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THE

# WOMAN WORKER

For

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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BABY'S HERITAGE.\*

"Baby's beautiful outfit. Home made garments. Very choice. Gowns elaborately tucked and trimmed. 54 articles 20s. Approval free, 1s. 6d. deposit.—Nurse X—, Street, Maida Vale, W."

This advertisement in one form or another can be found in nearly every daily or weekly newspaper. What a picture it conjures up before the mind of the expectant young mother! A picture of dainty white clothes—so small and soft—with sweet little tucks and frills and laces. And another picture, too, of another woman. Her tender eyes grow pitiful for that other woman who had also once hoped and waited, who with each delicate stitch had put loving thoughts and tender fancies into tiny garments for a baby that, alas! was never to need them.

And so the advertisement is eagerly replied to. A sample garment, with a letter in a woman's handwriting, on cheap, plain notepaper, is received. Week by week a shilling or sixpence is put aside until at last on one great day the payments are completed, and the precious parcel arrives.

The little garments are made of coarse, shoddy material, but they are indeed "elaborately tucked and trimmed." Some of the gowns have dozens of narrow tucks. The prodigality of labour is, perhaps, to compensate for the cheap nastiness of the cotton.

And the pathetic bundle waits for the baby. . . .

In an unimportant street in the city there is a small, shabby warehouse and office. Here tired, white-faced women and girls come every morning, carrying bundles of varying sizes. There is a plate on the door which bears the legend, "Messrs. Smith, Jones, Robinson and Co., Ltd., Baby-linen and Underclothing Manufacturers," but there is no reason to suppose that Messrs. Smith, Jones and Robinson have any more tangible existence than Mrs. Harris of immortal memory.

A shabby, worried-looking man with a hard face appears to be the proprietor. He is known to the women and girls as Mr. Perret. He is the concocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor,

\* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

one of the many in London, Leeds, Nottingham, and elsewhere, who conduct business on these peculiar lines.

Morning is Mr. Perret's busy time. The white-faced women wait in a row while he examines the contents of their parcels.

"The feathering on these 'ere gowns will never do for our customers, Mrs. 'Obbs," he says sternly to one of the most miserable looking women. "What's wrong with it? Why, it ain't strite. People are most partic'lar about 'aving their feathering strite."

"But, Mr. Perret, sir, I don't maikie more'n a penny a hour clear for that lot, workin' 'ard," protests the woman faintly.

"Wot's that got ter do with strite feathering?" asks Mr. Perret with asperity. "I'll take 'em this time, Mrs. 'Obbs, but I can't pay a penny-three for that lot. 'Ow many are there?—a dozen—one and four."

Mrs. Hobbs takes the money dazedly. It is fivepence less than she had counted on, and she sobs brokenly at the door. She is thinking, perhaps, of her youngest child who is "down with scarlet."

The next in the row unties her parcel and lays a pile of linen on the counter. She enumerates the garments in dull tones:

"Twelve long skirts a shilling.  
"Twelve Empire day gowns three and six.

"Six embroidered robes a shilling."  
Mr. Perret turns them over. The work is well done. He grunts as much, grudgingly. Then:

"Why, you've done this lot—five and six—in five days? We are payin' too much for these 'ere Empires," he says. "You can 'ave some more at two an ten."

"Two and ten!" cries the girl shrilly. She takes one garment in her hand and speaks with astonishing rapidity. "Why, there's three tucks and the hem in the skirt. Five tucks and a frill with lace on both sleeves. There's a double yoke with eleven tucks and seven insertions, and a frill with feathering on it and feathering underneath as well. There's a row of feathering at the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind.

"Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

WHAT'S WHAT.

By G. Maidstone.

I wondered why he let me off so easily," the girl said later, when she was speaking to me of the incident. The explanation probably is to be found in Flora Marshall's exceptional ability. She is a good, capable, and quick worker. When I met her first, six months ago, she was living with her father in a mean street in South-East London. He is sixty-nine and unemployed. He had worked for thirty-five years with one firm, and when his employers became bankrupt he was too old to be taken on elsewhere. Flora told me that for twenty-seven years he had paid into a Provident Club, but he could not keep up the payments and so the savings of years were lost.

Sometimes, when she could get the money together, Flora bought material and made garments up for her father to hawk in the streets.

Usually she worked for Mr. Perret. For elaborate Empire day gowns she received threepence halfpenny, embroidered robes twopenny, tucked night-gowns a penny threefarthings each, and for baby's skirts with three tucks and a hem, threefarthings. Her average weekly earnings were less than four shillings, though sometimes in a good week she made seven shillings. The rate of pay was from one penny to one penny halfpenny per hour. Out of this she had to pay for cotton, light, oil and repairs for her machine, and fares twice a week to the City. The rent of the two small rooms was six and sixpence, so it was not surprising that at the time I met her she was about nine weeks in arrears with the payments.

I arranged one day that she should meet two Trade Union girls engaged in similar work in a factory. We compared garments and prices, and found that those made in the factory were of a much better quality but not nearly so elaborate.

For instance, Flora made petticoats with three tucks for ninepence a dozen. In the factory the price for making the same petticoat WITHOUT TUCKS was two shillings and threepence a dozen.

I know other women who make baby linen for Mr. Perret and his kind. Some of them work in unspeakably filthy surroundings. In one building I heard of scarlet fever, and in another of diphtheria. I learned in one house, where the consumptive fend had laid a finger on at least two members of the family, that sometimes the baby garments were used as pillows at night.

And some young mother, as I write, may be looking with tender, smiling eyes at a waiting bundle of pathetic little garments in whose folds lurk the germs of disease and death.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

THE SEA.

Now lay thine ear against this golden sand,  
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,  
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land—  
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?  
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone  
I heard the languages of ages gone.  
HOOD.

I don't know what the schoolmaster will say to me, but I don't think our women need exact knowledge. Exact knowledge is not necessary to the average citizen. It is exact knowledge which we find so dry: it is exact knowledge which frightens us from learning.

What the woman worker wants is a general idea of things.

For instance let us take the subject of Egyptian history. Our woman worker need not know the names of the Egyptian kings, nor to which dynasty each king belonged. She does not need to learn a lot of details about battles, and rebellions, and royal marriages.

When she wants such details she can get them from history books, or the encyclopædia—as I do.

Useless Knowledge.

Do not encumber your mind with a lumber of useless knowledge. What the woman worker really needs to understand is that there existed a complex civilisation in Egypt many thousands of years ago. That the Egyptians had law, and religion, and culture, and art, and science at least ten thousand, and possibly fifty thousand, years before the British, or the Roman, or the Greek civilisation was born or thought of.

Some idea of the greatness and ancience of Egypt our woman worker should have; and a fuller and clearer idea of what the Egyptians accomplished and how they lived, without the assistance of the British House of Commons or the "Times."

So she should know a little of their laws, and of their social customs. How they stood with regard to marriage, and slavery, and housekeeping, and religious faith and ceremonies, and trade, and literature, and war.

She should know these things like a story, so that she may have in her mind a picture of ancient Egypt, and so that she may use that picture as part of a standard of comparison by which to judge and to measure her own country and her own time.

A Panorama.

Comparative history, in pictorial outline, is what she needs. Comparative history will give her, in a kind of vivid panorama, a clear conception of the strange and awful story of the rise and fall of nations. So she will gradually get her own life and her own nation into true perspective.

This kind of history is not "dry"; it is intensely interesting.

Great was the power, proud the civilisation of Chaldea, of Assyria, of Egypt, of Persia, of Greece, of Carthage, of Rome. Where are their pride and puissance to-day?

The average English woman worker regards England as the hub of the universe; the rest of the earth is inhabited by "foreigners" and "blackmen." Take such a woman and teach her the history and the religions of India; let her read even a little of the Indian literature; give her an idea of the age, the vastness, and the mystery of India; and she will be a new woman,

with new eyes, looking out upon a new world.

Starland.

Give the average woman worker a few lessons in astronomy; let her see photographs of the sun and the moon. Tell her how the millions of suns were formed out of star-dust or fire-mist. Explain to her the nebula theory. Show her the star-clusters and the nebulae through a telescope. Help her to imagine the immensity of the stellar spaces.

She will forget the figures and much of the detail; but she will retain the picture and the story; and she will feel her mind expanded, and will move and think for ever after in a world of wider horizons.

History, astronomy, geology, evolution: these subjects are not "dry"; they are more surprising and more fascinating than any story—so long as they are taught as stories. But if we wish to hold the interest of human beings we must make our lessons human.

I think I understand the average woman worker. I have stood where she stands, looked at life as she looks at it.

I think I know her needs. I wish I could help to supply them.

THE DARKENED ROOM.

When I was but a child—ere yet I knew  
Aught of death's woe—or stood by  
open tomb,

My mother led me where a woman wept  
Beside a coffin in a darkened room.

I hear again, as plain as yesterday,  
My playmates laughing in the street  
below;

I see the sunlight striving to get in,  
And that pale woman, with her eyes  
of woe.

I see the quiver of her ashen lips.  
"Tis not," she wildly wept, "that he  
is dead;

But whilst I live I'm haunted by the  
ghosts  
Of all the unkind words that I have  
said."

Long years have rolled betwixt that  
hour and this,  
Yet oft across my soul doth fall its  
gloom;

Life is too brief for e'en one unkind  
word,  
Between the cradle and the darkened  
room.

ETHEL CARNIE.

In the autumn Mr. John Lane will publish a new novel by Mr. Neil Lyons, entitled "Arthur's."

Keighley Snowden's new novel, "The Life Class," will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

Mr. W. J. Roberts, a well-known librarian, has written "The Love Story of Empress Josephine," which Mr. Werner Laurie will publish in the autumn.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Mrs. Billington Greig.

Which of us does not remember the Parliamentary Debate (old style) on Women's Suffrage?—how the resolution or bill would be moved deprecatingly by some elderly ineffectual Angel, and seconded by another ancient of equal innocence, and how—these sky-blue persons out of the way—Harlequin and Pantaloon, with all their dear old capers, would tumble joyously into the ring.

There would be laughter, and loud laughter, and roars of laughter. Harlequin would draw a whimsical picture of women on the Treasury Bench, and Pantaloon would go one better with a tale of a future Minister asking, say, Mr. Balfour to hold the baby while she made a speech. And, at this or some equally recondite raiillery, everybody, including the policeman in the Lobby, would smack his leg and say that Pantaloon was a devil of a fellow, and so the debate would end.

And the Bill? The Bill, of course—but who bothered about the Bill? Like enough, it was talked and laughed out, with sorry talk and mean laughter. But up in the gallery a few grave-faced women would sit with, now and then, flushed faces, casting—since other things were forbidden—indignant glances at the complacent Merry Andrews below. And when the poor farce was done, they would go quietly away to open again the pages of Mill, and find, in his large argument, corrective to the belittlement of the lesser men who had succeeded him.

Anon came that historic afternoon when an alien voice from behind the grille broke in upon the sport. Pantaloon, in full career, hoped he had not heard aright, but the cry welled out again, "Votes for women!" and again in louder chorus; a momentary flag was waved. There was drastic action then, and the ushers made a quick clearance; but the work was done. Pantaloon died in the sand, and Harlequin, beating his breast, "Mea culpa," and uttering promises of amendment, got out of his glittering coat for ever.

Crowded Life.

That daring incursion gave Miss Billington, as she then was, a wide fame; but she had won renown before.

In 1903, a teacher, she became associated with the Manchester University Settlement, where she encountered poverty and hunger—and a dialectical

Scotchman who gave her their inner meaning. As he talked, her content with the world fell away. On the threshold of taking her degree she stopped with a sudden "What good?" and made abrupt sacrifice of scholastic ambitions. The Scotchman still talked (as Scotchmen do), and she joined the I.L.P. She met Mrs. Pankhurst, and joined the W.S.P.U. Then she read "Women and Economics," and on the feeling generated by that profound book sailed away from her old life for ever.

As I.L.P. organiser, she led a great campaign in the Potteries, carrying off the hearts of all who heard her and the scalp of their Parliamentary representative, which she captured in debate. Then the W.S.P.U. grown strong, called out to her, and in its service she sped up and down the country like a flame, coming gracelessly at last in her Cromwellian way, into Parliament itself.

Many subsequent months must seem to her a blur of platforms and mobs and savage ejections.

She will remember one wild, wet night, when she led a fierce rush upon the retreating cavalcade of the present Premier, and another when, with uplifted dogwhip, she menaced the Liberal stewards who threatened her with undignified overthrow.

She passed from sin to sin. Following a second Parliamentary outrage, she laid rude hands upon Mr. Asquith's bell, for which, under pressure, she substituted a policeman's face. . . . She was punished with imprisonment for these crimes, and issued shaken in health. Subsequently she married, and, sacrificing to home, was temporarily less prominent. Returning to the front, she found herself in conflict with Mrs. Pankhurst, and on a point of principle withdrew, with others, from the original organisation to found the Women's Freedom League, of which she is now President.

A Child of the Idea.

Such a record tells its own story, and reveals Mrs. Billington Greig as completely child of the idea.

She is as direct as Shelley, and, like him, would tell her faith before all the thrones and denominations of the world. She cannot whittle down or compromise, because her principles are absolute and have immortal validity. She turns from the casuist with the scorn of Felix Holt, with whom she says: "Oh, yes; give me a handful of generalities and analogies, and I'll undertake to justify Burke and Hare and prove them benefactors of the species." Whatever ought to be, ought to be now in England and everywhere, and she hears in talk of expediency only the low words in which politicians confess their cowardice and prove traitor to the Most High.

All her deeds are quick responses to perceptions that have come upon her with the imperiousness of storms. Perpetually. . . .

Her spirit's barque is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling  
throng,  
Whose sails are never to the tempest given.

It is for others to reckon consequences, to cling to old moorings, "to

feel doubt, hesitation, and pain." For her it is enough that, even through a pall of angry clouds, she sees the light, and that the vessel waits.

An Amazon.

Allied with her subjection to the idea there goes extreme physical hardihood.

She is and would be of the male stature. She has contempt for grace and daintiness, and the colloquial "womanly" qualities. She would as soon see a womanly man as a womanly woman. She chafes at talk of woman's sphere, pointing out grimly that a back kitchen is seldom spherical. She would, I think, abolish existing spheres altogether, and have woman even mate of man, sharing the same chances of life and doom, bent to the same toil, tasting the same sun's heat, and the same unrest of waters. Let Nature make spheres if she will. The existing demarcation is the arbitrary act of man, and has brought untold misery to the race; has

Brought death into the world and all our  
woe.

When Nature lays down new lines, there will be, perhaps, division between stronger and less strong, swifter and less swift: there will not be that evil separation that has specialised woman to reproductive purposes, and made human loves trouble and sully life as often as help it.

A Great Debater.

Her qualities of mental singleness and courage, a dignity of pose, a something in her voice that tells of scarcely hidden fires, have won her fame as orator. But she is at her best in debate. She has all arts of parry and feint and fierce, irresistible thrust. Over against lesser voices, which plead that this or that course will profit us in our basket and our store, she cries out the eternal names of Truth and Justice, worshipped for themselves alone. In debate and out of it her wagon is always hitched to a star: her voice is always sounding from the hill-tops. In her, in the phrase of Goethe:

The woman soul leadeth us upward and on.

The defects of such a character are easily guessed. There will be quick loves, but equally quick repulsions. There will be misprizings of those who, however high and ardent their desire, cannot so easily as herself urge upheaval; of those who know that the sons and daughters of men have wound their loves round old faiths and ways, and who would soften as they may the teen and shock of change. There will be a tendency to try human nature by impossible tests, to over-capitalise human relationships with risk of eventual collapse and anti-climax in the manner of the typical Shaw play. And on the political side. . . . But Mrs. Billington-Greig disdains politics.

At the worst, she remains a striking woman, with powers that are not yet in their zenith. Life will maybe teach her a larger toleration than she yet knows, and a deeper humour. Then, she will be great.

Lieutenant Peary says that a woman of the Smith Sound Eskimos offered him all she had for a needle.

## WHAT THE MOON SAW.

"Yesterday," began the Moon, "I looked down upon the turmoil of Paris. My eye penetrated into an apartment of the Louvre. An old grandmother, poorly clad—she belonged to the working-class—was following one of the under servants into the great empty throne-room, for this was the apartment she wanted to see—that she was resolved to see; it had cost her many a little sacrifice and many a coaxing word to penetrate thus far. She folded her thin hands, and looked round with an air of reverence, as if she had been in a church.

"Here it was!" she said, "here!" And she approached the throne, from which hung the rich velvet fringed with gold lace. "There," she exclaimed, "there!" and she knelt and kissed the purple carpet. I think she was actually weeping.

"It looked so, and yet it did not," observed the man; "the windows were beaten in, and the doors were off their hinges, and there was blood upon the floor."

"But for all that you can say, my grandson died upon the throne of France. Died!" mournfully repeated the old woman.

"I do not think another word was spoken, and they soon quitted the hall. The evening twilight faded, and my light shone vividly upon the rich velvet that covered the throne of France."

"Now, who do you think this poor woman was? Listen, I will tell you a story.

"It happened in the Revolution of

July, on the evening of the most brilliantly victorious day, when every house was a fortress, every window a breast-work. The people stormed the Tuileries. Even women and children were found among the combatants. They penetrated into the apartments and halls of the palace. A poor half-grown boy in a ragged blouse fought among the older insurgents. Mortally wounded with several bayonet thrusts, he sank down. This happened in the throne-room. They laid the bleeding youth upon the throne of France, wrapped the velvet round his wounds, and his blood streamed forth upon the imperial purple. There was a picture!—the splendid hall, the fighting groups! A torn flag lay upon the ground, the tricolour was waving above the bayonets, and on the throne lay the poor lad with the pale glorified countenance, his eyes turned towards the sky, his limbs writhing in the death agony, his breast bare, and his poor tattered clothing half hidden by the rich velvet embroidered with silver lilies. At the boy's cradle a prophecy had been spoken: "He will die on the throne of France!" The mother's heart had fondly imagined a second Napoleon.

"My beams have kissed the wreath of immortelles on his grave, and this night they kissed the forehead of the old grandame, while in a dream the picture floated before which thou mayest draw—the poor boy on the throne of France." H. O. ANDERSEN.

Ease is the lovely result of forgotten toil.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

## A MERRY BARD.

ZULEIKAB! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old, and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard. The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

THACKERAY.

## THE TRUE ATHEISM.

A poet cannot strive for despotism; His harp falls shattered; for it still must be

The instinct of great spirits to be free, And the sworn foes of cunning barbarism:

He who has deepest searched the wide abyss

Of that life-giving Soul which men call fate,

Knows that to put more faith in lies and hate

Than truth and love is the true atheism. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## LABOUR SOLIDARITY.

## The New Alliance.

By Arthur Henderson, M.P.

A great change in the political intentions of the organised workers of this country was demonstrated at the General Election.

It was evidenced in the return to Parliament of thirty members elected upon a direct Labour ticket, and in the consequent creation of a highly organised and independent third party. Co-incident with this new political development, there were also elected twenty-five representatives connected with Trade Unions, but whose candidatures had been promoted by Liberal associations.

We had at once created a Parliamentary situation which, viewed from the standpoint of organised Labour, was hopeful though peculiar, and which also contained an element of danger.

## Labour Tactics.

This must be obvious if it be remembered that the Labour party were absolutely free to decide their own policy, and had been created to give articulate expression to the demands of the toilers for economic freedom and social betterment. It was almost inevitable that the party should occasionally find itself in conflict with the policy of the Government.

Experience proved that, when acute differences did arise, a most unenviable situation was created.

The Labour party having, in consequence of the uncertainty of Parliamentary procedure, to decide suddenly what should be its line of action on important questions, we are often compelled to take a course the justification for which is not always apparent to the onlooker. Thus the Trade Union members, who as a rule sit with the Liberal party but have a strong desire to vote with their Labour colleagues, often found themselves responding to the Government whips, and in the opposite lobby to the Labour party.

Others were not infrequently placed on the horns of a dilemma, and really deserved commiseration. They had the desire to do what they could for the workers; they closely followed the speeches of Labour members; but they found themselves in a position where it was difficult to decide which way to vote, because of the division among those who ought to have given them a united lead. Many have had great difficulty in explaining their votes to their constituents.

They had inadvertently given a vote not in harmony with their pledges or their professions—the party whip overcoming them owing to one section of the Labour representatives going into one lobby and the remainder into the other.

## The Danger.

Such a situation must have exercised a demoralising effect upon the great majority of the wage-earners throughout the country. This was much to be deplored. For recent years have witnessed a gratifying development of the interest the wage-earners were taking in the proceedings of Parliament.

They had been compelled to come to the conclusion that legislation must be influenced to a much greater degree in the direction of social justice, if the marked inequalities of life are to be destroyed. They had shown their dissatisfaction with representation by the old English gentlemen, and had selected from amongst themselves men whom they expected to know their needs and aspirations.

The return of such representatives in large numbers at the last election had filled them with hope and enthusiasm.

It must, therefore, have been bewildering, and even disappointing, to find that the votes of their chosen representatives were being neutralised and dissipated in opposing lobbies.

Now, it must not be understood that I suggest, even by inference, any lack of fidelity or interest in the well-being of the workers on the part of members of the Trade Union group. Most of them are admittedly as sincere in their desire to obtain useful social reforms as are any members of the Labour party. No. They are but the victims of the peculiarities of the Parliamentary machine, and the circumstances of their own elections. It is well-nigh impossible to decide even matters of importance in sufficient time to give notice as to what line the Labour party proposes to adopt.

Without, therefore, some alteration in the relationship between the Trade Union group and the Labour party, a condition of affairs must have been continued which neither they nor the organised workers could approve.

Nor is this all. What has taken place in Parliament has in some degree also been operating in the country. Bye-elections have taken place, and the Labour party have on the one side been supporting and financing a Labour candidate, whilst individual members of the Trade Union group have been doing their utmost to bring about that candidate's defeat.

Such a condition of things inevitably tends towards the disintegration of the entire political Labour movement.

## Alliance Proposed.

It was no surprise when we found that the Trade Union Congress at Liverpool had carried the following resolution:—

"That a conference of representatives of the sections in the Labour movement be called, with the object of securing perfect political unity of action in the country and in the House of Commons on strict independent lines."

As the result of this resolution, conferences have been held on the initiative of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, and eventually the following basis of agreement was signed by representatives of the Labour party and the Trade Union group:

"(1) That monthly meetings of the Labour party and the Trade Union group be held during each Parliamentary session, and that special meetings be held as agreed upon by the officials of the respective groups.

"(2) That the Labour party and the Trade Union group agree that their members shall in no way oppose sitting members of the Labour party or Trade Union group, or candidates endorsed by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress and by the executive of the Labour party."

This agreement is to be put into operation, and the new alliance to take practical effect, at a meeting to be held on July 7.

## Effect of Solidarity.

There is nothing of a revolutionary character in this new development. In fact, there are those who consider that one of its immediate consequences will be the tempering of the enthusiasm of Independent Labour and Socialist members by what has been described as "a steady and conservative force."

However this may be, it is obvious that, in conjunction with the decision of the miners to affiliate with the Labour party, another definite forward step in the direction of the consolidation of the political Labour movement has been taken. Surely such a result is highly desirable, particularly from the Parliamentary standpoint.

It is calculated to render Labour representation more effective than ever before, and to give greater satisfaction to all immediately concerned.

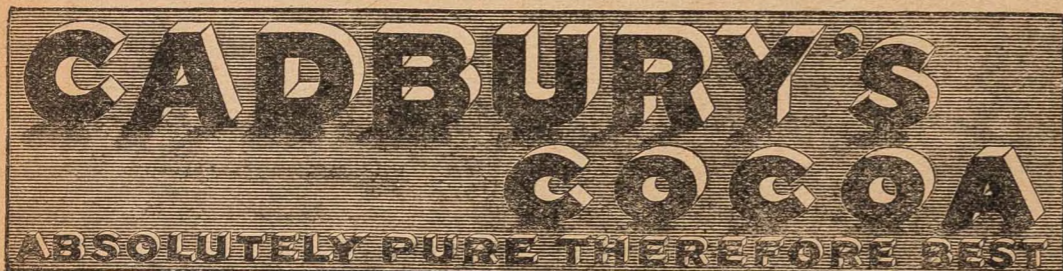
The new alliance will be welcomed by us if for no other reason than it tends to hasten the day when the whole forces of Labour will stand in complete unity, and in such unity find a greater power for good in the work of the commonweal.

## THE NEW BEAUTY.

Oh, it is coming yet, believe me—few of us may live to see it, but it is coming, I can assure you. The so-called beauty doctor will be reduced to selling redces and thread on our city streets, because in those days our women will no longer depend for their charms on artificiality and fraud. The fair sex will then cultivate mind and manners; and without being mannish, which will be looked upon as hateful and preposterous, their bodies will be graceful, light, and elegant, and their complexions a lovely healthy bronze, the result of natural living and a life in the open air. That will be the new beauty, and it is a style that has much attractiveness even nowadays, though we rarely see it—the beauty of life and health and sunshine.—DR. GORDON STABLES, in the "Girl's Own Paper."

"Ambrosia," in the "World," writes to condemn the latest fashions in hats. "Something must be done or we shall become even as mushrooms. The individual is withering, whilst the hat grows more and more. The Israelite of old sat under his vine and his fig-tree; the smart woman of to-day sits under a very bower of roses, when it is not a wig-wam of feathers. What with her hat and her ruffle, there is very little indeed of lovely woman to be seen."

Blessed old Mère Marie used to say, "A good turn in the kitchen is as good as a prayer in the chapel."—KIRBY'S "Golden Dog."



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## WOMAN IN GERMANY.

By M. Alexander.

One pictures her as the homely, comfortable peasant woman of Auerbach's stories, or the fair-haired, innocent mädchen of Goethe's poem. One sees her as the large, beneficent mother, or rosy, healthy daughter of a radiant land of fertile plains, majestic streams, and sprucely rustic, pine-clad mountains, a quaint, fair land of prosperous plenty, a land of fairies, a land of song, a simple, smiling land of milk (and beer) and honey.

For truth is more of a stranger than fiction. The poet's pen is mightier than the fact. Literature is printed more deeply than the casual observer's memory, and lives longer than the generations of men.

Germany, like Japan, is "awaking"—awaking from vague dreams of mystic beauty, to the stern and ugly realities of Industrialism. The laboratory of the student, the gabled old college of the philosopher, the forest solitudes of the sentimentalist, are all being swept away to make room for the whirring wheels and hideous soot-shafts of Triumphant Capitalism.

**Good-bye, Romance!**

The tender Gretchen and copious Hausfrau are disappearing with the rest. The daughter no longer has time to weave her flaxen tresses, nor the mother to suckle her baby on her ample breast. The Minotaur of Industry exacts his tribute of matrons as well as of virgins, and despite her frequent motherhood the Hausmutter must to the mill to feed her brood.

Thus it comes to pass that the buxom German peasant woman of tradition is disappearing before an irruption of pinched, wrinkled, and tired women, whose arid bosoms suckle no children, and whose hearts know nothing of the old motherly German ways.

But perhaps the happy peasant life pictured in the books was always something of a fable. At any rate, we know that in many districts, until modern times, the people born on the land were as completely the property of the landowners as the land itself. They could not leave without his consent. They were subject, like his dogs, to the persuasion of his whip. And they had to work for him without wages.

**"Better Off."**

Now we are told the peasantry are much better off. Women can thresh corn or follow the ox-plough from five in the morning to seven at night, with pauses for breakfast, dinner, and vesper, for wages of sixpence a day in summer and fivepence a day in winter. Also, barracks are provided where a whole family may wash, cook, eat, and sleep in one room. And the landowner—praise be to his generosity!—no longer prevents the peasants from removing to the towns.

So in Germany as in England; the exodus from country to town proceeds apace. In the towns the peasant women are privileged to herd together in cellars and courtyards, where they are charged not less than five shillings a week for a room, and to make blouses for ladies at a wage of a penny each.

To quote the very interesting book by Mrs. Sidgwick, which Keighley Snowden reviewed last week:

As wages are lower in Germany than in England, and as meat and groceries are decidedly dearer, it is plain that the working man (or woman) cannot live in clover. Doctor Shadwell gives an example of a smith earning £52 10s. a year, and having to pay £14 for rent. He had a wife and two children, and Dr. Shadwell reckoned that the family, to make two ends meet, must live on 3½d. per day; the prison scale being 8d.

**Home Work.**

The same writer says:

In the enormous mantle trade of Berlin, the home workers are nearly all widows and mothers of families, as the unmarried girls go to the factories. . . . The average wage of the unskilled worker is only 10s. a week, while it sinks as low as 4s. for petticoats, aprons, and woollen goods. A corset maker, who has learned her trade, can only make from 8s. to 10s. a week in a factory, while a woman who sits at home and covers umbrellas gets 1s. 6d. a dozen when the coverings are of stuff. . . . The market is always overcrowded, because, badly paid as it is, the work is popular.

"Popular," as used in this connection, is to be defined in the dictionary sense of "extensively prevalent; pertaining to common people; suitable to common people." Hunger is "popular" in just the same sense. It is "suitable to common people."

But German industry and commerce thrive, and the old Germany of dreams and poetry is dying. The German woman of picturesque tradition now leaves the legendary hearth at dawn, letting the sometime chubby Kinder be fed and nursed at an institution for three ha'pence per day. At night, when the heavy day's work is done, you may find her with her "man" at the Kneipe (the beerhouse), with the sickly children at her skirts.

To this complexion has the domesticated, comfortable Hausfrau of German folklore been brought by the glorious progress and prosperity of German trade and industry.

**GERMANY AND ENGLAND.**

Wages and the cost of things in Germany are compared at last in a way that may be trusted. There is a Board of Trade report on them. From the "Clarion," which has a careful statement of this comparison, we take the following:—

"These figures show that prices as a whole in Germany are 18 per cent. higher than in England. Rents are as 123 to 100. Average working time per week is as 111 hours to 100. Average weekly wages are as 83 to 100.

"Where the Englishman earns 25s. in 48 hours, the German must work 53 hours to earn 20s. 9d.; and what the Englishman buys for 15s. 5d. costs the German 18s. 3d.

"If the two work the same number of hours at the same trade the Englishman would receive 25s. and the German 18s. 9d. And what the German is able to buy for his 18s. 9d. could be bought by the Englishman for 15s. 5d.

"That is to say that an Englishman working at the same trade and for the same hours as a German has 9s. 7d. more than the German to spend or to spare every week."

## THE GOLDEN SPEECH.

Queen Elizabeth to her Last Parliament.

Mr. Speaker,—We perceive your coming is to present thanks unto us. Know I accept them with no less joy than your loves can desire to offer such a present, and do more esteem it than any treasure or riches; for those we know how to prize, but loyalty, love, and thanks, I account them invaluable; and though God hath raised me high, yet this I account the glory of my crown, that I have reigned with your loves. Of myself I must say this: I never was any greedy scraping grasper, nor a strict fast-holding prince, nor yet a waster. My heart was never set upon any worldly goods, but only for my subjects' good. What you do bestow on me I will not hoard up, but receive it to bestow on you again; yea, mine own properties I account yours to be expended for your good, and your eyes shall see the bestowing of it for your welfare.

To be a king, and wear a crown, is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it's pleasant to them that bear it; for myself I never was so much enticed with the glorious name of a king, or the royal authority of a queen, as delighted that God hath made me His instrument to maintain His truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom from dishonour, damage, tyranny, and oppression. But should I ascribe any of these things to myself or my sexy weakness, I were not worthy to live, and of all most unworthy of the mercies I have received at God's hands, but to God only and wholly is all given and ascribed.

The cares and troubles of a crown I cannot more fitly resemble than to the drugs of a learned physician, perfumed with some aromatical savour, or to bitter pills gilded over, by which they are made more acceptable, or less offensive, which indeed are bitter and unpleasant to take; and for my own part, were it not for conscience sake to discharge the duty that God hath laid upon me, and to maintain His glory, and keep you in safety, in mine own disposition I should be willing to resign the place I hold to any other, and glad to be freed of the glory with the labours, for it is not my desire to live nor to reign, longer than my life and reign shall be for your good. And though you have had and may have many mightier and wiser princes sitting in this seat, yet you never had nor shall have, any that will love you better.

**THE SIMPLE LIFE.**

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained; I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition, They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins, They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God; Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things, Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago, Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

WALT. WHITMAN.

## A SLUM MOTHER.

By Margaret McMillan.

She sits in a back room of a small house in one of the meanest side streets of the great city. Through the door—which does not close properly—comes the confused sound of many voices, broken now and again by a shrill laugh.

All the mothers and grandmothers of Slop Alley are out in the sunshine, standing for the most part in open doorways, and conversing so as to be audible at times to friends on the other side of the street.

Mary Ann (that is her name) does not want to join her neighbours to-day. She wants to be alone. And it is a very strange desire for a woman living in Slop Alley.

Something has happened to Mary Ann. Not a very great event—only the death of a very small, very wizened baby, who never looked as if it could live, anyhow. It was born when its father was "doing time" for his treatment of the mother, and it looked from the first as if all the woes of both parents had gathered on its little head.

Now it is gone, and—what seems quite as strange—twenty-eight bright shillings (the insurance money won by three months of penny-a-week instalments) has been received for the burial. It didn't cost quite so much. Four shillings were left over when all was paid. And a neighbour gave Mary Ann a black skirt and bodice.

For Mary Ann, this succession of events appears so marvellous, that in the wake of them she feels an amazement and quickened interest that are like the beginning of a new life.

For years nothing had happened to Mary Ann—nothing but that dreadful thing for which he was now doing time, and the melting away of the furniture. There is hardly anything left now—only a rickety table, a couple of chairs, and a saucepan. For months, Mary Ann has been conscious only of one thing in the room: the rent-book. Marked all down two greasy pages are entries of five shillings totalling up to an awful sum that can never be paid.

Mary Ann does not know what to do with this book.

The landlord comes every week, and looks in it, and writes in it. Even to-day Mary Ann is conscious of it. She is conscious also of the four bright shillings left over after all is paid—and, only very dimly, of the little dirty shawl in which the baby was wrapped always.

The door opens, and a touzled head is pushed in.

"Marianner," says the owner of the head, "you're a-frettin'!"

"I ain't," says Mary Ann, truthfully. The visitor, who is no other than the kind neighbour who gave her the dress, stares at her for a few moments and then withdraws, looking very startled.

Through the dirty panes, and above them through the open window, streams the flaming June sunshine. Above shines the flower of the sky—stainless and radiant. And Mary Ann, who has eaten a good meal to-day, and has tidied her hair, and put on the new dress, feels the strangeness and awe of life stealing in on her. The two children that are left to her are playing in the street, and

they have eaten. And there is a strange hush and pause in life.

It is as though a burden had been taken away from an overdriven creature, and the currents of a new life were loosened in the numbed veins.

"To-morrow I'll take Louiser to the 'orspital," she thinks. "I'll try to give her a chance. And Sidney shall go to school reg'lar. If I could get a bit o' charin' some ways, perhaps we'd do better in time."

The tinkle of a church-bell floats in at the window, and she folds her hands, listening, with a sort of wonder. So absorbed is she that she does not hear the sound of footsteps on the stair.

Presently the door is pushed open, and a thin, open-mouthed boy of ten, very ill-shod, makes his appearance, holding by hand a little girl of three.

"If you please, mother," says the boy, politely, "Louisa Emma would like to come in."

"You go along," says Mary Ann, abruptly. "Don't you tell me no stories."

Louisa, the subject of this conversation, makes no remark, but buries a small finger in her mouth and sucks contentedly.

"Aren't you ashamed?" inquires Mary Ann, indignantly. "You to want to get rid o' yer pore little sister and go off kicking a ball."

Sidney plucks up courage to answer this pointed question.

"I ain't ashamed," he says. "Teacher nor you won't let us play nowhere. Where 'ave I to play at all? Nowheres," says Sidney, with a sudden impulse of revolt.

Mary Ann stares at him in amazement. Then her anger rises swift as a tropic storm.

"Orf you go! Don't you let me 'ear another word! Don't you let me see her agen till I calls ye. D'ye hear me?"

Yes; Sidney hears. His face grows black for a minute. Then he seizes the sticky little hand of Louisa, and that young lady makes a rapid descent which could not be described as either running or flying, but which has something in common with both.

"He's a bad 'un," says Mary Ann, aloud; and the strange new current of her thoughts is broken up.

Yet, as the evening wanes, she rises, takes some food from the long empty cupboard, and sets it on the table. Then, taking a small clean pinafore from a shelf, she unfolds it, shakes it out, gazes at it with pride, and puts it back again.

"To-morrow I'll take Louiser and Sidney to the 'orspital; and they'll go to school reg'lar."

It is Hope that is waking in her, and its re-birth is breaking up the torpor of months.

In the morning, however, the landlord came; but he did not write any more in the book. He stormed and claimed the four shillings. Mary Ann and her children went into the workhouse.

The children have bread now, and they go to school regularly. But Mary Ann does not dream any more—nor make new resolutions.

## CLEAR OUT.

(With apologies to Roger Penrose.)

"For shame! Get you gone—give place to honest men, to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust."—OLIVER CROMWELL, April 20, 1653.

"Clear out!" said the soul of Oliver once,

Whilst his anger leaped like fire. "Make way for the men of a manlier breed

In action and high desire— From the task that you cannot, dare not do,

From the honour which never was meant for you,

From the cause which giveth mankind their due,

Clear out!"

"Clear out!" is the cry that must echo still,

Till votes for women be won, Till the sweater's yoke world-wide is broke,

And justice to women done. "If you cannot grim darkness face and fight;

If your sword is too brittle to wield for right,

If you shrink from the call that demands your might,

Clear out!

"Clear out if you will not take the part Of the weaker against the strong,

If you cannot strive to the stress of pain For the downthrow of shame and wrong,

If you cannot give voice to your fiercest scorn

At need for the land where your soul was born,

Nor spring with joy to a hope forlorn,

Clear out!

"Clear out, if the seething sorrows and sins

Of the time mean nothing to you; If your heart cannot feel, your eyes cannot weep,

Your hands be slack to do! Both women and men are wanted here,

Those who can follow their duty clear, Keen for the fight without shiver of fear—

Clear out!"

(Mrs.) M. E. EVANS.

**A Brave Girl.**

Last week, at the village of Crantock, in Cornwall, a party of girls were playing among the rocks on the beach when two of their number, aged 13 and 14 respectively, were washed into the sea by a heavy wave. Sister Emilie, on seeing their danger, plunged after them, but she was carried back by a wave, dashed against the rocks and stunned. Though the villagers rendered prompt assistance, all three lives were lost. All honour to Sister Emilie. All honour to the brave deed of a noble woman!

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## SOCIALISM MADE EASY.

By Robert Blatchford.

### III.

To help you to understand Socialism I will tell you how I came to be a Socialist myself.

I had noticed, as you must have noticed, that while some persons were very rich others were miserably poor.

I had seen miserably poor myself. I knew what it meant to be hungry, to be ill; I knew what it meant to work hard for a paltry wage; I knew what it meant to be on tramp, and out of work. I had tried those things.

I had seen hungry and shoeless children shivering in the wintry streets; I had seen men on strike, men out of work; I had been through many horrible districts where the poor were crowded into insanitary houses, in insanitary courts and streets. I had read about the conditions of match-makers, slipper-makers, chain and nail makers, agricultural labourers, and the drudges in the sweating shops.

The knowledge of these things and the sight of these people hurt me—as they must hurt you.

### Thinking it Out.

I began to wonder why such a dreadful state of things existed; I began to ask myself whether there was a remedy. I began to think.

I knew no more about Socialism, or politics, or economics, than you know now; and I had no books to guide me. I had to think the problem out for myself.

I heard, as you hear, that Liberalism was a remedy, that Toryism was a remedy, that Free Trade was a remedy. But I am a man with a somewhat feminine mind: there is a little mother's milk in my constitution. And I saw the facts: as a woman sees facts.

I said to myself, "If Liberalism, or Toryism, or Free Trade, is a remedy for poverty, why are there so many poor? There are many poor. Therefore Free Trade and the Liberals and the Tories have failed to cure poverty." You must often have thought the same.

Then I thought again, and I saw that, while so many were poor, some others were rich. And I came to believe that in the continual struggle for money the wealth got collected into heaps, so that some few had more than they needed or could use, whilst very many had not enough to live decent or healthy lives. "The money," said I, "is not fairly divided."

### Plans and a Pamphlet.

But I knew that if it were all collected and shared out it would soon get into heaps again, and then there would be rich and poor as before.

And I began to ask myself whether it would be well to tax incomes on a sort of sliding scale, so that, after a man had got all that any man ought to need, the surplus could be taken from him in taxes.

That seemed just and possible. But then came a great puzzle. When the money had been taken from the rich, how was it to be divided amongst the poor?

I worried about that for some time, and came to the conclusion that all the

actual necessities of life ought to be made free, or sold very cheap; and I was still hammering away at the idea when somebody asked me if I knew what Socialism meant. I did not know, and he gave me a pamphlet, written by H. M. Hyndman and William Morris, which, he said, would help me to understand.

I read the pamphlet, and I saw at once that Socialism was the answer to all my puzzles; that it was the very thing I had been looking for; and that it would do easily and perfectly all that my clumsy scheme was intended to attempt.

Directly I understood the meaning of Socialism I was a Socialist. Directly you understand it you will be a Socialist.

### The Remedy.

Now, what was the idea which helped me so in that pamphlet? It was the idea of Collective Ownership; the idea that the land, and all the other means for producing and distributing wealth, should be owned by the whole nation, and should be used by the whole nation, for the benefit of the whole nation.

I hope you understand that idea. It means national ownership instead of private ownership; national service instead of private service.

You know that in Manchester the land and machinery used in making and distributing gas belong to the people of Manchester, and that the elected corporation of Manchester manage the gas works, fix the price of gas, and pay the wages of the gas workers.

Well, the Socialist would apply the same system to the making and distribution of bread and beer, and boots and shirts, and hats and blankets; so that there would be no private traders getting rich on the sale of those articles; but the people would be their own dealers and their own employers.

Surely that is simple enough for a child to understand. Surely it will not bother you to master that idea.

And there for this week we will leave the subject.

The home, pre-eminently, is the métier of the Jewess. As wifehood is the characteristic of the Englishwoman and motherhood of the French, the two combined are the outstanding characteristic of the Jewess.—"Lady's Realm."

The secret of the difference between French and English dressing lies in the fact that the French woman studies simplicity, while the English woman worships over-elaboration.—MRS. HUGH ADAMS in "London Opinion."

Miss Edith Sellers has been comparing the cost of State maintenance in South Australia and Bermondsey. She writes in the "Albany Review" about children, and says that the Colonial way is to take over those of paupers and deadbeats, with a view to make them good citizens. This generally succeeds. But they cost less than 5s. 5d. a week, against the Bermondsey charge of 20s.

## A GENTLEWOMAN.

The new and fair lady of Castlewood found the sad, lonely little occupant of this gallery busy over his great book, which he laid down when he was aware that a stranger was at hand. And, knowing who that person must be, the lad stood up and bowed before her, performing a shy obeisance to the mistress of his house.

She stretched out her hand—indeed when was it that that hand would not stretch out to do an act of kindness, or to protect grief and ill-fortune? "And this is our kinsman," she said.

"And what is your name, kinsman?" "My name is Henry Esmond," said the lad, looking up at her in a sort of delight and wonder, for she had come upon him as a *Dea certe*, and appeared the most charming object he had ever looked on. Her golden hair was shining in the gold of the sun; her complexion was of a dazzling bloom; her lips smiling, and her eyes beaming with a kindness which made Harry Esmond's heart to beat with surprise.

"His name is Henry Esmond, sure enough, my lady," says Mrs. Worksop, the housekeeper (an old tyrant whom Henry Esmond plagued more than he hated), and the old gentlewoman looked significantly towards the late lord's picture, as it now is in the family, noble and severe-looking, with his hand on his sword, and his order on his cloak, which he had from the Emperor during the war on the Danube against the Turk.

Seeing the great and undeniable likeness between this portrait and the lad, the new Viscountess, who had still hold of the boy's hand as she looked at the picture, blushed and dropped the hand quickly, and walked down the gallery, followed by Mrs. Worksop.

When the lady came back, Harry Esmond stood exactly in the same spot, and with his hand as it had fallen when he dropped it on his black coat.

Her heart melted, I suppose (indeed she hath since owned as much), at the notion that she should do anything unkind to any mortal, great or small; for, when she returned, she had sent away the housekeeper upon an errand by the door at the farther end of the gallery; and, coming back to the lad, with a look of infinite pity and tenderness in her eyes, she took his hand again, placing her other fair hand on his head, and saying some words to him, which were so kind and said in a voice so sweet, that the boy, who had never looked upon so much beauty before, felt as if the touch of a superior being or angel smote him down to the ground, and kissed the fair, protecting hand as he knelt on one knee.

To the very last hour of his life, Esmond remembered the lady as she then spoke and looked, the rings on her fair hands, the very scent of her robe, the beam of her eyes lighting up with surprise and kindness, her lips blooming in a smile, the sun making a golden halo round her hair.

THACKERAY.

It was not from books in his study, but lying idly in an orchard, that Newton learnt the law of gravitation. Facts are gleaned by the busy student, but reasons are revealed only to the (apparently) idle "babe."—ELLEN TIGHE HOPKINS.

## THE MEAT FAMINE.

By William C. Anderson.

It seems that nothing can save the respectable British householder from being reduced to a state of panic and nervous prostration. Every time he or she opens a newspaper, a fresh alarm is sounded.

First the cry was, "Your bread will cost you more." Then, in mild but bitter tones, "Your beer will cost you more." Scarcely had one recovered from the shock when the brazen tongue of a Tory gramophone proclaimed, "Your coals will cost you more." And now, at the heel of this, experience teaches the sad, distracted man or woman that our beef will cost us more.

The "Daily Chronicle" furnishes the comforting item of news that, at a private meeting of the Incorporated Society of Meat Traders, it has been generally agreed that there must be a rise in price to the consumer; and we gather that 1s. per pound wholesale is being already paid for English and American chilled sirloin. Purchasers in Putney and South London pay 1s. 4d. a pound for rump steak.

It would appear that there is no shortage of mutton; but the "Daily Chronicle" correspondent adds, with a gleam of unconscious humour, "If the price for mutton is advanced, it will be 'in sympathy' with the increase for beef."

### Causes of Shortage.

The demand for beef greatly exceeds the supply. During the first five months of this year the meat imports from the United States showed a decline of 20,000 tons, or nearly 40 per cent., from the quantities shipped during the same months of last year.

Experts have told us that the famine is not unconnected with the financial crisis that recently convulsed American industry.

It is now hinted that, behind the increase in the price of meat, and the falling-off in supplies, the American Meat Trust, which gained such unenviable notoriety during the Upton Sinclair revelations, moves darkly, taking full advantage of the situation. Backed by millions of invested capital, the Meat Trust is making a bold bid to obtain complete dominion over the trade. It has bought out, or crushed out, many of its weaker rivals. To increase prices and profits, it is prepared, whenever possible, to restrict supplies.

Suffering and hunger may be important, but not so important as dividend. And the food service of a nation is at the mercy of a handful of powerful Trust Lords.

The syndicate does not confine its operations to the States. It is international in scope; it has a finger in the meat pies of every land. It acts in conjunction with certain monopolist British concerns for the conveyance and retail distribution of beef, mutton, and lamb. You can hardly buy a pound of American meat without, directly and indirectly, paying tribute to the Trust.

Note, too, how the retail sale of meat, especially of foreign meat, is being monopolised in England. There are, for

instance, two gigantic companies which between them possess over 2,200 branch shops, employ some 7,000 people, and sell nearly 300 tons of meat daily.

### The Small Shopkeeper.

I recently discussed the matter with the manager of a branch shop.

Until two years ago he was in business on his own account, but he went under owing to superior trade organisation.

"The small shopkeeper is doomed," he said to me. "A life-and-death struggle is going on, and he is steadily losing ground; the multiple-shop companies are beating him down. Thousands are being driven into bankruptcy and financial ruin."

"What are the advantages on the side of the companies?" I asked.

"All the advantages of unlimited capital and extensive trade. They have every facility for pushing and advertising their goods. They buy in enormous quantities, and usually on the most favourable terms. They can afford to cut down prices and undersell."

"But surely a shopkeeper, personally superintending every detail of his business, well acquainted with the needs of his customers, should be able to hold his own against a branch shop in charge of a paid manager—who, as likely as not, is a stranger in the town?"

"In ordinary circumstances he might—though it is not necessarily a handicap to be a stranger. You can sometimes be too well known."

"But this is what happens," he explained. "A butcher has been struggling along in his little shop for ten or twenty years, making a living and nothing more. Then comes the company, and opens a shop a few doors away. A tug-of-war begins between them—a game of beggar-my-neighbour. The company floods the place with advertisements. In many cases it shows itself prepared to lower prices, actually to sell at a loss for months, in the hope of bringing its rival to his knees—of freezing him out."

"How can a company afford to sink money like that?"

"Because it has a thousand other shops all yielding profit. A few shops run at a temporary loss are neither here nor there."

### And to Public.

"When the purpose is achieved, the company can always recoup itself by means of enhanced prices. But your small man has only his one shop—his one milk-cow. If that fails, he must put up the shutters."

"You think, then, that the companies must win?"

"It's only a question of time. They will have entire control; and before the time arrives, they will almost certainly get tired of fighting each other. They will amalgamate, for the purpose of exploiting the public."

"Just so. And what do you think the public will say and do?"

"Oh, I don't know," he mused. "I don't reckon much of the public. They'll patiently endure anything. Possibly they'll all turn vegetarians!"

## WOMAN THE HEALER.

I am not in a Cockney mood to-night, my friends. I am not in a story-making mood. I have spent the evening among the fatuous horrors of a great London music-hall—a damnable place, all paint and glitter and soiled plush and pretence: one of those commonplace, dividend-paying, hire-purchase hells where the naked souls of women are scarred and wounded for a profit. I went to this place, as I say, and there I saw a fat old man and a fair young girl . . . and tears . . . and tears . . . and hunger . . . and the Face of God. And if I had but the courage of some lean Frenchman I would write you a story—a story for men—should cause great tumult in the heart of Clapham. I might—but I mustn't; I want to—but I dare not. Anyhow, I can't. And I am filled with self-loathing and sorrow; with pity for men and envy for the flowers.

Now, when a man is of this humour, what is it that he does? Why, you know, of course, that he turns to some woman—some woman in whose breast the doves have winnowed. I dare only, of course, to speak for those men who are my brothers in age: young men, arrogant and hopeful—fresh from the stewpot. But I think—mind you, I only think—that age is not a factor in this thing at all; that for the veteran of the sixties, as for us of the twenties, there is sunshine and healing and a thrush's song in the eyes of all strong women. And if the veteran of sixty should tell me otherwise, I must still take leave to think what pleases me. One must live!

But how if one be a bachelor, and live by his lone on the housetops? Who then shall bring reason and comfort to the beast? What lily hand assuage him? Examine his bookshelves, and you'll see.

Myself when young did eagerly succumb to almost any Romance Lady who was of flesh and blood. And then—and then came Dorothy Osborne. . . .

Now, it is not the story of Mistress Osborne which has won for her the adoration of masculine posterity. It is not exactly her style which captivates the reader; nor even—though this may sound paradoxical—the letters themselves. It is *Dorothy Osborne* who is the mistress of all these servants: it is the woman you love: the fine, sweet, red-blooded, full-throated woman. . . .

She was a brave, fearless woman, who loved great mastiffs, and little rivers, and the woods, and ballad-singers, and Valentines. You could tell her things, and she would understand. She would understand that poor girl at the music-hall, and why one should sometimes grow tired of being masculine. And now that I have re-read some of her letters it is all right, and I will—go to bed.

E. SMALLWEED.

### A HAPPY LOT.

Just so much work as keeps the brain from rust,  
Just so much play as lets the heart expand.

BROWNING.

## LADY MACBETH.

By Alice Vrail.

What a contrast to Portia, to Imogen, and to Katharine, is Lady Macbeth! Unlike them, she seems to have not a single virtue. They were sweet women—yes, even Katharine, in spite of her violent temper, had something lovable about her. But Lady Macbeth is a cold, hard, calculating woman. She has neither pity nor hate nor fear in her whole nature; but only an all-consuming ambition for rank and wealth. Possibly she loved her husband; possibly it was his advancement that she chiefly sought when she aided his murderous intentions. This is a question which one cannot answer, for she is a woman who would never show affection, even as she never showed fear.

How hardened must have been her nature we see when she speaks of her baby. She says:

" . . . I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that  
milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his bone-  
less gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so  
sworn as you  
Have done to this."

**A Dire Mother.**

She could love, seemingly; these first two lines tell one how dearly she might care for her helpless baby. Yet how awful are these after lines! Is it possible that in fulfilment of an oath a mother could be so heartless?

Macbeth, in his admiration of her courage, cries out:

"Bring forth men children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should com-  
pose  
Nothing but males."

It is she who really decides that Duncan shall be murdered. When Macbeth tells her that "Duncan comes here to-night," she asks, "And when goes hence?" Macbeth answers innocently enough, "To-morrow, as he purposes." But the look on his face speaks more than his thought, for she cries out:

"O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my Thane, is as a book,  
where men  
May read strange matters."

She then continues to unfold her mind, and tells her husband:

" . . . To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in  
your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the  
innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't. He that's  
coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dis-  
patch."

Thus it is that she not only decides the murder, but also makes all arrangements, drugs the servants, and places their daggers ready to her husband's hand. When the deed is done, and Macbeth forgetfully brings out the tell-tale daggers, it is she who takes them back to the dreadful chamber. In answer to

Macbeth's "Look on't again; I dare not," she scornfully replies:

" . . . the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of child-  
hood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do  
bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt."

**Not all Unnatural.**

What courage she possessed! And yet she could not bring herself to kill the gentle old king. Her excuse is that—

" . . . Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't."

In the midst of all her cruelty and fearlessness she still retained an affectionate remembrance of her father. Strange, indeed, that she could yet allow her husband to commit the awful deed. Awful for more reasons than one. Duncan was their kinsman, their king, and their guest. He was, moreover, an old and a good man of whom Macbeth says:

" . . . Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath  
been  
So clear in his great office, that his  
virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued  
against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

But Lady Macbeth could not go back upon her determination. Perchance, too, her incantation to the powers of darkness had effect. Her words are strong enough to rouse up the weirdest of spirits. That a woman could speak such words! She says:

"Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me  
here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe,  
top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to re-  
morse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace  
between

The effect and it! Come to my woman's  
breasts

And take my milk for gall, you murder-  
ing ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come,  
thick night,

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of  
hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound  
it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of  
the dark  
To cry, 'Hold! hold!'

**Dubious Actors.**

It seems that at one period in the theatre the character of Lady Macbeth was excluded from the scene in which Duncan's murder is discovered. In an old book of Dramatic Miscellanies the author says that:

"Many years since, I have been in-  
formed, an experiment was hazarded  
whether the spectators would bear Lady  
Macbeth's surprise and fainting; but,  
however characteristic such behaviour  
might be, persons of a certain class were  
so merry upon the occasion that it was

not thought proper to venture the lady's appearance any more."

Another interesting point is raised by the great Italian actor, Salvini. He holds that the illness of Lady Macbeth in consequence of her misdeeds and her sleep-walking is not in keeping with her tremendous will-power. She shows no sign of fear, of remorse, or repentance; she is always firm and resolute of purpose. She encourages her weak husband throughout the play. When he shudders at Duncan's blood upon his hands, she shows her own covered in the same way, telling him that "A little water will clear us of this deed"; yet we find her at the end of the play so overcome by her misdeeds that she walks in her sleep. She rubs her hands to wipe away the red blood of the murdered king, saying, in imitation of Macbeth's "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?" that "All the perfumes in Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Salvini therefore suggests that, in order to please some ambitious and dissatisfied actress, this scene was taken from the part of Macbeth, and given to his lady. That Macbeth's troubled conscience should cause him to walk in his sleep seems quite probable. After the murder he speaks of voices which cry out that "Macbeth hath murdered sleep." But the question is one which never can be settled.

**Modern Ambition.**

The character of Lady Macbeth is supposed to stand quite alone in its tragedy; the picture of an ambition which o'erleaped itself. Yet how many such characters are there in real life among our modern women? Is not the Respectable British Matron, with her desire for show and position, just such another as Lady Macbeth? How many ruined homes are due to this inextinguishable ambition to seem more than we are?

No; Lady Macbeth is no uncommon type. The only difference is that we call her a tragic figure, while the martyrs to British Respectability are treated farcically and made a common laughing stock.

**NO ROBBERY.**

My true love hath my heart, and I have  
his,

By just exchange one for the other  
given:

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot  
miss,

There never was a better bargain  
driven.

His heart in me keeps him and me in  
one,

My heart in him his thoughts and  
senses guides;

He loves my heart, for once it was his  
own,

I cherish his because in me it bides.  
His heart his wound received from my  
sight,

My heart was wounded with his  
wounded heart;

For as from me on him his hurt did  
light,

So still methought in me his hurt did  
smart:

Both, equal hurt, in this change sought  
our bliss—

My true-love hath my heart and I have  
his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

Factory Lass and Poetess.\*

Ethel Carnie comes in quietly, and takes her place among the poets she loves. "Others abide our question: she is free."

That was said of Shakespeare, but it is true of all true poets; and, if Ethel Carnie was a factory lass, tradition says that the Swan of Avon held horses at the door of the Globe Theatre. Burns was a ploughman, Keats the son of an ostler. Whoever wonders at these things is a snob, or does not know what stuff the poets are made of.

Poets are not made in schools and colleges. Schooled critics can point out many a fault in Ethel Carnie's verse. Most likely they will refuse for a long time to notice her.

Poets are not made where fortunes are, or where luxurious art seems most auspicious.

They are born. Nature makes them. And if you ask after Nature's secret, I partly know it. Poets come of true love, of joy and honesty and kindness. They are what Ruskin divined that human beauty is, the flowering of virtue—not virtue in any of our narrow senses, but the virtue that lives in all sincerities. Generations that have truly loved and lived break out at last in song, or some other voice or shape of beauty. Their lives and deeds have this harvest.

**For Love.**

The excuse to be made for people who wonder at Shakespeare and Burns, Keats or Ethel Carnie, is that beauty is always wonderful. But it is well to proclaim the secret. Hear the factory lass:

A fig for him who sings for gold,  
Or but to win himself a name!  
You'll find his lays are tame and cold,  
Arranged to please the eye of fame.  
But here's to him who sings for love,  
Who barters not his legacy:  
O'er whatsoever land he rove,  
I pledge him! Drink! who'er he be.

If these, my simple lays, have power  
To help one pilgrim on his way,  
I'll be content, I will not ask  
To sing to those beyond my day;  
For other flowers will deck the mead,  
And other birds their carols bring,  
In place of flowers that bloom to-day,  
In place of birds that now may sing.

Ethel Carnie is twenty-two years old, with a sweet, strong, thoughtful face, soft cheeks, clear eyes, and lips that can either smile or pity. She has been writing verse since she was ten.

**A Haunting Melody.**

In a preface to her "Rhymes from the Factory," the second edition of which is on my desk, she tells us how it was:

"From a child I found myself expressing my thoughts in rhythmic forms, and deriving great pleasure from so doing, accompanied though it was with a sense of constraint—that I must do so. It was just as a tune that one has heard and liked seems to haunt the mind, and will not be dismissed until entirely mastered."

She does not say that from a child she also loved beauty, and loved to imagine, and found both beauty and stuff for imagination in books. But this appears

\* "Rhymes from the Factory." By Ethel Carnie. Second edition, 1s. net. (Blackburn: R. Denham and Co.)

from her poems. They are not poems of factory life. They are thought poems. In the first one to be published, written at fifteen, she called herself "The Bookworm."

On wintry nights, when howls the wind,  
And earth lies 'neath a shroud of snow,  
I draw the blind and light the lamp,  
And in the world of books I go.

Excusing faulty lines and commonplace lines, one reads this poem of a young girl with quite as much admiration for what she knew of other lands and peoples as for its sure strain of music. Italy, Greece, France, and her own country had all lived over again in the child-mind vividly their most romantic scenes. And meanwhile—

"I went on half-time at eleven as a reacher in the Delph Road Mill at Great Harwood, after which I became a winder at the St. Lawrence Mill in the same town. I was a winder for six years."

"The Bookworm" was really composed one morning whilst working at my frame. I think it is no exaggeration to say that all my poems came into my head at the factory."

**Picture of Night.**

I do not think there is much in Marianne Farningham's guess, that the machinery had something to do with it. Ethel Carnie's verse moves with least grace when it moves to a lilt. And take "Night," in which there is neither rhyme nor rigid measure; this was never jiggled out under such a false gallop.

Who, who can look from the casement, when  
The fair rest-breathing night  
Has opened in the sky her casket of shimmering jewels,  
When the sleepy song of a bird just undulates on the ear,  
When lights from a hundred windows but deeper make the shadows—  
Who, who can behold the Queen of Night,  
With her radiant splendour,  
Her peace and her scented sables, her dreams  
For the gay and youthful,  
And not feel moved at her greatness, deep,  
Deep to the core of their bosom?

She brings to the weary millions in crowded city tenements  
Dreams of the lovely emerald vale, with its  
silvery singing streamlet;  
Of the woods with their trembling aspens,  
and ancient ivied oak;  
Of the primrose, nestling cool in the dewy  
tangled grasses;  
Of the grasshopper with his chirp amidst  
the fern and bracken;  
Of the moon, rising pale and clear over the  
spire of the old church;  
And a thousand other lovely things to keep  
their sad hearts from fainting.

No; such a full sensitiveness as these lines breathe was sure to have found expression, whatever its dull day-task. You might as well say that the drums taught Walt Whitman.

I would rather think she was helped by her Lancashire love of music. Get the little book, and read her noble lines to the bust of Mozart.

**Her Message.**

Enough about education; Ethel Carnie has a message. It is a message of comfort and hope for all humanity deep from a woman's heart. One god of her idolatry is Carlyle, that—  
Glorious Teacher, who hath taught mankind  
Not so much how to die as how to live.

But it is not from Carlyle she has learned that we are to prize our joys. Against old glooms she rebels with a brighter heart than he carried.

Sing! Sing! The rose  
All blushing glows  
That soon, alas! is faded;  
Nor careth she;  
And why should we,  
Because our joys are shaded?

Prizing them, we are to claim them. The right to them is freedom. Her searching argument of "The Rich and Poor" demands joy for all of us:

If death be equal, why not also life?  
Why should the toil, the suffering, and the  
strife  
Fall but to some? Each tender bud that  
opes  
Its petals to the sun on grassy slopes  
Drinks morn's bright dew and dances to the  
wind—  
Why not thus bloom the flowerets of man-  
kind?

The children! I do not know any other poet who has written with more tender charm of the children. But here there is only room for her message to children still unfortunate:

Once more down the winding paths of Time  
Comes maiden Spring with lightsome fairy  
feet;  
Wherever she imprints her dainty step  
The dark old earth bursts into blossom  
sweet.  
Wan children of the city, you whose lives  
Flow on like sunless rivers to the sea,  
When will the springtime of your hopes  
draw nigh?  
Will it be soon—oh! will it ever be?

I love you, stunted children of the slums,  
Though you are neither pure, nor sweet,  
nor fair!  
How can you be? The purest flower that  
blows

Would be polluted by so vile an air.  
I love you, and I dare to prophesy  
A glorious epoch that shall dawn, and  
bring  
Into your lives the sunny atmosphere  
The fresh green loveliness of virgin Spring.

Ethel Carnie has left the factory; the world had need of her outside it. She is going to earn her bread, if possible, by writing. I ponder again the gentle face that looks out musing from the frontispiece, with the hair done simply, as her Lancashire shawl might cover it; and I wish her very well.

It is a stony road that she must travel, but she will have the company of many friends.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

**WORKERS AND THE LAW.**

"The Worker's Handbook," compiled by Gertrude M. Tuckwell and Constance Smith, is published by Duckworth and Co. It treats of the worker in childhood, at home, at work, in sickness and want, and as a citizen; and in all these conditions and relations it tells how the laws affect him. The immense usefulness of such a book is at once apparent: it seems strange, indeed, that we have hitherto had no manual of this kind by the little popular handbook on the Industrial Laws, edited by Mrs. H. J. Tennant. The authors of this larger work of 250 pages have written, of course, in constant consultation with experts, and they specially thank Miss Stirke, Miss Nora de Chaumont, and Dr. Stephen Miall for assistance. The book should be in the hands of every Labour member, organiser, and official. It is clear, exhaustive, and most carefully planned.

## BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

### ALREADY TOLD.

Barbara West, generous, kind, pretty in a girlish way, but full of the desire to please and liking to "manage" her admirers, is a young violinist. Her father is dead, her mother unsympathetic and snobbish. She has lately begun to play and teach successfully in Merchanton, where she was born, and has made friends with Enoch Watson, a junior reporter, who comes from a very simple home in a country town. He loves her, but has not confessed it yet, and Barbara is fancy free.

Other characters are Macdonald, the leader-writer of the "Merchanton Chronicle," a kindly, self-made man, with an ardent nature and some original notions; Jack Darbyshire, a colleague, who much admires Barbara; and Fred Paine, a sensualist.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### Macdonald on Falling in Love.

In the afternoon Macdonald came down early, and, strolling into the reporters' room to see what speeches there would be that night, found Enoch there. He gave him a friendly nod and sat down cheerfully to the diary, drumming with his strong fingers upon the desk. Then, with a sigh of ease, like a man who has the day before him and no cares, he leaned back in his chair and considered the newcomer, who was reading.

For once he had slept well; his pale face was clear, and the small dark eyes twinkled like a bird's.

Macdonald used to say that his natural disposition was "idleness qualified with curiosity." But he had won his way from a reader's closet to the editorship; he wrote two long leaders almost every night; and once or twice a month, when the magazines came in, he might be seen going home at ten o'clock in the morning, after a "day" of twenty hours. Ireton was reasonably annoyed. It looked as if Macdonald wished to accuse the office publicly of under-staffing. However, his bursts of exercise were great also. In the holidays, he went on walking tours with his wife, a school-mistress of much character; they had been known to cover thirty miles in a day; and on occasional fine Saturdays he would walk the length of Wharfedale alone.

By his younger colleagues Macdonald was admired more for a store of miscellaneous knowledge believed to include all human learning; and, indeed, in a man who had left school at thirteen years of age, a weaver's lad, his learning was prodigious. Darbyshire called him the Walking Cyclopædia; the staff consulted him in that capacity.

They thought it very natural that his hair stood up, and a rumour went that it gave out sparks in the dark. It was nothing against his fame that, when he did not know a thing, he said so. For he knew where to go for information.

He now began to sound the young reporter. "I suppose," he said, "you did the fire last night;" and Enoch owned the authorship with a tremor. What was coming?

"Mph! I thought I saw a new hand in it. There's nobody here who would have done it just that way."

"I'm afraid it reads rather hurriedly."

"All the better, all the better."

He was busy with a red bandana

handkerchief, and presently it appeared that he was taking snuff! For some reason that quaint habit lingered still among journalists.

"The point is," he continued, "one gets a picture of the scene; one wants that fireman to come out all right with the youngster." And he laughed pleasantly, showing strong teeth.

"I'm glad of that," said Enoch. "He was a fine chap. You should have seen him afterwards, coughing the smoke up and wiping the smart from his eyes. He made his face all streaky. And he didn't seem to think he had done anything great at all!"

Macdonald approved with a nod, quietly radiant.

"Ay, you see, you were just wanting to tell the British public what kind of stuff there's in the world. No doubt he was a fine chap. He didn't risk his life, you bet, because the Corporation pay him eighteen shillings a week. You didn't write half a column about it because Mr. Smith is going to pay you that or a little more. No, sir," he perorated, "there's nothing good done in this world for the mere extraneous reward, however inadequate. The reward's in doing it!"

"Why, yes; I suppose it is," said Enoch.

Together with the praise, Macdonald's Scottish accent and grim smile encouraged him. Besides, he had not expected to hear an editor say "You bet."

"Oh, be sure of it," the editor chuckled. "That's where the designing capitalist comes in."

He missed that point, however. "Paine says," he remarked, remembering another, "that it's the righteous who ought to inherit the earth."

Macdonald started. "Which is highly considerate of Mr. Paine," he remarked, with that dry, short cough of his, "seeing that he himself has no great opinion of righteousness. . . . But, if I remember rightly, you're lodging with him."

Enoch said no, he had got new lodgings that morning.

"Oh!"

Macdonald took another pinch of snuff, which made his eyes water.

"Ah, well," he mused, "Paine's not exactly a cheerful person. He seems to have missed his way when he was very young. . . . Falling in love is the critical thing, after all."

"I didn't know," said Enoch wondering.

"Oh, yes, Paine's quite a tragedy. Paine's view of womankind is—" He shook his head, the sentence unfinished.

"When a man falls in love"—this very dogmatically: there should have been slow music—"I mean when he does fall in love, when he discovers there's only one woman in the world soberly worth thinking about, and that's the woman he's going to marry, mind you—he gets the hang of things in general. He don't worry about who's going to inherit the earth, or any such detail. However, I guess you'll find that out."

He ended smiling. "The important thing is, to fall in love with the right

woman, and keep what some melancholy Frenchman called one's illusions."

Here was a delightful topic. Shy as Enoch was, he caught at the bait, and thrilled with timid thoughts of Barbara.

"You think that a man's—character—depends on the girl he falls in love with?"

"The general development of his character," said Macdonald, wisely; "the character itself is there when he meets her, you see. No, what I meant was, that if he does fall in love, if he can love a woman manfully, he don't need to have learned any philosophy; that's bound to come of itself; so long as he keeps in that state of mind he's all right, he'll play the hero and the gentleman."

Seeing the artless boy looked puzzled, he shifted his chair a little. His twinkling eyes were full of a kindness that almost looked like fun.

"Put Paine out of your mind. We don't know his case well enough; and, of course, you can only judge a man as you find him, with all the charitable reservations you are able to invent for him. You can't judge him, in fact; you can only tell whether you like him or not, and what you like in him, or dislike."

"I don't like him at all," said Enoch. "Never mind," he laughed. "I'm not going to discuss Mr. Paine. The importance of falling in love—that's the subject, if you don't mind. Also the sheer hopelessness of anything short of it, including all unnatural prudery, that unawares agrees with animal natures to look upon love as if it were an affair of wicked gratification. There! Brace your mind up to that."

Enoch said that he did not quite see.

"No!" laughed Macdonald again. "It isn't to be expected that you should see. That's just my case—our unpropitious, tacit way of bringing young folk up. They're left to find it out for themselves; which wouldn't matter so much, I grant, if they didn't hear a good deal of foolishness before the time came. Here are you—twenty-one or two, I suppose—"

"Twenty."

"Well, twenty—old enough," he nodded, "to be monstrous happy when a pretty girl looks your way; and so you should be—so you should be. I'll undertake to say that this humble individual is the first person who ever said to you that to fall in love successfully is the greatest thing a man has to do, the beginning of everything well done at all in the world. Come, now!"

"No," said Enoch, abashed but interested deeply; "nobody has said that."

"Ay, but it is just that. Now, observe. Consider what instincts the Maker of us implanted," said Macdonald; "impulses we must obey. This is instinctive, mind you; no ingenious idiot can make it out to be acquired, because, obviously, it was there from the start."

The door creaked at this point. Ireton wore slippers. Looking in, he had found Macdonald "wallowing"—no other word would do—in his pet subject, and had promptly vanished.

Macdonald paid no heed. "Is there any other instinct," he asked, "that you can be so sure of counting on? It is commonly the first that moves the human being deeply: is there another—"

anything more than animal and less than religious, more than hunger and thirst and the other instincts of self-preservation—is there another that isn't comprehended in it? . . . You haven't thought. Well, I'll give you a week to find one, anyway; and perhaps you will take it from me in the meantime that nobody else has found one."

Enoch laughed, with an uncomfortable feeling that he was handled like a child being taught to walk between chairs.

"Very well; my point meantime is that it's not only important that way, but very much more than a physical affair. Every decent person knows it is; but scarcely anyone sees how much more. This thing," he affirmed, sinking his voice on the word, "is burked, in fact . . . I'm hanged if people don't behave as if they were ashamed of God Almighty. Believe me, Mr. Watson, this attraction of the sexes, when nothing spoils it, is *nobil*; and nothing does spoil it, half the time, but that absurd behaviour. You may be sure that God Almighty knew what He was doing. It isn't simply an instinct for the preservation of the race, shared with all the lower animals; it engenders the purest kind of moral emotion. Instead of fostering that, and counting on it, old-fashioned people avoid the subject. We're all in a funk about it."

He spoke warmly, but his thought went over Enoch's head. He was himself so interesting.

"Ay, it's a big subject," he ended, falling back with a sigh before it. "It's the whole subject of civilisation—the hull desperate, sempiternal subject. . . . But there's no reason why you should worry about it yet awhile," he brightened up, "unless you yearn to write social leaders. . . . Time enough, in fact, when you begin that hopeless kind of gentle ink-spilling. The chief thing for you, I imagine, is not to write shorthand too well."

Not write shorthand well! For a youngster proud of his skill, the editor's humour was more difficult than his philosophy. Candour shone in his eyes; but such advice as not to do one's best—

"How do you mean?" said Enoch.

"Why, that shorthand-writing is the worst paid work in journalism. But good shorthand-writers are rare, sir—rare. Do your mere mechanical work too well, and they'll just keep you at that as long as they can."

He stood up, hesitated, took a last pinch of snuff, checked an impulse to offer the box, and put it in his pocket.

Then Macdonald felt, it would seem, that he ought to apologise for preaching. He briefly told his own life-story; told it quietly and drily.

"Twelve years ago, Mr. Watson, I was a reader's boy, at five shillings a week. Being ambitious to swagger, I believe, I taught myself Latin and read other things omnivorously between the proofs. Well, nine years ago, they thought I should be cheap at twenty-one shillings a week in the sub-editor's room. To me"—he smiled—"that was a fortune, mark you. Very well. When I'd written a few leader-notes and a leader for nothing, they discovered, one day, that it would be cheaper still to let me write 'em all. You see, I had had the cheek once to bring the paper out, on a great occasion for me, when the editor broke down;

the senior sub. let me do it, sir; so when they wanted a new editor—well, I was handy. Cheek, Mr. Watson—pure cheek; the cheek to use your chance when it comes. Take my advice, and beware of modesty."

With this, he got out of the room; but while Enoch was collecting his wits, put in his head again at the dark doorway.

"Should never have done it, Mr. Watson," he said, "but for a woman!"

It had not happened in Enoch Watson's narrow life that any man older than himself had ever paid him the compliment of appealing with a new idea to his intelligence, and the friendliness of this appeal touched him like an honour. He was Macdonald's disciple from that day.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A Week-end and Barbara.

Enoch made "the late calls" for a month at Merchanton, and often found himself alone in the office toward midnight. It impressed him as a weird place. He considered that in all the more important rooms men's brains were busy; and he was as much alone then, all the same, as in some empty house. He sat in the little, half-lit reporters' room, and heard the flame of his argand burner droning, and felt a kind of ghostly thrill.

Much of the paper was produced like a nightly miracle, by means he did not see. Ireton, and Macdonald, and the sub-editors, who somehow achieved this wonder, were a sort of hierophants; and whenever he gave in copy, and glimpsed Macdonald through an inner curtained doorway, writing, he felt inclined to walk on tiptoe.

The novice with such gifts of appreciation is likely to do his own work well. Enoch had made an excellent impression; Ireton meant to keep him.

He grew less timid without irreverence. The sub-editor-in-chief, a man named Penny, sometimes dispelled the silence. This more free-and-easy hierophant never came in to tea; at that time of day he was said to dine mightily; and Enoch, made curious by his cries, viewed him first in his chair, a young and strong-faced personage with a squint and a big nose, who slashed his way through correspondents' copy. A forlorn telegraph boy was whistling on the landing outside, in slow time, out of tune. Penny sprang out.

"Boy!" he roared; then, along the corridor, "Nobody dead, is there? . . . Don't whistle, then," and so back to his blue pencil, swooping.

Macdonald, behind his curtain, might be imagined taking snuff for an aid to thought.

Penny was known to have danced a breakdown in the corridor once, at Ireton's door.

"Mr. Penny," the managing editor said, looking out with an evil smile, "this is not a music-hall."

"Oh, no charge," said Penny.

But it was not the fun of the office that mainly kept our hero cheerful. It was willing work for twelve or fourteen hours a day, with the town going wild as polling day grew near. He almost forgot Barbara, forgot a great part of his antipathy to Paine.

It happened, one fine day, that he

stood at the office door talking with Macdonald when Barbara passed on the other side. Him he had met coming in, and had stopped to show him results of the last day's polling posted on the window.

"But how did you know so well that Gladstone would be in?" he had just asked.

"Divination," said Macdonald, stolidly. "Geomancy."

"No, but really."

Macdonald smiled. "I didn't know at all," he said. "When you have to fight a man, it's a considerable help to believe religiously that he's going to get licked."

Then Enoch saw his sweetheart. Busy chattering, with her pretty smile, she had overlooked him even in a quiet street; and her companion was Paine, who listened and laughed with a kind of spasmodic delight—like an old man's, he thought.

When the frightened lad withdrew his eyes, Macdonald had the look of waiting for some reply, but turned aside at once to go indoors.

"So may all our enemies perish," he said.

Enoch walked away stunned.

He came to himself a little in the outskirts of Merchanton, not knowing by what way he had got there. As he looked about in the empty road such a chill of grief shook him that he put out a hand to the wall by the roadside.

I beg you to remember his old wound. This only shows how it must have gaped once.

Between assuring himself that there was no one near, and trying to think if he had any work that should be done, the alarmist regained a poor composure. If she could like such a fellow as Paine, he was done with her. Trying to despise her for it, he, indeed, supposed himself quite calm; and so walked on a little way and down a lane, to sit on a fallen tree there.

Why had he been so mortified?

At the recollection of Paine's boast, for which he had struck the odious man, a flush mounted upon his forehead. The boast was horribly true. Barbara's easy manners made a fool of him.

Common sense being not quite overthrown, it then occurred to him that, unless he could make Barbara like him better than Paine, jealousy must look ridiculous. But when he asked himself whether he meant to marry her, a question fair to be answered first, Enoch found the limits of his chivalry; and presently sought his way back to town, with no resolve but to behave himself as usual—which was, perhaps, the best that he could do.

But, going home for the week-end, he had a bright adventure. Fate attends to all these things. He ran upon the railway platform at the last moment, and jumping into the train after the whistle sounded, found himself in the same compartment with Barbara West.

He was confused by a great gush of pleasure. Her beauty appeared rarer than he had remembered; and, half smiling, she patted the seat, inviting him to a place beside her in the corner.

Almost before he could sit down she had asked how far he was going. She cried out with delight because Sheepton was farther than her own destination, and began at once to tell him her business.

(To be concluded.)

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JULY 3, 1908.

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**The Last Word.**

Tuesday night's demonstration will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Members of Parliament early in the evening emerged from the House into Palace Yard, most of them in flippant mood. But the flippancy gave way to grave concern as the seriousness of the situation was slowly realised.

"Asquith ought to have seen them," remarked a prominent Liberal, and his opinion was echoed by fellow members again and again during the evening. Another almost universal opinion amongst the privileged crowd inside the gates was voiced by a perspiring policeman, who said, "They're good plucked 'uns, anyhow!"

Outside, the friendliness of "the mob"—the struggling mass of humanity was described by a Cabinet Minister's wife, who clung to the inside railings, an interested spectator of the scene—was a distinct contrast to the apathetic demeanour of the majority of the people who attended the Hyde Park demonstration. Indeed, more than one determined attempt was made to rescue prisoners from the police.

All this shows how the wind blows, and the ultimate surrender of the Government seems inevitable.

The Report of the Select Parliamentary Committee on Home Work is being eagerly awaited. It will be remembered that the Sweated Industries Bill to establish a legal minimum wage in selected underpaid industries was referred to this Committee after a unanimous second reading in the House of Commons.

If report speaks truly, there is a danger that certain serious modifications may be suggested. It is unlikely that the societies promoting the Bill will insist that "the letter of the Word" be adhered to, but it is certain that they will accept nothing less than the provision that the Wages Boards established shall be required to fix a legal minimum wage for men and women employed in home and factory in the trades under the jurisdiction of the Boards.

In commenting upon the proceedings at the Pan-Anglican Congress, "The Draper's Record" expresses approval of the Sweated Industries Bill, which we are glad to notice. But it qualifies its approval of the Bill by stipulating that it shall be accompanied by measures of protection. May we remind the "Draper's Record" that a Protectionist leader like Lord Milner agrees that there is no necessary alliance between these measures? Protection of Labour is different from protection of commodities, and so far from entailing the latter, may be said in the case of many English industries to have rendered it unnecessary. This is because Labour efficiency, up to a point not yet reached in England, rises in increasing ratio to increase of wages, and makes an industry more rather than less able to compete.

Where this does not occur—where, that is, the payment of a non-sweating wage means that the industry will go elsewhere—we entirely endorse the remark of Mr. G. R. Askwith which the "Draper's Record" considers "fatuous."

Such industries as can only exist on the exhaustion of the workers engaged in them had much better leave the country, and the sooner the better.

The one crime is poverty. Collective Wisdom is too wise to be explicit. Whether collective Wisdom, in deciding that one who has drawn parochial relief shall be debarred from any old-age pension means that no person can draw out-relief and pension simultaneously, or whether it means that having once committed the crime of being poor a British citizen shall be shut out from a pension intended to alleviate poverty, is not clear. But as the latter position is the more ridiculous it is natural to select it as the position Parliament would instinctively adopt. Once be poor enough to need relief, and you lose your pension. God save the King.

The One Crime. In the "Parent's Review" Mrs. Mary Higgs tells what Oldham and other towns are doing to interest children in the good management of the town.

"Each has its 'City Beautiful' organisation working to improve town conditions. Of these the junior branches have developed! It was in the mind of a boy that they had their birth. He suggested that we might draw up a pledge binding the children to preserve plants and flowers, to be kind to animals, to plant something every year, and 'to do all I can to make my home, my school, and my town beautiful.' . . . Very shortly there were 5,000 pledged children. The numbers are now 10,000 in one town only. All these have paid 1d. for membership, and 1d. more for a badge, which has become a most useful adjunct to the teacher who pleads for good conduct out of school as well as in it. The teachers themselves find it possible to speak to the children about their town and thus rouse civic patriotism."

That is all to the good. Will the teachers also please tell the children what the forces are which are making our cities unsightly to look at and unhealthy to live in?

We understand from a paragraph in last week's "Tailor and Cutter" that a resolution is to be considered at the forthcoming annual delegate meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors and Tailoresses, which, if passed, will prohibit any woman member of the Society from filling the post of its assistant-secretary. This proposal is termed by the "Tailor and Cutter" reactionary, and we think it might be described in even stronger terms. It is certainly a signal affront to the women members of the Union, and an attack upon their rights which they must resist.

It is also stupid. Having admitted women to membership, it is as illogical as it is mean and unworthy to deny them equality of privilege, and in seeking to create a disability which was not in existence when the present women members joined, we believe it is "ultra vires."

Strong opposition is manifesting itself to the entrance of women as Fellows of the Chemical Society. A ballot of the members is about to be taken. Those who are against so amending the constitution as to admit women state that:

"Whilst gladly offering to those women who already have become

Thoughtless. How many women realise these things when buying their cheap and pretty blouses? It is so much easier to buy and to say, "How cheap, my dear!" than to understand under what conditions their less lucky sisters make them, while listening to the sound of wild beasts in their death agonies. This miserable struggle for existence, the giving up of almost every comfort, of green fields, sunshine, fresh air—everything results in ready-made blouses, "latest creations," at 2s. 11 1/2d.!

Young Citizens. In the "Parent's Review" Mrs. Mary Higgs tells what Oldham and other towns are doing to interest children in the good management of the town.

"Each has its 'City Beautiful' organisation working to improve town conditions. Of these the junior branches have developed! It was in the mind of a boy that they had their birth. He suggested that we might draw up a pledge binding the children to preserve plants and flowers, to be kind to animals, to plant something every year, and 'to do all I can to make my home, my school, and my town beautiful.' . . . Very shortly there were 5,000 pledged children. The numbers are now 10,000 in one town only. All these have paid 1d. for membership, and 1d. more for a badge, which has become a most useful adjunct to the teacher who pleads for good conduct out of school as well as in it. The teachers themselves find it possible to speak to the children about their town and thus rouse civic patriotism."

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chemists measures which would give them the benefits derived from attendance at the meetings, they deem it inexpedient publicly to encourage women to adopt chemistry as a professional pursuit, since such a course would tempt them into a career in which they may ultimately not find employment in view of the already overcrowded state of the profession."

How very thoughtful! But why do not these great defenders of the interests of women exert themselves in regard to trades which are much more sweated and overcrowded than that of chemist? Is it only careers for the sons of rich men that are to be protected against severe competition? Or is there a fear-dreadful thought that, if the women had an equal chance with men, some of them who have up to now held the field unchallenged might require to take a back seat!

Et tu, Brute! The "Times" has recently undergone a number of strange changes. Is it possible that at last it is going to blossom out as a dangerous Labour agitator? In a leading article on June 26 we read: "We believe we should not exceed the truth by saying that there are in London large numbers of people who live entirely upon charity, and who have never done anything to deserve it." Fancy the "Times" rounding on its Park Lane readers like that!

A Sign of the Times. It looks dreadful in print, but it is nevertheless true, that women, as the chief novel-readers of to-day, have been mainly responsible for the decline, in everything but quantity, of modern fiction. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn from Stoke Newington—a working-class neighbourhood—of a decrease, during last year, of two and a-half thousand in the issue of novels from the local library. And only 16.3 per cent. of the books on its shelves are fiction! This is a sign of the times. Women are beginning to read seriously.

Women Barristers? One hundred and twelve law students officially donned wig and gown for the first time the other day, and were called to the Bar at the Inns of Court. There were, of course, no women among them. Though some have qualified to become barristers, passing the necessary exams., they are forbidden to "eat the dinners."

Latest in Hats. The sensational toilet at the Grand Prix (according to the Paris correspondent of the "Gentlewoman") was in white mousseline de soie heavily embroidered, festooned with garlands of multi-coloured roses. The hat was in black chip, measuring over a yard across, with aigrettes of paradise standing erect around the crown. This hat, which everybody turned with a smile to look at, cost £80. A smile seems rather dear at the money.

Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker says the horrors of our industrial system far surpass in their inhumanity any system of torture hitherto devised by the fertile brain of man.



## THE WOMEN'S WAR. Descriptive Account.

Mrs. Pankhurst's afternoon speech suitably presaged the night. Caxton Hall had been fired with speeches, it had chosen its thirteen spokesmen, and these had gone to St. Stephen's in solemn procession, attended by police and a trotting, cheering mob. But at St. Stephen's a bank of policemen barred their entrance.

"Had Mr. Asquith received their communications?" Yes, Mr. Asquith had. He was even then fingering the latest of them.

"Would Mr. Asquith receive the deputation, that it might put peaceably before him the views of English women?" The inspector shook his head. Mr. Asquith, he seemed to say, would just love to oblige, but . . . a busy man? Would the ladies be good enough to let him know through the post if he could do anything to please them? They might count on him. Most happy, really!

### Menacing as Medea.

So the deputation came back to expectant Caxton, and Mrs. Pankhurst broke into stormy, indignant words. In that day's work she said she had drunk constitutionalism to the lees. The niceties of diction and behaviour were still available for those who thought more of etiquette than of womanhood, and believed that politicians bent to anything less than necessity. For herself she had no illusions. Pilgrims reached Mecca through thirst and weariness, and women would win their freedom in the only way in which high sacred things could be won. The path before them was a way of thorns. She ended menacing as Medea, in some of the most stirring words I have ever heard:

"Some of you women are young, and the untasted cup of life is at your lips. It is natural that you should desire to drink it, but I ask you to believe one older than yourselves when she says it will be a bitter draught if you do not take it as free women. As you grow older you will become more sensitive to misery that you are powerless to relieve. Crimes will be done in your name that you are helpless to arrest. Parliament will lay down the law for you in matters about which you can be quiescent only on the assumption that you are bondswomen." She asked for utter and immediate devotion "not next week or next year, but at once, to-night. . . ."

So the meeting broke up under arrangement to reassemble in the early evening.

### Giant of a Crowd.

At night the crowd mustered on the Bridge, it lay along the Embankment, it stretched up Victoria Street, and tossed and seethed along the length of Whitehall. Mounted men charged it and were engulfed. Policemen poured in an eternal stream into Parliament Square and came valorously against it; and it stretched out its great arms and held them tight.

Traffic was held up. Inspectors impounded, drivers cursed, motors snorted, but this sudden giant of a crowd

only held its great sides and laughed. What would happen? These were tense moments in which one said anything! Strange rumours agitated the giant. The Guards were coming, it was said. Asquith's house had been attacked. There came whispers of a man's having been killed, and of police being instructed not to take men prisoners . . . to smash them instead.

### An Ominous Click.

And at each of these whispers the giant was disturbed, and turned his great body uneasily about. Once when a suffragette was taken near to the House the gates of Palace Yard closed with an ominous click, a tremor ran through members and their ladies within, while the police straightened themselves against impending assault. But the giant meant no harm, and, having indulged himself by rolling resistlessly up to the sacred gates, he allowed the minute forms in blue to have their little way with him.

Later on the suffragettes got to work in earnest. "Votes for Women!" was ceaselessly called, flags fluttered, and from cabs and motors as well as from the ground speeches were attempted.

But where this happened the police were given definite task, and, shaking themselves free, made arrests. One would catch a glimpse of a white girl face, dilated eyes, the flutter of a purple streamer, and then hear, in a voice broken by excitement and strain, a little quivering cry, "Votes for Women!" So the night passed. But the police still came, and at last they concentrated.

### Tossed Terribly About.

Before a combined movement of horse and foot, the giant moved up Whitehall, gambolling uncouthly and upsetting the tub-rooted trees.

In one of these movements I saw from a 'bus top a young suffragette caught and tossed terribly about. The crowd swirled as helplessly as a pool, and the screaming woman, half-mad with terror, rose and fell in its eddies. Twice she disappeared, and I thought would perish; but mercifully she rose again, and at last was carried to safety.

Between nine and ten o'clock the police were extricated, and made many arrests. They also refused many, including that of a young Fabian lady who had come armed with a certificate to show that she was of arrestable age, and who, when the policemen still demurred, protested vigorously the inalienable right of all Britons, however juvenile, to be locked up when they wanted to. Another lady had a different experience, and calling out, "This way for freedom!" was immediately "run in."

But one had little time or inclination to note humours.

### Always Teaching Us.

It was a wild, extraordinary night, such I think as has never been seen in England before. The mob reminded me of that night of which Dumas tells when Paris was at barricades and Mazarin kept his life through the glib wit of

D'Artagnan. It was a good-natured mob, and gave the women lusty encouragement. But later on, when the exasperated police began to hit and to ride men down there was a suggestion that it might easily become Parisian in temper. Happily this was averted.

The suffragettes are always teaching us, and their latest excitement gives us much to think about.

J. J. M.

## FISTICUFFS!

### A Mere Man Settled.

There is plenty of ability among our Suffragists in the matter of public speaking, but (fortunately for the police) few of them are proficient in fisticuffs. A good story comes to us from a Scotch correspondent, of what he calls a "Tory Suffragist Amazon."

Dumfries politics had been interrupted by a certain Radical braggart, an amateur pugilist, who rejoiced in heckling speakers and setting them "posers." He had the misfortune to be present at a boxing-booth when the wife of the proprietor, a woman possessing fine physique—and incidentally a crooked nose—stood up and addressed the crowd on women's suffrage. Naturally, the expert heckler had something to say, but the lady polished him off with a speech which took away his breath. He was speechless. Then she staggered him again by inviting him to put the gloves on and have a "set-to." The expert heckler was delighted, for he could box. The lady at length had to hit out straight from the shoulder; and then it was plain that she had been playing with him. Much to the delight of the spectators, she gave him a disgraceful beating, and the town knows the expert heckler no more.

## Actresses and Charity.

There is this to be said for actresses—they are ever ready to go out of their way to respond to the calls of fellowship or charity. At the Theatrical Garden Party in the Botanic Gardens this week, almost every well-known actress playing in London was to be seen; and though some merely sold picture postcards of themselves, thus killing two birds with one stone, they were all working with a will, and with the hope of making the garden-party a huge success.

With delightful weather, the sun shining out of a cloudless sky, and a breeze just tempering a heat that in the streets was almost unbearable, there were ideal conditions for the function. The tents erected had in nearly all cases been specially designed with a view to the harmony of the whole, and the scene, helped by the wonderful summer dresses of these ladies, was a very pretty one.

### 30 Per Cent. Profit.

A Bolton correspondent states that the closing half-year of the Bolton Union Spinning Company has been one of exceptional prosperity. No less than thirty per cent. profit has been earned, of which sixteen per cent. will be paid to the shareholders. And yet there is "short time" in the cotton trade.

## SNUBBED BY MR. ASQUITH.

By Robert Blatchford.

"Mr. Asquith Snubs the Suffragettes." So read the contents bill of a Tory paper. The Tories never did possess a sense of humour.

Tuesday's demonstration was a victory for the women; there is not any doubt about that, and if Mr. Asquith does not know that he is playing a losing game, and playing it with a remarkable lack of dignity, he must be the stupidest man in England. It takes a hero to come handsomely out from an altercation with a woman. Mr. Asquith is not equal to the part.

Last night the women had the House of Commons in a state of siege for about three hours. There was an immense crowd of people, and an army of police. And although nothing heroic occurred, although nobody was hurt, although only twenty-nine arrests were made, and the women failed to get into the House, or to secure an interview with the god-like lawyer who presides over the national wind-mill; yet the demonstration was a victory for the women.

If the population of these islands consisted largely of devitalised lawyers and Troglodith country squires, Mr. Asquith's policy of ignoring the courtesies of life and trusting to the Providence which protects the stupid might suffice. But the public is made up of men and women. Men and women have blood in their veins. Last night that blood began to get warm. There was a note of anger in the roar of the crowd as each arrest was made. One member of Parliament said to me, "I'm not for the Suffragettes; but I don't like to see a woman rough-handled by a couple of big policemen. It's an ugly sight." These words, and the thoughtful frown of the man who uttered them, are indicative of the situation which exists to-day.

### Snubbed—but Victorious.

The women Mr. Asquith snubbed defeated him yesterday. The crowd was strongly sympathetic. Time after time, as some gallant girl was dragged across the street with her arms twisted behind her, there could be heard in the chorus of cheers and boos a note of human anger.

How much money did Mr. Asquith's snub cost the public last night? How many votes did it lose the Government? How many recruits did it win the Suffragettes? It was a signal victory for the women.

Consider it, women workers. All the logic, all the justice are on the side of the women; and on the side of the six hundred intelligent and gallant members of the Mother of Parliaments there is nothing but sulkiness, and shiftiness, and broken promises. The women have a good cause; the Government has no answer but "snubs" and—force. And our noble and intelligent Premier is

incapable of so much as imagining the effect upon Englishmen of the scenes enacted last night. They were not pretty scenes. And no man worthy to be called masculine can see a woman roughly handled without anger, and the anger will not burn against the woman, even if she be in the wrong.

### Heroines.

When Victor Grayson and I arrived opposite the House of Commons the police were dragging a young girl through an excited and noisy crowd. She passed close to us and we saw her face. A wise minister will not allow the men of London to see such faces often, if he can prevent it. Not for a long, long while will Grayson or I forget that bright, brave look—those eyes, that smile. There was a light in that woman-child's eyes which I saw reflected last night in the eyes of many women and men usually staid and quiet—it was the light of battle; it was the glow of victory.

And a moment after we met two "ladies," who were smiling superciliously and talking about the vulgarity of "these women." The vulgarity! Not the vulgarity of a sulky and incompetent Prime Minister. No; the vulgarity of the delicate girl who risked insult and injury amongst that vast crowd. And that brave child, the girl with the shining face, was one of those snubbed by—Mr. Asquith.

Inside the sacred precincts I met the Editor of THE WOMAN WORKER. Her eyes were lighted up also, and I do not think it was with admiration of the British Government.

### We Do Not Like It.

"It's an ugly sight," said the member of Parliament to me, and one lady said, "I cannot look at it any more; it is horrible."

We do not like it, Mr. Asquith, sir. We are male persons, and of English birth. You are beaten, and if you are not enough of a gentleman to own it you will have to be taught. Will the WOMEN WORKERS help to prepare the lesson? I hope so.

For my part I am masculine in sex, and I am not yet able to look on unmoved while violence is done to women. "Snubbed by Mr. Asquith!" The women of England—our mothers, wives, and daughters! Snubbed by Mr. Asquith; the women of England.

It was a great victory. I take off my hat to the brave women who won it. And—and, by the way, what were the Labour members doing in the House while that painful and discreditable scene was being enacted outside? I think the WOMEN WORKERS ought to inquire.

## WOMEN IN ITALY.

The importance to which the woman question has recently attained in Italy may be judged from the fact that the "Nuova Antologia" devotes two articles, both by men, and both entirely sympathetic in tone, to the recent National Women's Congress in Rome.

The sensation of the Congress was, of course, the majority vote against religious instruction in primary schools proposed by the Socialist, Linda Malnati; but apart from this amazing decision the Congress, which was very largely attended, appears to have discussed many urgent social problems with moderation and good sense. Much attention was devoted to questions of hygiene and education, as well as to the assertion of a woman's right to her own earnings—a right denied to her by Italian law—and to demand for the *recherche de la paternité*, while the method and dignity with which the ladies conducted the proceedings seem to have filled the men present with admiration. Queen Elena, the Queen-Mother, and Princess Lætitia, both gave practical proofs of their interest in the proceedings.

## WHY WE DON'T MARRY.

"M.A.P." wants to know why people are reluctant to marry.

Mrs. Campbell Praed says: "Firstly, because, happily, women are becoming more self-supporting, morally and materially, and capable women no longer look upon marriage as a means of livelihood. Secondly, because of the extravagance of modern living; and, thirdly, because—happily also—the earnest-minded among men and women are beginning to regard marriage as a more serious and sacred responsibility towards the race than was perhaps the case a few decades ago."

Mr. Le Quex thinks our young Romeos are afraid of the Divorce Court! Sir William Bull blames the income-tax! Mr. Carl Hentschel puts it down to "general selfishness of men and greater independence of women."

These are West End views. The mass of the British people cannot afford to marry.

## "PRISON FACES."

"There are some very important parts of the prison system of Holloway which appear to me, as a doctor, to be in great need of reform. The first is the solitary confinement, which is contrary to the laws of nature, and acts injuriously on the brains and characters of the convicts; the more uneducated and ignorant and weak-minded they are, the more injurious is the effect of this system. There should be a woman-doctor appointed who can go into the prisoner's cell, shut the door, and, alone with her, listen quietly and confidentially to any detail of the health of body and of mind that she may wish to speak about. And there ought to be a female sanitary inspector."—DR. HELEN BOURCHIER in the "Lady's Realm."

## Talks with the Doctor. Complaints & the Law.

### The Great Food Question.

A very interesting letter on "the eternal worry as to what the family shall eat and what it shall drink" has reached me from "Mimi."

As she says, no one can fail to notice everywhere that there is something very much amiss with the food of the average toiler. It is possible to eat better, and, in actual expenditure upon food, more cheaply, than most workers habitually do—given a good deal of knowledge and a good deal of trouble. But, for practical purposes in an ordinary household, it is no use attempting to feed according to a scale of weights and measures.

A full diet, with meals which are satisfying when taken, is the first thing necessary. Meals should be at regular hours, and eaten without hurry. Only very little fluid should be drunk at meal times, as otherwise the digestive juices get so diluted as to be ineffective. And, very important indeed, meals should be well cooked, and varied from day to day.

The question of cooking is more important than is often imagined. The question of serving must also be considered.

A plain meal, well cooked and nicely and attractively served, will have much more "good value" than the same meal hashed up anyhow, and dumped on the table in a confused and perhaps repellant way. And breakfast and the evening meal require as much attention as dinner. The neglect of breakfast, the hurried and insufficient snack of something or other desperately grasped at the last moment, is responsible for very much illness, indigestion, anæmia, and all forms of bodily and nervous illness.

Next week I will give some specimen menus from day to day, suitable for average households.

X.Y.Z.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A MAN READER (Liverpool).**—You should get yourself examined carefully by a doctor, as there may be something definite the matter with you—as, for instance, post-nasal catarrh, piles, or any other one apparently trivial ailment, which is yet capable of putting the whole body out of order. After examination write to me again.

**MATER (Leeds).**—I have yet to look up the analysis of the water supply, and will let you know privately.

**ANXIOUS ONE.**—Do not drink any fluid at meals; avoid tea, coffee, and alcoholic liquors. Avoid patent medicines as you would the devil. Are your teeth in good order? If not, get them overhauled by a good dentist. Eat all your meals slowly, taking ordinary food, but just avoiding those foods you know as a matter of common sense are likely to disagree with you. You are suffering from acute indigestion, and your stomach and digestive organs must be treated as gently as possible, and given as little unnecessary work to do as possible, until you get better. Get your doctor to give you some "Mist. Allie" with a carminative in it.

**M. C. (Burnley).**—Cycling would be good for the girl, but bad for you. Ten hours' work a day for a girl of fourteen is long hours, and must be compensated for by very ample diet, with 14 pints extra milk a day and plenty of fresh air at all times. Do you suffer from constipation?

Last week a dreadful death befel Madame Towy Benedix, a Düsseldorf singer, who, while making an excursion to the Kesselberg Falls, with a masculine friend, fell over a precipice.

I welcome complaints about defective ventilation, as I take them as a sign that women workers are becoming more and more particular about having their homes well ventilated, too. I hope the days of closed windows and stuffy rooms will soon be passed and gone. Women workers can hasten the approach of this happy state of affairs by seeing to it that their workrooms are properly ventilated, and they should bear in mind that "ventilation" is not another word for "draught," and that people do not catch cold and get neuralgia in places scientifically ventilated. Address letters to Portia, c/o THE WOMAN WORKER.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**I. O. U.**—Please let me know whether your sisters have ever acknowledged the debt (e.g., by writing to say they could not pay), or whether any interest has been paid. Was any security given for the money? I cannot advise without being informed on these points. So glad you like THE WOMAN WORKER.

**ALMA.**—I have reported your complaint. Please let me know what is done. In the meantime, further particulars about the ventilators would be a help. Do the girls who sit near them feel a draught from them? The ventilation ought to be so arranged that people in the work-room do not feel draughts.

**JEAN.**—You have no legal claim to a lump sum instead of your weekly payments, but your employer may insist on settling the claim for a lump sum if he wishes. The law is unequal in this respect. But in your case I should not advise you to ask for a lump sum, even if your employer would perhaps be willing to commute the weekly payments, as he will probably not be willing to offer you as much as you ought to have, seeing the serious nature of your injuries. Unless you have a very good opportunity of investing a lump sum safely, it will soon be gone, and then you will wish you could go back to the 7s. a week. But if your employer (or his insurance company) offers you a lump sum later on, write and let me know, so that I can advise you as to whether it is a fair offer.

**Mrs. X.**—Did you go to work regularly every week at the house where you met with the accident, or did they send you word whenever they wanted you? If your employment was "of a casual nature," and nothing to do with your employer's "trade or business," you do not come under the Workmen's Compensation Act. I am sorry to say.

**SEVERA.**—Yes, certainly, dressmakers come under the Workmen's Compensation Act. I have known several cases where compensation has been paid to dressmakers disabled by blood-poisoning following on a bad prick. Please send full particulars if you are disabled yourself or if you were writing on behalf of an injured friend in the dressmaking trade.

**T. B. E.**—If the mess-room is so dirty as to be insanitary, the sanitary inspectors may intervene. But Factory Inspectors have no authority in this case, as the mess-room need not legally be provided at all, and it does not form part of the factory.

PORTIA.

### Wonderful!

It may be interesting to WOMAN WORKER readers to know that even baby princes can, and do, cry. The following from the "Daily News" tells its own story:

The baptism of the new little Prince, the infant Jaime, took place in the Throne Room at the Palace of La Granja. The ceremony was of a comparatively simple character, owing to the absence of the Court from the capital.

The baby was quite quiet during the baptism, but the little Prince of Asturias, now just over a year of age, screamed and cried right through the service, without stopping for a moment.

## HOPE OF THE GARDEN CITY.

It is too early to look forward to the time when the sweltering masses of our overcrowded cities will be scattered in industrial communities on the land which is now so rapidly going out of cultivation. But I am convinced that the Garden City is the first step forward to this great ideal, that it will be found to be solvent for the great and increasing misery of overcrowding cities.—The Countess of Warwick in the "Young Woman."

### Women in Business.

**Mr. A. W. Gamage** in "The Organiser": "Of women in business, I have the highest possible opinion; I consider them not only equal to, but often superior to, men. For cashiers' posts, for instance, I find that women have far better heads and are infinitely more trustworthy. There is surely no reason why women should not win as high positions in the business world as men, providing that they are willing to work as hard and as steadily; their lack of physical strength is the chief thing against them. But I have always found women labour most effective."

## NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

### LABOUR MEMBERS AND THE WOMEN: A Commentary.

By Victor Grayson, M.P.

### ETHEL CARNIE:

An Interview.

By P. Glanville.

### WOMEN TIN-PLATE WORKERS.

By W. C. Anderson.

### SUFFRAGETTE BANNERS:

THE PRIZE DEVICES.

### Bright New Features.

## CONCERNING ELLEN MAY.

By A. Neil Lyons.

The hob-goblin season has now set in; and I was not surprised, at the turn of the days, to find one dusking in my lane.

This was a girl hob-goblin; rising seven and six hands high. I knew her for a goblin by her cap, which was of crimson worsted, roughly knit. She wore very few clothes and those which did encompass her were torn, grotesquely fashioned and quite filthy. She hopped along in front of me, carrying a goblin milk-can, and often stopping to steal a sip from it.

I hurried up the road and came abreast of her. Hob-goblins require to be wooed with boldness. So I took this little lady's hand and lifted up her chin; she was coloured like the autumn heath, all bronze and brown, with eyes like big ripe blackberries. "And who are you?" I said.

"Ellen May Brett," replied the goblin, promptly.

I asked her where she lived, and she nodded her head in the direction of Sly Corner, saying "In the cottages."

I reflected, with some pity for Ellen, that this nod and those words pointed to Sly Cottages. Sly Cottages are quite the most delightful things in our landscape; but they are held in disrepute by the peasantry, being situated on a kind of marsh, and being low-pitched, partly roofless, and wholly doorless. The aesthetic and commercial prejudices of a Hallowed Past are responsible for the stunted dimensions of these dwelling-places, and the Finger of Time is responsible for the irregularity of their tiling. But man, and man alone, is to be blamed for the absence of doors, the tenants themselves having tugged and battered down those common deficiencies for the purpose of making fires with which to warm their hides.

Sly Cottages, therefore, are always inhabited by undesirables: unless you count on Mr. Webster, who is a decent sort of man at heart, but who has "caught the asthma in his throat," and has therefore descended to this, Mr. Webster will soon be in the workhouse. All the people who live in Sly Cottages will soon be in the workhouse: these residences being, as it were, a species of quaint and old-world booking-office to the workhouse. Nobody goes to live in Sly Cottages unless he drinks and thieves and has lost all shame. And nobody, be it therefore said (to the glory of God), has ever been known to pay any rent for a Sly Cottage—excepting, of course, Mr. Webster. You can see him any evening as you pass (the road is passable in July and August), and you can hear them. They sing and swear and scream and club each other. Mr. Webster sits mending their boots, for which they seldom pay him.

You can imagine, therefore, with what sort of interest I learned where my goblin came from. "And you have been fetching the milk for mummy, like a good little girl?" I hazarded.

Ellen May Brett rather solemnly shook her head. "Mo'er be gone away," she explained. "Me dad, he frowed a lamp at mo'er, and mo'er be gone away. 'Tis me auntie what lives atome along o' dad and me; me aunty what come out

o' th' Union. Me auntie, she 'ave got a le'l babby in th' Union. Mo'er, she 'itted auntie when auntie come out o' th' Union.

"When I git 'ome," continued Ellen, "auntie's gointer gimme a (foul word) hiding."

I jumped so sharply that I think my little Goblin was startled. She seemed to be even more surprised by my next question. "Why do you speak such nasty, bad words?" I said.

Ellen May Brett regarded me with wonder. "'Tis what me auntie told me," she replied.

"Why are you going to get a hiding?" I asked.

"'Cos the milk be nearly gone," responded Ellen, lifting the lid of her can and exposing a bare cupful of liquid. Auntie she told me I was not to spill none; and I spilled it nearly all."

"Are you sure you spilled it, Ellen? I think you drank a lot."

"No," said Ellen, "I spilled it."

"But I saw you drink some."

"I spilled it," repeated Ellen, drawing away from me.

"Then," I responded, "it must have been some other little girl I saw with her nose in the can."

"Yes," assented Ellen, gravely; "you see some other le'l gairl. . . . When I be growed I shall gi' my auntie a (bad word) hidin'. . . . I shall frow a lamp at her."

By this time we were come to Ellen's style; and the marsh and Sly Cottages were close at hand. I presented Ellen with my blessing, a kiss, and three halfpence. She did not stop to thank me, being eager for the style, which she climbed laboriously, rung by rung, making a great clatter with the milk can. She came down with a plomp on the other side and hobbled off into the dingy twilight, saying loudly:

"Blarst the mud!"

Making diligent inquiry, I have learned some facts concerning Ellen May Brett, but they are not to her advantage. She is a bad little girl, it seems. She comes late to school; she steals food from the other children; she utters a constant and varied flow of beastly adjectives. She is, in the memorable phrase of our schoolmaster, a "damnable, infectious child."

But I have reformed this hob-goblin. Oh, yes, I have reformed her. I am exercising an influence over her. When we met for the second time, she was arguing with a small boy in a ditch. He was bleeding from several places, and she had nearly strangled him. "This little substantive," my Ellen exclaimed, "he have called me a — never mind. I shall teach him to call me a — never mind."

I exercised my influence, and Ellen May let go. We then held hands and strolled away, discoursing of the properties; of Schoolmasters; of God; of Punishment; of Virtue, Happiness, and Reward. This conversation, accompanied, as it was, by a further offering of halfpence, produced a great impression upon Ellen May. She showed

henceforward much fondness for me; she has become a constant and familiar companion. No matter which road I may choose to take of an evening, it is sure to lead me to Ellen May, who will leave off playing with, or hitting her companions, and trot towards me, crying triumphantly:

"That be my funny man."

You can see, therefore, that my boast of reform is not a vain one; though yesterday—well, yesterday I called on Mr. Pinkhurst, the village Whiteley, and Ellen May, who had shadowed me as usual, squatted on the doorstep and watched me haggle. I said to Mr. Pinkhurst: "Sir, this is preposterous. You can keep your beastly egg-cups. I cannot afford to pay you threepence for a penny egg-cup."

And I went away. But as I nursed my bitter thoughts in Poundings Wood there was a rustling among the bracken, and two egg-cups, accompanied by Ellen May, came out of it.

A hot and sticky hand was thrust in mine, and a breathless voice said cheerfully:—

"He be a qualified conception, that Pinkhurst. Here be the egg cups. I took and pinched 'em."

### NOVELS, PROPER AND IMPROPER.

The "World and His Wife" has an outspoken article on "Some of the Popular Novels Written by Women": "The question was asked a few months ago, 'Who writes the wicked novels?' says Mary Bowden Shaw. I have made a thorough search through the novels of the last two years, and have come to the conclusion that women write them. Among the men's novels I have examined I cannot find a single one that can be characterised as quite bad. There are risky novels, and novels striking at the root of the marriage state, but impurity is carefully subordinated to the story.

Among women's novels, on the other hand, I have on my desk five novels, produced by reputable publishing firms, which are not fit to be read by any man or woman who has the least respect for morality.

"In one case—the very worst, I think—the author is a lady with children of her own and a happy home. Yet she can pen stories that spread contamination and soil the mind of every woman who reads them. That is the dreadful thing about it. These novels are read by women—the wicked novels are read by women—thousands of copies are sold and devoured by unmarried girls and young wives and mothers."

Miss Ethel B. Harrison's sixpenny book against female suffrage, "The Freedom of Women," is at all events ingeniously argued, and moderate in tone.

A very able pamphlet on "Socialism and Communism: A Practical Question," by Mr. J. Haldane Smith, is issued by the I.L.P. Publication Department, price one penny.

## HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

Home Notes remember always, please, are not of necessity *House Notes*.

For there is all the difference in the world, very often, between House and Home. Some houses are no more like homes than water is like wine; and some homes are no more like houses than that daisy-dappled field out yonder is like a doormat.

The sun shines on those daisies till their petals glisten like white satin on green velvet. A happy family is dumped down in one corner, shaded from the sun by the thick bush of wild roses in full bloom. I don't know what they are eating or drinking, but they are at home. That daisy-field in the sweet sunlight is a much better home, this morning, than any house.

Down the bend of the road, through the scullery-window of a cottage, another mother is standing at the sink. She is washing up, with a face, Oh, so weary. Tugging at her apron is a fractious little fellow of three, who wants to go out to play and cries because he can't. For it is holiday-time, and Sunday, and the mother dare not let him out for fear of the mad motors and their madder drivers, who, in this out-of-the-way place, have no fear of the police, and go just as they like. In the "parlour" the father sits in his shirt-sleeves, smoking, and breathing heavy and loud. Soon he will be asleep. The boiled beef and suet dumplings which he has assimilated on this hot day will see to that.

In the house the family numbers three, and each one pulls a different way. In the daisy-field are five, just getting up now to play "rounders." They all pull together and want to please one another. So for a whole day they are living what "Punch" calls

**The "Sinful" Life,**

and are happy in their sinning.

Later on, I want to tell you more about the joys of out-of-door homes. It is so cheap to be out of doors, you know, so healthy and so happy; and even one day a week so spent leaves enough fresh air and sweetness behind it to last for several days.

It has interested me not a little to read Mrs. Perry's Prize Letter on Home-Making in a recent *WOMAN WORKER*, because I have been in a similar home to that of which she tells us. The young couple from the first determined to have only such things in the way of furniture as would be useful and beautiful. So they saved week by week and got things one at a time. When the baby came, about a year after marriage, the savings had to go for awhile in another direction. But soon they began again. A recent letter tells me of the way they have just treated their first

**Cheap Alarm Clock.**

They grew quite friendly towards it because it counted the first moments of their married life. So now they have enshrined it in a casket of beaten copper, with a design of thistles, in honour of the husband's nationality. Then when they could afford a coal-box they got a member of the "Clarion"

Handicraft Guild to make one, and it is so splendid that it reminds the young wife of "The Arabian Nights," so she says.

Leeds, Manchester, and Sevenoaks "Clarion" Handicraft Guilds have all done things to make that little home in the Welsh mountains beautiful.

Now, in response to my request for recipes, my dear readers have sent plenty; and in response to my invitation to tell me about their homes, and themselves, they have sent such friendly letters as I shall treasure in my memory for ever.

Moreover, I think I may be able to help some of those in trouble, in various ways, and then they will not have written in vain.

But one

**Recipe is Heart-Breaking**

for its thrift, and has set me thinking all sorts of rebellious thoughts. The good woman who has sent it suggests that women should use up their spare time in summer to prepare for next winter, and she means well! But just fancy, when the sky is blue, and the green hedge-banks are embroidered with ragged-robin, stitch-wort, and speed-well, having to take into all this loveliness a lapful of ugly old rags to stitch into a quilt!

No, my friends, it is not to be. And though there are many women who wouldn't have quilts in winter if they did not save old rags—who wouldn't have bread to eat or clothes to wear if they didn't wear out their lives on even worse things than old rags—*THE WOMAN WORKER* is not going to encourage these things.

*THE WOMAN WORKER* is not going to ask women to spend the delicious hours of summer in cutting up old petticoats, vests, and stockings, and making a sort of crazy patchwork of them for winter bed-spreads. It is altogether a crazy idea. Such bed-spreads would be heavy and unhealthy, as all heavy bed-clothing is. They wouldn't be beautiful, and if unhealthy not very useful; and they belong to that class of thrift which is

**More Wicked than Waste.**

If such thrift has to be practised, let it be done in dark corners, like other dark deeds. For, mark you this—women workers especially mark it—the more thrifty we are, the more thrifty we may be; and then, instead of gaining by thrift, we lose.

Besides, it's so uncomfortable! This awful straining to make this end meet that, this thing do for that, and the like.

I think I can guarantee that, in these days of shoddy, no working woman wears a petticoat whose fragments are worth working up into a bed-spread.

In olden times, when patch-work quilts consisted of such treasure-troves as bits of grandmother's wedding dress, and baby's christening robes, spun and woven by hands that loved the wearers, they had some value and interest, but scarce any clothes that we can come by now are interesting or worth keeping when worn out.

Again—upon my word I could warm to this subject were there space—why should old petticoats be made into bed-spreads when there are plenty of nice new, pretty, healthy bed-spreads in the world waiting wearily on shop shelves for someone to use them?

Now, I have got another idea. The good and gracious Editor is allowing a

**Five Shilling Prize**

for this page week by week. Instead of it all going to "hints," which I can plainly see will resolve mostly into recipes, how would it be if we divided it up sometimes into half-a-crown for hints and half-a-crown for solving problems?

Workers are all the while having to face puzzling problems. Here's one put to a husband I know this week:

He has a small shop in a village, can make a living, and save a little besides. His wife is consumptive, and the doctor recommends that they should move where she has better air. Their present house and shop gets very little sun, and has no garden. Also their little boy of 3½, who can only play in the village, mixes with the other boys and learns such awful language as makes even his father blush to hear. His little sister of 14 months will soon be subject to the same influences unless she is kept prisoner in the house, which, of course, could not be. If he leaves the district for another, he may not be able to earn so good a living, may not earn one at all, in fact. *What is he to do?*

To my recipes, however, and next week, we are going to start a column of Answers to Correspondents.

**NEW STOCKINGS.**—If well darned at heel and toe and then washed in hot water before being worn, they will last ten times longer.—**A WELL WISHER.**

**TOMATO PASTE.**—Large tomato, 1oz butter, 1 egg, 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, pepper, salt to taste, and a saltspoonful of ground mace. Melt butter in pan, cut up tomato and cook 10 minutes, then remove skins, beat up the egg and stir into the tomato, &c., about 3 minutes, then put bread crumbs and seasoning, and stir till a nice paste. Put in a small dish, melt a little butter and pour over top. This is nice spread on bread and butter or on toast.—**E. HAWKESIDGE, Bredbury.**

**CHEAP, GOOD FURNITURE-POLISH.**—1d. worth each of methylated spirit, linseed oil, and white vinegar, shaken up well together. Makes ½ pint for 3d. Floors polished with this, and rubbed over every day with a duster, will keep clean for weeks.—**PHOENIX E. CRUTTENDEN, Hastings.**

**TO KEEP MILK FROM BOILING OVER.**—Put a spoon in the milk-pan before it comes to a boil.—**Mrs. A. A. ALLSOPP, Erdington.**

**SUMMER DRINK.**—1 lemon, 1lb loaf sugar, 1oz citric or tartaric acid, ½ pint of water. Rub the lumps of sugar on the lemon, and put in a large bowl. Cover with the ½ pint water, add the acid and strained juice of lemon, and stir cold, till dissolved. Will keep a long time bottled, and a little in a tumbler with aerated water makes a delicious drink.—**Mrs. C., West Brompton.**

That man or woman who takes from children the terror of castor-oil deserves a crown. It is with an adequate sense of the inadequacy of the reward, therefore, that I give the

**Prize of Five Shillings**

for the following recipe for

**CASTOR-OIL SUBSTITUTE.**—Stew ½lb figs slowly in olive oil. When they are well swollen, add honey and lemon-juice to taste. Put into earthenware jar, and give one fig instead of a dose of castor-oil. This is palatable, and will be taken with relish. It will also keep the skin fair and clear.—**Mrs. MATILDA E. DRURY, 28, Morehampton Road, Dublin.**

## BEE-KEEPING FOR WOMEN.

Miss Bertha La Mothe has been interviewed by a "Daily Chronicle" correspondent about the practicability and value of bee-keeping as an occupation for women.

Miss La Mothe has a School of Bee-keeping near Woking. Having been in turn student, sub-warden, and instructor at Lady Warwick's Agricultural College at Reading, she is doing well on her own account. But her first remark to the interviewer was that few bee-keepers show any sort of enterprise or make the best use of their opportunities.

"There is," she said, "really an endless scope for the apiarist who is willing to do something more than extract the honey from his hives and sell it in a haphazard fashion to the nearest or most convenient buyer."

Bee-keeping is not in the least a difficult occupation," Miss La Mothe affirms. "It entails no heavy manual labour, no going out very early in the morning or late at night, no working in bad weather. It can be followed by a woman of ordinary intelligence, and what is greatly to the point, can be made to pay. If the hives are managed systematically and in an up-to-date manner, they may be made to yield a very handsome profit."

Her advice as to setting up business is this:

"Bee-keeping may be undertaken on a very large scale as the sole means of livelihood, but, generally speaking, it is better to combine it with some other in-

dustry, such as fruit-growing (in which it is especially valuable), poultry-keeping, or gardening.

One great advantage is that in the ordinary way, from October to February or March, the bees do not require any attention."

How long does it take to become proficient?

"A woman who wished merely to have a few hives in the garden as an occupation and amusement could learn enough to make the experiment successful in three months. But if she is taking up bee-keeping more seriously she should have taken part in the work of an apiary during an entire year. So many people start with a hive or two without any knowledge, depending on the casual assistance of a bee-keeping friend or their local bee association. Invariably such experience is very costly, especially in the matter of buying the right appliances, hives, &c., for which some knowledge is necessary."

The amount of profit on a hive of bees Miss La Mothe estimates at hardly less than £1 per hive. In anything like good seasons and in favourable localities, this is generally much exceeded.

Of course, there are perils—besides that of getting stung once in a way.

"There is the risk of getting the disease known as foul brood in the apiary. It is most infectious, attacking old and young bees alike, and generally necessitates the destruction of the colony. One must be always on one's guard against it, and have enough experience to detect it in its very earliest stage.

"The successful apiarist must be will-

ing to give great attention to details and to do what is necessary for the bees at the right moment. She must be thoroughly 'up' in all the natural requirements of these most wonderful and hard-working insects, have a steady hand and nerve, and be quick in her movements when working with the bees. "It is an occupation which, after the initial fear of the bees has worn off, becomes of engrossing interest, and is pre-eminently suited to women."

## IN PUBLIC LIFE.

"A Woman Worker" writes in the "Pall Mall Gazette":

"I should like to know what 'selfish ends' are promoted by the women who expose themselves unsparingly to the strain of public life. Surely one must always admire the altruistic spirit which dares to take up an attitude leading, at first, to ridicule and insult. The charge of blind selfishness must rather be brought against those of us who are satisfied to sun ourselves in the approbation of raw manhood, and to leave the conditions of women's labour in so pitiable a state because we have neither the grit to free ourselves from tradition, nor the wisdom to look into the future and prepare the way for generations yet to come.

"If it is unwomanly to embrace the higher ideals of men in sacrificing present ease to future weal, and in sinking the individual in the State, let us run the risk of being unwomanly."

## Felt Hatters &amp; Trimmers' Unions.

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About hard conditions of Toil and Sweating, and then go out and without discrimination, purchase your commodities. Whenever it is possible buy "Union-made Goods." And in buying Felt Hats insist upon seeing the Union Label under the leather.



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## GOOD VALUE.

REASONABLE PRICE.

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## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE. In Fairyland.

I left the little Queen Titania last week bemoaning that even children nowadays were taught to scoff at fairies. Had I then heard from my children I might have replied more cheerfully.

"Yes," I said, "they learn verses in the schools, warning them against belief in old-time stories of fays and elves, and finishing:

But if you do to others as you'd have them do to you,  
You'll be as blest as if the best of fairy tales were true.

### Puck Preaches.

"Do you mortals believe, then," asked Puck, "that you enable a child the better to learn, and practice, the Golden Rule by maiming and fettering its imagination? Who are most likely to do as they would be done by?—the 'hard-headed,' 'getting-on,' so-called 'practical' people, or those who are so sensitive and imaginative that they can understand and enter into the feelings of others? What is the thing you call genius but the power of giving shape to vivid imagination? What is any work worth doing (work on which the most practical person prides himself) but the shaping of what has first been imagined?

First the dreamer—then the doer: the thought precedes the act,  
Which transmutes the aerial fancy to solid, actual fact.

And what does more to help imagination in children than the fascinating fairy lore they learn—or, rather, used to learn—at mother's knee?"

Oh, my dears, he was "wound-up!" And as I did not then know how clever you were, I was afraid you might not quite understand his eloquence and some of his long words if I reported them. But here he gave me—and himself—a rest, of which Titania took advantage.

### Titania Sighs.

"Ah, yes!" she sighed, "'used' to learn. But even prattling babes are forbidden to believe in us now. Why, in a glade I visited yesterday were a mother and child, and as she lay in the bracken I brushed softly with my wings the face of the little one. 'Mother, mother,' she cried, 'I 'lieve a fairy touched me!' And the mother looked up from her book and said, 'My dear, have I not told you there are no such things as fairies? I want my little girl to believe only what is true.'"

During Puck's oration quite a crowd had gathered round us, amongst them the Fairy Godmother.

### The Fairy Godmother Re-proves.

"Why should you wish to dethrone us?" she asked, fixing her eyes on me with some severity. "Truly, much that has been learnt at mother's knee has been wrong and misleading. Stories of magic lamps and unearned treasure, used for selfish pride and luxury only, with no thought of human fellowship—stories of the woman shape lacking a woman's heart, who poured boiling oil over forty of her fellow-creatures in de-

fence of another thief as bad as they. These were imaginings of barbarous and cruel peoples, and have nothing to do with fairies. But, in the true fairy lore, are we not shown always aiding the weak, the oppressed, the unselfish? The forlorn and overtaken Cinderella; the tender-hearted Beauty, who chose a rose love-gathered, when her haughty sisters asked for jewels and silken robes, and who, to save the life of a dear one, was willing to sacrifice her own—such as these we crowned and honoured, while bringing disaster on the proud and self-seeking. Take heed that, in rejecting the false, ye do not also cast out the true."

### Brownies Keep Still.

And before I had time to assure her that I, at least, had no wish to dethrone the gentle fays who have helped me so much, the Fairy Godmother began to sing.

All the others, even the King and Queen, listened respectfully, while the mischievous little brownies, who had before been skipping about, turning somersaults, and playing all kinds of pranks, squatted sedately on their toadstools, and kept as still as could be expected.

For the Fairy Godmother is a very important person in Fairyland; which was the reason why, in the "far-off Then," when everyone believed in fairies, she was always invited to royal weddings and christenings. And this is what she sang:

### The Far-off Then.

In the far-off Then when maids and men  
Were votaries of Fancy,  
All (doubt beyond) was magic wand  
And fairy necromancy,  
Our potent spell sweet Bonniel  
Preserved from wizard's harming;  
From guise of Beast the soul released  
Of sorcery-chained Prince Charming;  
Swift aidance brought to maid o'erwrought,  
Who bravely did her duty;  
The proud passed by, exalting high  
The meek, unselfish Beauty.  
We stood for Eight 'gainst grasping Might,  
Despite some wild vagaries;  
And youth and age and clown and sage  
All then believed in fairies.

As she spoke of "wild vagaries" she shook her head accusingly at Puck, thinking, no doubt, of the tricky practical joking at the expense of mortals, to which he confesses in Shakespeare's pages. She went on low and sorrowful:

### The Doleful Now.

In the doleful Now, lo! mortals bow—  
Fair Fantasy dethroned—  
With hearts grown cold—at the shrine of  
Gold,  
Sweet fays for "facts" disowning.  
E'en the hairs themselves, poor 'wildered  
elves,  
On fare unchildish nourished,  
Their heads o'erpacked with solid fact,  
Despise what once they cherished.  
The youngest mocks at Goldilocks,  
At Jack the Giant Queller,  
At Babes in the Wood, Red Riding Hood,  
And glass-shod Cinderella.  
Our day is gone; its records con  
But poets and antiquaries;  
And few there be, from sea to sea,  
Would own belief in fairies.

There was a soft murmuring as of wind-swept leaves, as all the fairies

sighed in sorrowful unison at the words, "Our day is gone." And the Brownies were so overcome—or perhaps they really could not keep still any longer—that they all rolled off their toadstools together, and were kept busy for some time trying to disentangle themselves from the heap.

### The Children Console.

And I must leave the fairies grieving another week, if I am to give more extracts from letters which would have greatly consoled them.

Doris Clapperton's, for instance. She would like me to fill the "hole" page with fairies. She says, "Some people don't believe in fairies because they have never heard of them, and we who know feel sorry for these people, and think they ought to have been told. At the school where I go they don't even believe in Santa Claus, so I think the more we have about fairies the better it will be."

What we of this paper are trying to do, dear little Doris, is to teach the beautiful facts of Fairyland, such as I spoke of in my first letter, to the people for whom we feel sorry, because they mistake unhappy Real World fancies for facts.

James Mitchell would like THE WOMAN WORKER children to form a league to correspond with each other, "so that the happy could help the unhappy."

Too late for the competition came charming letters from Marjorie Jackson and Viola Stanley, also a—er—*encyclopaedia* from the Roundhay Road School, Leeds.

### Nine Muses.

My dears! You must excuse me, if, like the Fairy Godmother, I express my feelings in song. There is no other way:

There were nine little lassies of Leeds,  
Who said, "For advice Peggy pleads,"  
To think was to act—  
Thirty pages they packed  
With the things that a Children's Page needs.  
And who'er in attaining succeeds  
The standard set forth in their screeds,  
On her laurels may rest;  
For of all things the best  
Ask these wise little lassies of Leeds.  
Of the ancient Greek Muses one reads—  
In the background their fame now recedes,  
In place of that Nine  
Will "Peg" now enshrine  
Her nine youthful Muses of Leeds.

And certainly "Peg" should possess the combined wisdom of the original Nine, Goddesses of all the arts and sciences as they were, if she is to do half that is demanded of her—

Stories of "ancient Gods and Goddesses, which hold children entranced," of "the wonderful creatures who live in Neptune's realm," of birds and animals, school life, the people and customs of other lands; Fairy tales, flower legends, nature study, poems (extracts from Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning are asked for), games, riddles, "Wit and Wisdom."

And only one page, my dears, which is such a little "hole" to fill. And only one small "Peg," who is feeling very small just now, and having a dreadful time with the Snark.

### Peg Apologises.

But he was quite wrong about Council School children and fairies; and I apologise for having allowed him to mislead me, seeing that nearly all of you, including six of my "nine Muses," have voted for fairies.

PEG.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief,  
\* Personal and sharply controversial letters can rarely be inserted. They lead to long replies and rejoinders, for which we cannot spare the space.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"NABS."—Go on writing stories.  
ALFRED REEVE.—Nearly good enough. Thanks.

V. M.—Your letter has been forwarded to Dr. X. Y. Z.  
E. S. GASKELL.—Goodness! This would fill six or eight of our pages.

E. SWIFT.—If you care to pack your ideas into 900 very simple words, we will read carefully.

A. N. BARRON.—Many thanks for help and suggestions. We are keeping your letter for consideration.

M. MONTGOMERY (Exmouth).—Write to the Secretary, Shop Assistants' Union, 122, Gower Street, London, W.C.

J. P. FOX.—Grateful for the offer. Please let us know if we may cut the story to the size of our page, which holds only 1,500 words.

ROBERT BANKS (Skipton).—Thank you. Cuttings and quotations from you would be welcome. The other matter will be attended to by the business manager.

M. MACCONE.—Thank you very much for your kind letter. In reply to your criticism on his article, W. C. Anderson says he did not suggest that it was a common occurrence to work looms in the dark. He referred to an exceptional incident, which is vouched for by the work-girls themselves, and is made possible by the automatic perfection of the Northrop loom, which, when fed with weft, is able for a time to do its own work. Mr.

Anderson points out that in some American States the weavers attend forty-eight of these looms, which go on weaving when the work-people are absent for meals. With regard to your second point about fighting for weft, this information was also obtained from the workers concerned. Mr. Anderson remarks that at a theatre ticket office the arrangements also go "like clockwork." But this does not obviate a struggle to get to the office. You will be pleased to know that the full facts are being placed before Mr. Shackleton, M.P., who will have the matter investigated with a view to remedial measures.

### Our Pennyworth.

Dear Miss MacArthur.—You can count on me as a permanent subscriber. I wish girls in general would take a keen interest in questions that concern them all. I hope, however, to interest some of them in THE WOMAN WORKER. Every number seems better than the last, and surely no better value was ever given for a penny. I rather regret the pretty green cover of the monthly paper, but one can't have everything, and, after all, it is the inside that matters.—Yours very truly,  
ETHEL CARTWRIGHT.  
Paris, June 22.

### A Friendly Letter.

Dear Madam.—I have read all the stream of warm and thankful messages, and would like to add mine to that same. This is the way I meet my workmates:

"Morning to you, Sam. Have you seen THE WOMAN WORKER?"  
"No, Mac; have to study the funds, you know."

I know him, at any rate; and so I say, "All right, I will lend you Nos. 1, 2, and 3." Says he, "Right, you shall have them back." A real man, is Sam.

Again: "Hallo, Lowther, have you seen THE WOMAN WORKER?"

"Yes, No. 1; but not the others." Well, he tells me he is going to take a meeting, and I say, "Here, you get No. 3 to-day, and read the front page."

And so I go on. Each man I meet I put the question to. My word, but I am glad!

I am a single man of forty. My mother (aged seventy-five) keeps our house, and we have had an adopted niece 14½ years (18 now), and so I can't get at many women to speak to; but I can at the husbands who work with me, and this is the paper for men and women. We railway workers (I am a guard) have most of our leisure when others are at work, so we don't meet our neighbours or friends very often, as we work all hours, night and day. And a good many of my mates have to study pennies. For instance, I spend 6d. a week on Labour papers. But I tell them, "Oh, but you must have THE WOMAN WORKER, for it is the only woman's paper, and your missus wants it, and so do you."

Madam, my cap is off to you for all you have done. When I came on the railroad (out of the army) I had 16s. 4d. per week to keep self, mother, and adopted child. Good Lord, the sin of it! I have acquaintances, married men with families, only getting such terrible sums now—that is, after the sick club, &c., is stopped.

O women, but you are the most brave and patient individuals on the face of the earth. We paltry wage-carriers ought to be silent in your presence. You are the people to make us understand, and, as my forebears would say, "More power to ye!"—Yours faithfully,  
Rusholme, June 25.

J. McCANN.

### "Better Than Like."

Madam.—In a weak moment I bought a number of THE WOMAN WORKER to present to my wife, and the result was curious.

With cynical eye she scanned its pages. "Why, it's a silly Socialist paper," she concluded, throwing the copy on the table, whilst she dug with energy a fork into the boiling potatoes.

So I read it myself. I became absorbed, breaking out into inane hilarity at intervals. This was too much for my better-half's

## Dr. ALLINSON'S FOOD for Babies.

No other food can equal it. THE ONLY KNOWN ROYAL TWINS—viz., those of Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, who are nephews to King Edward VII.—were reared on it. FOR SUFFERERS from Stomach Troubles, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastric Catarrh, Ulcer of the Stomach, and Wasting Diseases, it is the best and cheapest known. It has been the means of many thousands being restored to health, strength, and ability to work. A baby's digestive powers are very limited, and it is therefore one of the primary essentials of robust growth and development that the child should take food which is capable of easy assimilation. The ignorance of this fact is the chief reason for the alarming mortality amongst young children. A long and special study of this great question resulted in the introduction of DR. ALLINSON'S NATURAL FOOD. The great food specialist designed this preparation with a view to imparting the maximum amount of nutrition to children at a minimum expenditure of digestive energy. It is NOURISHING and SUSTAINING in the HIGHEST DEGREE. Makes flesh, muscle, bone and brain.

## Dr. Allinson's Food for Babies

IS SOLD BY

CHEMISTS, GROCERS, BAKERS, CORN DEALERS, CO-OPERATIVE STORES  
and others, in 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d. and 5s. Tins.

If any difficulty in obtaining it, a 1s. or 2s. 6d. tin containing 4 lbs. weight will be sent carriage paid,  
on receipt of remittance value 1s. or 2s. 6d. by

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, LTD.,  
(Room 210) 305, Cambridge Road, Bethnal Green, London, E.

curiosity; she snatched it from me and told me to get on with my dinner. I have since had to glance surreptitiously at the paper whilst at the newsagent's. I am dispatched at ungodly hours to see if "my paper's come," and, what is worse, I had to give over taking in the "Police News" for "something sane," she said.

Well, well, I don't grumble. It is really a splendid paper, and if ever I get to see you—I don't care whether you are Scotch or an Irishman, or whether you are an Editor or an EdDresser—I shall esteem it a honour "tae gie ye a grup o' the haun."—Yours respectfully,

L'ESPERANCE.

Nottingham.

#### Town Birds and Daisies.

Dear Friend.—I quite enjoyed reading your little criticism of our London "Daisies." As a full-fledged Cockney, I have known very little about any but the smoke-begrimed variety, which our little ones are told may be looked at but "must not be picked."

If the capitalists had their way, I wonder if they would charge for that privilege? Sometimes, when I watch our London sparrows, I think of our poorer brothers and sisters, who look about as cheery. Only, our City birds have a way of getting what they want in a fashion unknown and non-understandable to humans. Now that the weather is fine and worms are plentiful, I sit in the garden of an evening and listen to their attempts at singing, knowing that they are satisfied with the world when it is bright and smiling. But the summer passes, and my birds are hungry. They come on to my window-sill and tell me so in such plain language that, before I can settle down to my own meal, I must go and feed them.

#### And Our Famished People?

Sometimes, in pity, I give food out of our cupboard to a young married girl who comes to help me in the house. Her sad story is really too pathetic for me to write to-day. I was showing her the contents of some of my boxes, when tidying up, and inadvertently a tissue paper package came to light. When I opened it I found that I had rolled up, so that I should not see it, a pure white silk shawl. My faithful "help" was in ecstasies, but I was silent. At last she looked at me in wonder.

"Isn't it lovely, Maggie?" I asked. "It came from the Soudan two years ago as a present to me, and I was to wear it at a party, which I never went to."

"Never went to?" Maggie was all eyes. "Well, you see, I was going with the giver, and he never came home to take me."

"What happened to him, Miss?"

"Oh, he died of fever, Maggie!"

#### How Her Sympathy Repaid Me!

Go where you will the world over, women are sisters, and should treat each other as such; for most of us have hearts that stand in need now and again.

MIMI.

#### Miss Margaret Bondfield Criticised.

Miss Margaret G. Bondfield, in her article headed "Votes for All" in your valued and popular paper, says of Mr. Stanger's "Votes for Women" Bill (which would grant the Parliamentary vote to women on the same terms as men), that "A woman who now possesses the Parliamentary vote, if she is unmarried, would, on her marriage, be disfranchised unless she had means to qualify in her own right."

This view is not altogether correct. Those women who qualify in their own right previous to marriage would, after marriage, still have the vote—except, of course, women lodger voters.

Miss Bondfield goes on to say: "If passed, it would not materially affect the position of women in the State, any more than does the municipal franchise."

I think this assertion cannot bear examination. The Parliamentary franchise affects men much more than does the municipal. Why should not this be the case with women? Many people see in the agitation for "Votes for All" the best method of defeating the women's demand which is in the range of practical politics. They understand that "Votes for All" would stand no chance whatever in the Commons, let alone the Lords.

The wisest plan would be to abandon the adult suffrage agitation and concentrate all efforts on removing the sex disability. This is possible; and other extensions would follow in the future.—Yours truly,

M. J. DAVIS.

#### Pagan on Womanhood.

Your paper is a great achievement. Permit me, as "a mere man," to say, after seeing the great demonstration in Hyde Park, that women who have such executive ability, refinement, education, pluck, womanliness, and beauty—women who can conduct an agitation for the greater prosperity of the masses of their sex, and for better and simpler legislation, bringing peace and sobriety—are capable not only of voting at elections, but of governing a nation.

Let me also say that, for true patriotism, the ancient method of waging war by bloodshed is a poor and clumsy substitute for the truly noble, self-sacrificing methods of these queenly women.

Men need never fear the magnificent instincts that come uppermost in all times of emergency in the gracious natures of true Englishwomen. That they have not the vote is simply one of those illogical facts that prejudice alone perpetuates. Surely now prejudice will disappear, after all the years of fighting!

No man who has thought of the subject can controvert the arguments these women advance. God bless them! Our children will bless them for this triumph when we are gone.

F. R. S.

Upper Holloway, June 26.

#### Royalty and the Poor.

Dear Miss MacArthur,—First I must thank you for "THE WOMAN WORKER." Truly it represents a movement worthy of all true women; it is a real, live, go-ahead dry-bone reviver.

On May 10 I wrote to the Princess of Wales, in the name of the women and children of Stockport, asking her to forgo the display of street decoration, &c., for which the sum of £3,000 has been voted out of the rates of Stockport, mostly paid by the women who work in cotton mills.

The Prince and Princess are coming to that town to open a new town hall; and, knowing something of the dire poverty suffered by many families, I appealed to H.R.H. to order the £3,000 to be spent in building a day nursery and place where the older children could go out of school hours. I offered to give my services in the running of such a place, and I cited some heart-breaking facts, which were enough to melt pig-iron, not to mention a mother's heart.

Nothing has come of it, of course. Is it not time we women made a move? Is it not enough to keep this host of useless Royalty, without having to snatch the bread out of hungry toilers' mouths to buy flags and pay bands of music for them?

One scene I described was this:—A one-roomed tenement, the husband in one corner on bit of straw in the last stages of consumption; two orange boxes, on which lay the dead body of a baby; three children eating crusts given by neighbours; the mother forced to be out working. Yet costly wedding presents are given to a millionaire's daughter by the Royal family.

What can be done? Something must.

GIPSY JANE.

June 26.

[Of course, no member of the Royal family has power to order anything of the sort. We have deprived our kings and queens, for excellent reasons, of the powers they had. The scandal of such folly and indifference is upon our own heads.—Ed. "W.W."]

#### Suffrage Suggestions.

Madam,—Let me, as a man, congratulate women on the splendid success of last Sunday's meeting in Hyde Park, and at the same time suggest that, as they are to have similar meetings all over the country, they should have the names of the speakers printed on the cards above each platform. This was not done in Hyde Park, hence we were left in the dark as to who it was that was

speaking. The speakers' names should appear in the order they speak.

And just think what a fair hearing means to you women! Ask your own men to see that you get fair play—they'll do it. We men call our peace-makers stewards, and we pick suitable and, above all, "able-bodied" stewards. Go ye and do likewise.

HORO.

#### NOTES FROM ST. STEPHENS.

##### By a Correspondent.

Early in the year the Government promised to introduce a Milk Bill of general application in England and Wales.

That Bill is not forthcoming, and meanwhile milk is being supplied which in many cases is dirty, and in many other contains the germs of tuberculosis or other diseases. This is a matter of the most vital and urgent importance to the community, particularly to the women and children, and the fact is not disputed that our present milk supply is conducted on exceedingly bad lines. Yet time after time the Government is asked when it will introduce the Bill, and the only answer is that a date cannot yet be fixed.

Such is the slowness of the machine.

The anxieties of mothers in caring for their children have been greatly increased by the advent of the motor-car and the motor-omnibus. It is true that children may, and should, be taught how to cross roads, but the most careful child, or adult, sometimes lapses. Some steps have been taken to deal with the dangers of the streets by the introduction of two Bills, one to prohibit excessive speed in populous places, and the other to enable the Commissioner of Police to prescribe traffic routes in London. The first Bill was introduced by Mr. Straus immediately after the riot in the Mile End Road, and both Bills are supported by members belonging to all parties.

In connection with the answer given last week to Mr. Austin Taylor to the effect that no further accommodation can be provided in the House of Commons to enable women to listen to the debates, it may be interesting to point out that the treatment afforded to women in this matter by the undemocratic House of Lords is much more generous than that afforded by the democratic House of Commons. In the Upper House not only are peeresses admitted to its open galleries, but women are allowed as ordinary visitors, not in a place behind a screen, but in a sort of large pew on either side of the space reserved for members of the House of Commons.

It is true enough that the accommodation is not very extensive, but such as they are, the pews are much more dignified in position than the Ladies' Gallery of the Lower House.

Teas on the Terrace are now in full swing, and there are some very pretty dresses to be seen in St. Stephen's Hall! Beyond that Hall the wearers may not go unless accompanied by a member or an official, and a goodly company of women are usually waiting there on these summer days. It may be permissible to doubt whether the carrying on of what has developed into a Society function is conducive to the proper conduct of Parliamentary business.

Much of the time of some members of the House of Commons is spent in entertaining a few women rather than in considering the interests of the whole body of the voteless sex or of the general community.

## THINGS DONE AND SAID.

### The Week's News for Women.

#### WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

By Mary R. Macarthur.

##### Happenings in Hoxton.

A little bird flew in at our office window the other day and told us a story of astonishing happenings in Hoxton. I may not tell you exactly what these happenings were, but their character may be guessed when I say that we immediately decided to hold a meeting.

##### Ho! Ho! Laughed Miss Hedges.

And it was a meeting. My word! It was very exactly of me to go—at least, so said she who must be obeyed—for I am still under Doctor's orders, but, dear people, I simply couldn't resist it. "I will take the chair," I said. "Then I needn't talk." "Ho! Ho!" laughed Miss Hedges, with dark meaning in her eyes.

##### Herrings in a Sardine Box.

And she was right. For I talked till I had no voice left. Who could help it? Our hall was large, but not large enough for all who wanted to get in. There were rows and rows, and again rows, of eager-eyed, yes, and eager-tongued, girls. Behind them the men stood packed, my dears, like herrings in a sardine-box. Sometimes a gruff query would be called out from the rear. Then all the front rows stood up and turned their heads. And for five minutes—well!—the Tower of Babel wasn't in it!

##### A Fairy Godmother.

And Esther Dicks! Well, she's at the office now, in training for active service, you know. A darling fairy godmother, who lives in the Garden of Eden, which is just ten miles from London, my dears—(I say, this isn't the Children's Page.—Ed.) Now, isn't that nasty? Well, fellow-workers! (Ha! ha!) Fellow-workers, a cheque has come to hand, and so Esther is in training for a new League organiser. And at this glorious gathering in Hoxton she made her maiden speech. You should have heard it. "I'm a working-girl myself," said Esther, "and I know what fore-women are."

And then, my dears—hem, fellow-workers—there was a racket.

##### All Bricks.

But a branch was formed. A good branch, too. Officials and committee were elected. And if there ever was a brick, the secretary is one. And the president's another. And the treasurer—but there! Happenings in Hoxton! I should think so. But wait a wee! We're going to do things, and Edmonton must look to its laurels.

##### Wait Till Next Week.

And now I can write no more to-day, my dears, because at the House of Commons Sir Thomas Whittaker and his fellow-members of the Home Work Select Committee are considering *Our Bill*. I can think of little else, for we all want that legal minimum wage so badly—those of us who work in the factory quite as much as those in the home. And because I know my M.P. so well by this I do not mean one man, my dears) I greatly fear me. But wait till next week.

#### WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

##### The Railway Women Affiliate.

At our first national conference, when the Women's Labour League was started and its constitution adopted—that is, in June, 1906, at Leicester—a proposal to allow women's societies to affiliate with the League was not accepted, since we felt that trade unions or co-operative societies, whether of men or women, or both, were eligible to affiliate with the Labour Party, and ought to be encouraged to do so, and that by urging them to join us we might prevent their joining the larger body.

Hitherto, therefore, our League has only had individuals as members, but last January, at Hull, a motion proposed by the Executive was adopted that "Societies of women which are working in agreement with the object of the Women's Labour League, and are not eligible for direct affiliation to the Labour Party, shall be eligible for affiliation" to the League.

The first organisation of women to join the Women's Labour League under its amended constitution is the Railway Women's Guild, which has been working in connection with the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for several years. The Guild has seventy-six branches, with a membership of about 3,000. Its hon. secretary is Mrs. Fenton Macpherson (101, Lee Road, Blackheath, London, S.E.), who was the first secretary of the Women's Labour League, and took an active part in its formation.

At the ninth annual conference of the Railway Women's Guild, held at Wigan on Wednesday, July 24, it was decided, on the motion of the Stockport Guild, to apply for affiliation with the Women's Labour League. This was warmly supported by Goole, Preston, Mexborough, Folkestone, Stockingford, Nuneaton, Hull, and other guilds, and the resolution was adopted by 41 votes to 30.

There was a rather strong opposition, some guilds objecting to joining the W.L.L. on the ground of expense, others maintaining that the Guild had quite enough to do now in carrying out the work to which it had been accustomed. Amongst those speaking in favour of affiliation were Mrs. Bellamy, of Stockport, where they had a local league even before the National one was formed, Mrs. Mellor (Goole), and Mrs. Gardner (Mexborough), whilst the speeches against were made by Mrs. Horspool (Masborough) and Mrs. Thompson, of Swinton. Mrs. Macpherson, in summing-up the discussion, pointed out that by joining the Women's Labour League the Guild would become an integral part of the great national Labour movement, for the Labour Party had in January last welcomed the adhesion of the Women's Labour League, and the League had already justified its existence by the part it had taken in organising women, in seeking to educate them on economic and social questions, and in helping Labour candidates at Parliamentary and municipal elections.

The Railway Women's Guild further decided to send three delegates to the next annual conference of the Women's Labour League, which will be held at Portsmouth at the time of the Labour Party conference, in January next, one of those delegates to be Mrs. Macpherson. The two other delegates afterwards elected were Mrs. Stratton, of Leicester, and Mrs. Bellamy, of Stockport.

This addition to our ranks ought to be very helpful, both nationally and locally, though the support will not be altogether new, for many of the guilds have worked with us from the beginning, and it was their executive which called the preliminary informal conference, when it was decided to form the League and inaugurate it by the bigger conference at Leicester, mentioned above.

##### Who Will Follow Next?

The Women's Co-operative Guilds would be eligible to affiliate either locally or nationally with our League under the same conditions at the Railway Women's Guild. In England the Co-operative Societies have stood very much aloof from the Labour Party in politics, though they are eligible to affiliate, and in Scotland are important supporters of the Party. Possibly the women co-operators, through their guilds, may crown the progressive and educational work they are doing already by joining the Women's Labour League, and so being the pioneers of the official connection which must some day be established between co-operators and independent labour politics.

The Railway Women's Guild is chiefly composed of the wives and daughters of railway-men, and it is significant that they should recognise that political work is essential to the fulfilment of their aims in increasing the comfort and well-being of their homes. The working-men's wives must be reached and stirred to take interest in public questions; the Editor of THE WOMAN WORKER has recognised this and addressed part of this paper specially to her. Politically we are trying to do this in the League, and, as has been already stated in this column, nowhere is such work more important than amongst the women in colliery districts.

##### The Lives of Miners' Wives.

Mrs. Simm, our organiser, wrote for our executive a short time back a report on her work amongst colliers' wives, which we need not apologise for quoting:—

"In the mining districts it is no use calling meetings; the women, from force of habit, think meetings are always for men. I find that if I can get into the houses and become personally acquainted that is the best way, but it takes lots of time and patience. One can then explain in a homely way, and they may (?) come to a meeting afterwards."

"It is all so new, and miners' wives have much housework. Some of the family may go to the pit during the night and be home for dinner at 11 a.m. Others perhaps go to the pit in the morning, and need a dinner at 5 p.m. Between these comes the midday dinner for the school-children, and all the cleaning, baking, washing, and mending on appointed days. There is a continual 'redding up' and cooking and clearing of meals in the miners' home."

"The much-boasted free-house is not built for convenience, and it is, of course, part of the wage. Instead of a bath-room, the coalman must tub on the hearth, and every drop of water must be carried in and then out again. As the women often say, 'Three or four black men coming in makes plenty of hard work for the women-folk.' The nature of the work makes heavy washing days, and the dust of colliery villages invades the homes and must be continually fought against."

"Yes, it would be a nice change to get out every week for an hour or so. We might get a chance to learn something then. I intend to try, and if I have to manage all the other things I shall manage that too." So said one of our new Leaguers, and her name was enrolled. Nearly every woman offers some excuse, but I am glad that they admit their husbands would like them to attend our meetings. 'He says I do far too much; I should leave the work sometimes and get interested in other things,' is a common expression.

"To learn that other wives and mothers

are obliged to leave their homes and children and work long hours in factories gives them cause to think, and I believe the W.L.L. will show them how best to help the women who to-day are wage-slaves, or even homeless wanderers."

#### Another New Branch.

A branch has been formed in Middleton, near Manchester. Originally the women's branch of the Independent Labour Party, they decided that by affiliating with the N.W.L.L. they would widen and strengthen their sphere of work, and increase their membership, by interesting women attached to the trade union side of the movement. The secretary is Mrs. Hilton, Homestead, Hollins Lane, Middleton, Manchester.

The Liscard secretary (Mrs. Lancaster, 9, Sandfield Road, Wallasey, Cheshire) writes: "You will be glad to hear that the organisation of the laundry girls in this district, which seemed so hopeless a task, appears now to be within measurable distance of being accomplished. It is difficult work. The girls seem so little alive to their own needs." Both these branches are carrying out the closer union between the women wage-earners and Labour politics, which is the supplementary side to the interesting of the working wives and mothers in our cause. Both are difficult, but both are well worth doing.

#### OLD AGE PENSIONS.

##### Exclusion of Paupers.

In the House of Commons on Monday the discussion on the Old Age Pensions Bill, dealing with the first part of Clause III., was resumed in the House. This clause denies pensions to old people who have received poor law relief since January 1, 1908, or may receive it in time to come.

Mr. Bridgeman (U., Oswestry) moved an amendment to the clause so that the disqualification would attach only to indoor relief. He said it had never been explained in what respect outdoor relief, paid out of the rates, differed from old age pensions paid out of the taxes.

Mr. Lloyd-George pointed out that the hon. member proposed to transfer about 210,000 outdoor paupers to the pension list. He thought it would be better to wait until the Government were in a position to deal with the whole Poor Law. The amendment would increase the cost of the scheme by £800,000 or £1,000,000, and the Government could not face that during the present session.

Mr. A. Chamberlain (U., East Worcester) said that if the Government were not prepared to accept the whole of the amendment he hoped they would be able to take into their scheme those who, before the passing of the Act, had no alternative but to accept relief.

Mr. Lloyd-George was surprised that Mr. Chamberlain, with the experience he had had at the Treasury, should have put forward a suggestion of that kind. It would mean the inclusion of 200,000 people, and would add £2,700,000 to the cost.

Mr. Balfour (U., London City) thought the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech was another proof that the Bill had not been thought out. If the Government passed their Bill in the form proposed one or two things would happen. Either they would cause a bitter sense of injustice through the differential treatment of persons in identical circumstances, or they would give people a feeling that a State pension did not really differ from outdoor relief. The Government were going to rob a hen-roost next year, and they were taking off 3½ millions of taxation. (Ironical Opposition cheers.)

#### Increasing Human Suffering.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (Lab., Leicester) said his friends had some difficulty in supporting the amendment; they were not in favour of paying an old age pension with outdoor relief, and that was involved in the amendment. (Cries of "No, no.") If paupers were to be excluded it meant that there were people too poor to benefit by the Bill. But for the fact that there were deserving

paupers, there would probably have been no agitation for old age pensions.

The promise to deal with this question within two years met the point to a certain extent. But what was to happen to existing outdoor paupers? Were we deliberately, and in cold blood, to say to the man of 70, 71, or 72, "You have got to die a pauper, and the benefits of this Bill are to be derived only by those who are two or three years younger than yourself?"

It was no good saying you had got to be cruel to keep within the scope of the proposal.

If (as was said) boards of guardians would do their best to refuse outdoor relief, and the poor people themselves would contrive for 12 months to save themselves from the pauper taint—what did that mean? It meant that the sum-total of human suffering crushed into the five years from 65 to 70 was going to be increased as the result of the passing of the Bill. (Cheers.)

Mr. Harcourt (First Commissioner of Works) replied that the Government had always admitted there were certain paupers who ought to be included. It was, however, absolutely impossible to deal with them until they dealt with the whole question of the Poor Law.

Sir Walter Foster (L., Ilkeston) hoped the Chancellor of the Exchequer would see his way to modify what was a very harsh proposal.

Sir F. Channing (L., Northants, E.) said that in villages in Northants which he knew the most deserving men would be disqualified because, owing to breakdown in health, they had been compelled to accept poor law relief. It would be a crying shame if a Liberal Government did not pay attention to the unanswerable claims of these men. He had himself an amendment to alter the date from January 1 to November 1.

#### "Extreme Cruelty."

Sir C. Dilke (L., Forest of Dean) thought the House hardly realised the extreme cruelty which was now to be inflicted for the first time. Taking the country as a whole, outdoor relief had not carried with it any stigma. As a matter of fact, the recipients were not generally known, and when it came to striking their names off the voting lists the thing was done in a "hushed fashion." Now one would be taken, and another in precisely similar circumstances would be left, and so the thing would be known and the recipient of out-relief pointed at.

The closure having been carried, a division was taken on Mr. Bridgeman's amendment:

For the amendment	142
Against	257
Government majority	115

Mr. Harcourt (First Commissioner of Works) moved an amendment which provided that a person shall not be disqualified by the receipt of any medical or surgical attendance supplied by or on the recommendation of a medical officer, or by parish maintenance of any dependent in a lunatic asylum, infirmary, or hospital, or by any such relief as is not a disqualification for Parliamentary registration—such as vaccination and the provision of meals to children.

The amendment was carried by 318 votes to 95.

#### The New Zealand System.

The system in force in New Zealand fixes the maximum amount of pension at £25 a year, subject to deductions on the following scale:

For every pound of annual income over £24 one pound is deducted from the maximum pension, and on account of the net capital value of property, one pound is deducted for every £10 worth held by the applicant.

The latter must have resided in the Colony for twenty-five years; must not have been imprisoned for four months during a period of twelve years previous to his application, or for five years during the twenty-five years previous; must be of good moral character, and have for five years immediately preceding the application led a sober and reputable life.

No distinction is made between man and woman, or between married and single persons (except that the maximum limit of

income, including pension, which for a single person is £60 a year, is for a married couple a joint income of £90 a year.)

The Act is administered by a Registrar and Deputy Registrars in each of the seventy-four pension districts. All claims, however, are investigated by stipendiary magistrates, who alone have power to grant or refuse pensions. The pensionable age is sixty-five.

#### Pensions in Germany.

In Germany the system takes the form of insurance against invalidity and old age. All wage-earners come under the system when above sixteen years of age if their earnings are not more than £100 a year. The pensionable age is fixed at seventy.

Every pension consists of two parts—an Imperial subsidy of £2 10s. per annum and the amount borne by the insurance office, which is derived from joint contributions in equal shares from employer and employed. Workers are divided into five classes, according to the amount of their wages, and this regulates the scale of contributions and pension. The first class comprises employees earning a maximum of £17 10s. per annum. The combined contribution of employer and employed is 1.68d. per week, and the total pension, including State contribution, is 25 10s. per annum. The fifth class comprises those whose wage is between £57 10s. and £100. The combined contribution is 4.32d. per week, and the pension is £11 10s. per annum.

The latest available statistics show that at the beginning of 1905 there were 145,463 insured against old age, and the sum distributed in pensions was £973,822.

#### THE HALF-TIME PROBLEM.

##### A Parliamentary Inquiry.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Education, answering Mr. Walter Ica, said he proposed to appoint an inter-departmental committee to inquire into the question of half-timers. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education (Mr. McKinnon Wood) had consented to act as chairman, and the constitution of the committee would be announced shortly.

#### Street Trading.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, Under-Secretary to the Home Office, promised that next session a Select Committee of the House of Commons will be appointed to consider the question of street trading by children.

This promise arose out of an attempt by Mr. H. J. Tennant to insert in the Children Bill a clause prohibiting street trading by children from January 1, 1909. Mr. Samuel said the question was outside the scope of that Bill, and would arouse great opposition on the part of newspaper proprietors.

Owing to the large number of new clauses down for consideration, it was impossible to finish the deliberations on the Children Bill on Tuesday, and another sitting will therefore be held.

#### London Child Slaves.

The London County Council sub-committee who are to enforce the Employment of Children Act have given an outline of the steps they propose to adopt. During the first few months arrangements will be made for the systematic patrolling of the streets during early morning to detect cases of contravention by dairymen, newsagents, and others. On Saturday evenings as many officers as possible will be engaged on the work, and in certain districts where there are street markets officers will patrol the streets on Sunday mornings. Posters containing a warning to employers will be displayed.

To relieve the distress existing in trade union families on the Tyne side a cheque for £1,000 has been handed on behalf of the Northumberland miners to the National Amalgamated Union of Labour.

#### OPINION ON THE TEXTILE CONGRESS.

The "Textile Worker" of Austria, referring to the work of the International Congress, deals very fairly with the attitude taken up by the English delegates. We quote one passage:

"We have already called attention to the very pleasing fact that our English friends have departed from their old-fashioned custom of being merely the mouthpiece of the old political parties. They have at last come to the view that politics are not the business of the moneyed classes alone, but that they ought to have Parliamentary representatives of their own. And they have already shown by their actions that they have thoroughly realised this, for amongst the delegates at Vienna were two members of Parliament, Messrs. D. J. Shackleton and H. Gill.

"This change of view was very distinctly stated in the Congress by the English delegate and International secretary Marsland, who said he was perfectly in accord with the idea that trade union workers must also display Parliamentary activity. It was also shown in the vote on the question of 'Labour laws for the Protection of the Workers,' for which the English voted, although the resolution plainly stated that the items contained therein, including the eight hour day, could only be carried through when the workers took their political affairs in their own hands, and voted only for those who represented Labour interests.

"By this vote the English delegates allowed the 'Manchester' policy to fall to the ground, and threw overboard the idea that the State had no concern with the relationship between employer and employed. "This is a move forward which cannot be too highly estimated, and must be seriously taken into account."

Following the International Congress of Cotton Masters, hours in South Germany are to be reduced by 13½ per cent.—to 53½ per week.

#### Work for All.

At the Congress of the Women's Co-operative Guild at Burton-on-Trent last week a resolution was carried unanimously calling upon the Government to legislate to secure work for all willing to be employed.

Miss Allen, the proposer, said it would be better to abolish workhouses and let the lazy and thriftless go to prison, and give a chance to work to those who could not help their poverty. Other speakers urged the necessity of a minimum wage and shorter hours.

Mrs. Elliott (Upton Park) said it was a surprising and sad thing to see men who had climbed into Parliament on the workers' shoulders move amendments to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's bill. They must "annoy and worry the Government and give them no peace."

The combination of railways which was calculated to throw men out of work, was denounced, and railway nationalisation was strongly advocated.

The congress then debated a paper on a standard of co-operative employment for women. Mrs. Nevitt (a Manchester co-operative employee) said shop life was harder in the co-operative movement than in the private shop.

Another resolution favoured lowering the age at which persons should be entitled to old-age pensions.

It was also decided that the Guild should do all in its power to realise the principle of equal pay for equal work, whether done by men or women. Miss Llewellyn Davies said that, by a slight reduction of dividends, co-operative societies might move towards the levelling-up of the wages of both women and men. She complained that some girls had no ambition, and that they were animated by a meek acceptance of a demoralising dependence on prospective husbands. As a step in the right direction, the conference passed a resolution in favour of a minimum wage for all women employed by co-operative societies of 13s. per week at eighteen, and 19s. at twenty-one.

#### Worker's Bitter Experience.

The following letter, sent to a daily paper, throws light on methods adopted by many so-called charity organisations—

To enlighten your representative, and also to show how 19s. 6d. out of every £1 subscribed goes to pay an army of inquisitive officials, I give my own personal experience.

Being out of work, and having seven (including myself) to provide for, I was recommended to apply to the Charity Organisation Society for assistance. The following methods of the C.O.S. may be of interest:

- 1.—Last three situations; reasons for leaving, &c.
- 2.—Names and addresses of the various foremen.
- 3.—Name and address of landlord.
- 4.—Names and addresses of all relations, with all particulars as to the means they have.
- 5.—Two independent references.\*
- 6.—Various questions as to personal character, &c.
- 7.—Name and address of wife's relations.\*

\* Refused to answer or give. Within an hour, the ingredients of my case were thrown into the mill, and the ponderous machinery of the organisation set in motion. Officials were dispatched to all parts of London to make personal inquiries. One visited my home, asking further questions, and examining rent-book, and various other incidentals.

Up to this point I was ignorant that any inquiries had been instituted, and imagine my surprise on being told that every party I had mentioned would be communicated with, according to their rules. The inquirer had already been to my landlord. I thereupon said I would go no further, but let the matter drop, notwithstanding that I was in dire need at the time. I did not ask for a grant, but a temporary loan, which I promised to repay when trade brightened in the near future. Up to the present I am an honest working-man (compositor), but would sooner face a magistrate to answer a charge of stealing than apply to the society again, when in trouble, for assistance.

#### Wake Up, Tunbridge Wells!

At the first meeting in the Suffragist campaign at Tunbridge Wells one day last week the lady speakers were hustled from their improvised platform and pelted with eggs, potatoes, and even stones. So threatening was the attitude of the crowd that the Suffragists had to seek sanctuary in the police-station. An ugly rush was made at the entrance to the station, and the police had some difficulty in keeping the crowd back.

#### M.P.'s in Deep Water.

Should babies drink whisky? "What a question!" says someone. But what is to be done when baby is at death's door, and a spoonful might save—or kill him? A Standing Committee at the House of Commons has been considering whether a fine should not be imposed on everyone who gives whisky to a child without the doctor's order. For fear of doing a little injustice in rare cases—as if magistrates could not be trusted—this male committee left the question undecided!

#### The Law.

"My wife is lying dead in the house, and the landlord threatens to eject me at 12 o'clock if I am not out. What can I do?" A respectable-looking working man asked this question of Mr. d'Eyncourt at Clerkenwell Police Court.

"Has he given you notice?"

"Yes; but how can I go just now. The funeral is to-morrow, and I have offered to go out on Wednesday; but he says he will put me in the street to-day."

"Well, he's legally entitled to do so, I am afraid. I can do nothing."

"I thought that perhaps you might ask him to let me stay for a day or two."

"No, that is a matter for you. I cannot interfere."

#### GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

##### Points of the New Education Code.

The Code of Regulations for Public Elementary Schools in England for 1908, issued by the Board of Education, makes very few alterations in the old code and these are mostly of a technical character.

A new article is introduced specifically requiring provision to be made for the medical inspection of all children admitted to school after August 1 next, and of all children expected to leave school before July 31, 1909.

Particular stress is laid on the importance of handicraft for boys as a special subject, and the age for earning the grant is reduced from twelve years to eleven.

The regulations have been so altered as to permit of instruction in gardening being given to girls.

There is no alteration in the article laying down the principles on which moral instruction should be given.

#### Wasted Men and Women.

It was suggested by Mr. Rogers, M.P., that at the public meeting of the Women's Industrial Council, at Caxton Hall, that while women were incapable of doing, and should not be allowed to do, usual agricultural work, there was a wide field for them in small holdings, market gardening, poultry, bee-keeping, and horticulture.

Mr. George Lansbury said that in spite of the Unemployment Act, there were still as many sad stories to be told as before it came into force. Not one single useful experiment, made possible by the Act, had been carried to a conclusion. The land and the men and women were going to waste together.

Mrs. H. J. Tennant spoke regretfully of the failure of the workrooms organised for unemployed women. Under the Act, just when a woman was getting useful, she was turned out. It ought to be made possible for such workrooms to do the work now given to private contractors by boards of guardians and the Government.

Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, speaking at the same meeting, said:

"We build workhouses, hospitals, penitentiaries and prisons for those who would never have been vicious but for their environment, and who are simply the victims of the system in which you and I participate."

As regards the land going to waste, it is interesting to note that a large tract of ground in High Street, Fulham, owned by the London County Council, is to be converted by the unemployed into a kitchen garden, under the auspices of the London Vacant Land Cultivation Society (33, Wilson Street, E.C.). A board exhibited on the property proclaims the purpose of the society—"Link idle labour to idle land."

#### Another Husband Killed by Competition.

A pathetic story was related to the Woolwich Coroner during an inquest on the body of James Reynolds, aged 55, a skilled labourer, of Walmer Road, Plumstead. The widow said that deceased had been very depressed because of his failure to obtain employment. He had said that wherever he went he received the same answer: that he was too old, and that they did not take men over forty. Deceased had worked in the shell factory of the Royal Ordnance factories for twenty-four years, but had been discharged on account of slackness of work. He had refused to eat, and had said that his heart was breaking. Other evidence showed that deceased's dead body was found at Stoney Hill Woods, his throat being cut.

The Coroner described the dictum of "Too old at forty" as ridiculous. A verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane" was returned.

ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN WOMEN AND  
WOMEN'S WORK SHOULD READ

## The Women's Trade Union Review,

THE QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE

# Women's Trade Union League

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**“THE SHOPS DEBATE.”**

*By SIR CHARLES DILKE, M.P.*

**“WHAT SHOP WORKERS WANT.”**

*By MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.*

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