Inn House, Kingsway, W.C.
- Women's Tax Resistance League, 10, Talbot House, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
- Women Teachers' Franchise Union, 27, Morley Road, Lee, S.E.
- Woman Writers' Suffrage League, Goschen Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.

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Objects.—To dispel the ignorance that exists in the mind of the public with regard to the "Votes for Women" agitation. To tell the true story of the Movement, both in its constitutional and militant development, and also to show the causes that have produced and are still fomenting the present revolt.

To educate and arouse opinion throughout the country, and rally sympathy and support to the fighters in this campaign for human liberty; to stimulate strenuous opposition to the Government's policy of futile and wicked coercion, and to persuade all who love justice and liberty to bring pressure upon the King's ministers to carry out the spirit of the British Constitution, and to concede the just and

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The "Votes for Women" Fellowship is not a Suffrage Society, but an association of friends who desire to work together for the accomplishment of a very distinct and definite purpose. It does not compete in any way with any Suffrage organization. Membership is open to men and women who belong to any of the Suffrage societies, both militant and non-militant, and also to men and women who are not hitherto connected with the Suffrage movement or committed to any Suffrage party or policy. Commencing in 1914, there will be a minimum entrance fee of 1s., and also a minimum annual subscription of 1s., due in January of each year.

Just as the Fellowship itself does not compete with any existing organization, so VOTES FOR WOMEN does not compete with any existing Suffrage paper. It serves a different though complementary purpose. As a paper independent of all Suffrage societies, it addresses itself to the outside public, presents a catholic view of the Woman's Movement, and appeals to every class and section of the community. Its wide circulation must result in more recruits for the various battalions of the Suffrage army and a greater demand of the official publications of the great militant and non-militant Unions.

The Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN give their services to the paper without remuneration of any kind. That service is their contribution to the Suffrage Movement as a whole. They are pledged to devote any financial profits that may accrue to the further development of the paper.

Please enrol me as a member of the "Votes for Women" Fellowship.

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