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BOHEMIAN EDUCATION

THE WOMAN'S LEADER

IN POLITICS IN LITERATURE AND ART
IN THE HOME IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT
IN INDUSTRY IN THE PROFESSIONS

AND THE COMMON CAUSE

VOL. XII. No. 41.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 12, 1920.

PRICE 3D.
Registered as a Newspaper.

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THE COMMON CAUSE PUBLISHING CO. LTD., 62, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1
and all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

THE WOMAN'S LEADER

AND
COMMON CAUSE.

POLICY—The sole policy of "The Woman's Leader" is to advocate a real equality of liberties, status and opportunities between men and women. So far as space permits, however, it will offer an impartial platform for topics not directly included in the objects of the women's movement, but of special interest to women. Articles on these subjects will always be signed, at least by initials or a pseudonym, and for the opinions expressed in them the Editor accepts no responsibility.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION.—British Isles, 17s. 6d. per annum, post free; Abroad, 17s. 6d. Subscriptions should be sent direct to the Manager, THE WOMAN'S LEADER, 62, Oxford Street. Increased rate payable on renewal of Subscription.

CONTRIBUTIONS should be addressed to the Editor, who, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited matter. MSS. not used will be returned if accompanied by a stamped envelope.

CORRESPONDENCE should reach the Editor not later than the first post on Monday. The Editor's decision is final.

PROSPECTUS.—The Common Cause Publishing Co. is issuing new £1 shares to the value of £10,000. Prospectus and all information to be obtained from the Manager, Common Cause Publishing Co., 62, Oxford Street, W. 1. Telephone: Museum 2702.

NOTES AND NEWS

The Ministry of Health Bill.

The Government is not having an easy time with the Ministry of Health Bill which is now being read for the second time. On Thursday there was a long discussion and the Bill was opposed by Earl Winterton, who objected to the new powers given to local authorities at a time when "the whole ratepayers of the country were groaning under a burden they could not possibly bear." Sir H. Craik opposed it as "camouflaged Socialism," and Lord Hugh Cecil did not like a Bill which "lumped together all sorts of different provisions, proposed legislation by reference, and was a step on the path of expenditure." Sir Donald Maclean and Mr. C. Edwards, however, welcomed it as a step in the right direction. The chief points of the Bill were explained by Dr. Addison. The first clause empowers local authorities to hire compulsorily empty houses in certain circumstances. A number of people have been taking advantage of the existing scarcity of houses to keep their houses empty, hoping that the rent or price would go up. The clause, Dr. Addison explained, was limited to houses of the class described as suitable for the housing of the working classes, so that the alarm that had been shown lest the authorities should seize country mansions was quite unnecessary. Whether this sort of discrimination is either just or wise is much to be doubted. In view of the real scarcity of housing accommodation there is no reason to suppose that country mansions could not be very easily adapted to the use of homeless families of the professional classes. The second clause prolonged the period for granting subsidies for houses for another twelve months, and the third dealt with restrictions of unnecessary building. Another clause provides for the continuance of a system for dealing with the mentally disordered which had been set up during the war. The object is to deal with people suffering from mental disorder, incipient in character, and of recent origin, by receiving them into mental hospitals and thereby avoiding classing them as lunatics. Treatment is to be limited to six months and all possible safeguards are to be erected to prevent the detention of people against their will.

The Relief of the Hospitals.

A most important part of the Bill is that dealing with hospitals. Dr. Addison told the House of the £250,000 set aside by the King Edward Fund, and the £700,000 given by the National Relief Fund to help the London hospitals, and said that the Bill enabled the local authorities to contribute in aid of voluntary hospitals. The pressure on the hospital accommodation of the country, he said, could not be met by the efforts of the voluntary hospitals. There were 94,000 general hospital beds under the Poor Law maintained out of the rates, and of these, 30,000 were empty while the voluntary hospitals were crowded and had enormous waiting lists. Dr. Addison sug-

gested that some practical scheme should be devised for making use of good bed accommodation where it existed, and that was the justification of the proposals in the Bill, while the limitations in the Bill would go a long way to safeguard expenditure.

The First Guild Contract for London.

A contract for four hundred houses at the Higham Hill Estate, Walthamstow, has been signed by the Walthamstow Urban District Council, the Guild of Builders (London) Limited, and the Co-operative Wholesale Society Limited. This contract inaugurates one of the most important industrial experiments of the age. If it succeeds it will inevitably change the whole structure of the building industry, and may extricate us from the difficulties which confront us on all sides in our efforts to expedite the building of houses. The guild movement is based on a deliberate change over from the acquisitive impulse to the impulse of service for the community as a central driving force in human productive effort. That such a change is possible in a commercial undertaking is a daring assumption, but if its supporters have diagnosed the psychological changes which are taking place in the workers aright, this experiment will show us a remedy for many of the present discontents.

Women Jurors.

Captain R. Terrell last week asked the Home Secretary whether any instructions have been issued as to the calling of women jurors; whether any fixed percentage of men jurors is recommended; whether a prisoner can demand to be tried by a jury of his or her own sex; and whether the right to challenge can be exercised in regard to sex alone? Sir J. Baird replied that rules were made under the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act with regard to the service of women on juries by the Rule Committee of the Supreme Court on July 12th last, and by the Rule Committee established under the Indictments Act on the 15th of the same month. They provide that on every panel of jurors men and women shall be as nearly as possible in the same proportion as in the list from which the panel is drawn. A prisoner is not entitled to be tried by a jury of his or her own sex, but it is within the discretion of a court, on application made to it, to order that a jury shall be composed wholly of men or wholly of women. The right of challenge remains as it was before the Act. It is for the court in each case to determine how it may be exercised.

Lady Rhondda and the House of Lords.

The Viscountess Rhondda has decided to test the question of her right as a Peeress to a seat in the House of Lords. At the time of her succession to the title in 1918 the question was raised, but she did not press her claims. Lady Rhondda has now sent a petition to the King, asking that a writ may be issued

summoning her to the House of Lords, and there is no doubt that public sentiment will be on her side. The incongruity of a system which allows elected women to sit in the House of Commons while forbidding peeresses in their own right to sit in the House of Lords is patent to all.

Dressmaking Trainees.

Mr. Crooks asked the Minister of Labour whether he was aware that girls who were trained in the Joan of Arc Hostel, at a cost of approximately £100, are unable to find employment because employers state that the girls have not served a sufficiently long apprenticeship, and whether, in view of the money already expended, he would consider the possibility of extending the period to make the training complete, or take special steps to have these girls employed as improvers until they are fully efficient. Dr. Macnamara said that Mr. Crooks' implication that the girls are unable to find work owing to an insufficiency of training, is not borne out by his experience. Of the girls who completed their training, approximately ninety per cent. found immediate employment at the standard rates, and it was not until the present trade depression occurred that any difficulty in placing the trainees was experienced, and no complaints had been received from employers as to the training given by the Ministry of Labour. The total cost of training was not £100 per head, but £35. All of which sounds very satisfactory, except to the girls who cannot find employment.

Women Bakers in Scotland.

Captain Elliot asked the Minister of Labour in the House what steps were being taken with regard to the women bakers of Glasgow who were recently dismissed under threat of a strike; whether it was not the case that one woman had been working for sixteen years at her trade before this dismissal; and he suggested that these women should be temporarily reinstated and their case investigated before, instead of after, they are thrown out of employment. Mr. Seddon drew attention to the hardships for women workers involved in the agreements between master bakers and men's unions to return to pre-war conditions, and the entire disagreement with the interpretation of the clauses dealing with pre-war women workers which exists between masters and men, and which results in the displacement of many women who were employed in the pre-war period. Dr. Macnamara said that the scheme for the employment of women is now awaiting consideration by the Scottish Master Bakers' Association and the Scottish Bakers' Operatives' Union, and that he could not intervene in the question of the temporary reinstatement of the dismissed women. Mr. MacCallum Scott then appealed for an assurance that, in this industrial dispute, in which only women were concerned, the Minister of Labour would take all the steps he would take if it had been a case in which men only were concerned. Dr. Macnamara's curt "Certainly," and look of resentment at an unjust supposition would make an outsider think that the Government always accorded equality of treatment to women in industry. But in point of fact this Bakers' dispute is a glaring example of the unfair treatment of industrial women.

Scottish Temperance Polls.

Up to November 9th the results of the Temperance Polls in Scotland have made very little difference in the outward aspect of the situation. Out of one hundred and ninety-seven districts polled, nineteen have decided for no licence, twenty-two for limitation of licence, and a hundred and fifty-six for no change. The no licence districts are chiefly well-to-do residential areas which have other means of obtaining alcoholic drinks should they require them, than buying them in retail public-houses. The thickly populated industrial districts have voted practically solid for no change. The direct vote for limitation was very small; in Glasgow, the nine areas which carried this alternative did so by transfer of non-effective votes from the no licence option. But there was nothing like apathy on this important issue. Seventy-six per cent. of the electors have recorded their opinion, and of these nearly forty-two per cent. were for no change and more than thirty-two for no licence. Evidently there is a very large temperance vote, equally evidently a majority for no change. To an impartial eye (if such a one exists) the moral might seem to be in the direction of co-operation for reform on other lines than a reduction of licences.

The Eighth of December.

On Wednesday, December 8th, all members of the Senate of Cambridge University will have the opportunity of voting for (or against) the admission of women to the University. By bringing forward Report A alone, the question will be put clearly

and cleanly to the vote. The impracticable scheme known as Report B is to be held back and will only be submitted to the Senate at a later date, in the event of Report A being defeated. Many persons had assumed that Reports A and B would be put to the vote simultaneously, and that some members of the Senate would vote for one and some for the other. But on reflection it becomes apparent that this arrangement would be unfair to the "No Change" party, who would feel lost if they could not vote their solid and stolid *non placet*. It begins to be said in the newspapers that the victory of the "A's" is a foregone conclusion; and, in a sense, of course, it is so, since if women do not gain admission through the Cambridge Senate House, they will do so eventually through Parliament. In Cambridge rumours are daily current that Mr. This, or Mr. That, finds that while his more sordid self would tempt him to fill in a *non placet* card on the eighth, his conscience will force him to vote *placet*. Some of the Cambridge opponents are trying to work themselves into a "last ditch" mood; but, as has been said by a Cambridge man, "More people talk about the last ditch than die in it."

The Last Ditchers.

The "tip" in vogue among the younger members of the enemy force is to pretend to be in the advanced line of trenches rather than the last ditch. They still talk plausibly about imaginary millionaires who are longing to reduce themselves to pauperism by bestowing their all upon a future Women's University. It has been pointed out that at the time of the last great struggle in 1897 the opponents of women's degrees were similarly eager that other people should find vast funds for the establishment of a "Queen's University" for women. But these gentlemen, after they had prevented women from taking their Cambridge degrees, left the Queen's University project to fade away into the vapour whence it had emerged. And to-day it cannot be forgotten that the men who feign this great zeal for women's university education, while striving to keep the gates of the Senate House closed, have, for the most part, shown until now a complete indifference to the civic and intellectual claims of women.

The Vote as a Yeast Germ.

Meanwhile, women have grown strong when formerly they were weak. They have now the Parliamentary vote with the University vote thrown in. And it is these votes which are working like germs of yeast in the fluid mass of public opinion. The Cambridge University M.P.s are answerable to ex-students of Newham and Girton, as well as to the men of the University electorate. The women's vote, if well organised, may exercise a powerful effect on University representation at the next election. And, in any case, Cambridge women can approach the Government through the two gentlemen who are these women's University spokesmen. These facts may sound minute, but yeast germs also are minute.

Hospitality for Voters.

The practical point, however, is to settle the question and to settle it handsomely. The struggle has continued for over half a century. All the fantastic talk about the possible unsuitability for women of the Cambridge curriculum (though it is varied and elastic in the highest degree) does not demolish the fact that women have done immensely better work for the State since the Universities began to admit them than they were able to do previously. All the facts of the argument are in favour of equality of privilege; and for unprejudiced, intelligent, and ungreedy people the argument is finished. But it were better that the University should at last do the handsome thing voluntarily. Let us then help the University to maintain its self-respect. To this end let each of our readers urge Cambridge men in favour of the admission of women to make their way to the Cambridge Senate House in time to record their vote for Report A. The voting will go forward at intervals on December 8th, from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m., and the result will be declared the same evening. Most, or all, of the colleges, it is expected, will offer hospitality in some form to the non-resident voters. Cambridge people also are preparing to put up friends on this great occasion which, incidentally, will afford an opportunity for many Cambridge men to meet and renew old acquaintanceships. If Report A wins, as we trust it will do, let it win splendidly, unquestionably! And let no man who recognises that the Universities should be for all, think that he will afterwards feel easy in mind if he has had a vote and not used it. Each man's vote must be given by him in person. No proxy or postal voting is permitted.

Army Pensions.

Colonel Yate asked the Secretary of State for India what steps had been taken to increase the pre-war pensions of distressed widows and dependents of officers of the Indian Army, both of those under the Indian Military Service Family Pensions Fund and of those under the older Presidency Military Funds, the assets of which were taken over by the Government. Mr. Montagu answered that the pensions under the Indian Military Service Family Pension Regulations have been temporarily increased by 25 per cent. for five years from January 1st, 1920, owing to increase in the rate of interest allowed on the half-yearly balances, the increase having no relation to the financial circumstances of the pensioners. Mr. Montagu said he was still considering the possibility of dealing more or less on the lines of the Pensions (Increase) Act, 1920, with small pensions from the various Indian Family Pension Funds, civil and military, but that some delay was likely to arise as, owing to the many thousands of small pensions payable in India, the Government of India are obliged to take into full consideration the Indian aspect of the case, since any increase would be at the expense of the Indian revenues. We devoutly hope something will come of Mr. Montagu's deliberations, for the case of the middle-class soldier or civilian and his dependents, living on an inelastic pension after years of toil in India, is indeed pitiable. Twenty-five per cent. increase, as compared with the 162 per cent. increase of the cost of living does not seem very adequate, but as compared with the stationary incomes of the professional classes is something, we suppose, to be thankful for.

Maintenance Orders.

Mr. Newbould recently asked the Prime Minister, in the House, whether maintenance orders for separated wives are still limited to £2; whether this limit is irrespective of the means of the husband and father and the size of the family; and whether, in view of the rise in the cost of living and the hardship consequently inflicted on separated wives and their children, he would consider the desirability of entirely removing the limit of £2 to be paid under these orders, and would substitute an arrangement whereby the sum granted should be such as the Court, having regard to the means both of the husband and wife, considers reasonable. Mr. Shortt said that £2 is still the most a defendant can be ordered to pay in these cases, but that he hoped it might be possible to amend the law in this respect, and that a Bill for that purpose had been prepared and was ready to be introduced. It is certainly not a minute too soon. The hardship and suffering entailed in bringing up a large family in these expensive days on £2 should never be imposed unless it is unavoidable, and where few men now make less than £4 if in regular work, the division is altogether disproportionate.

Lead Poisoning.

Women have acquiesced in their exclusion from work in certain lead processes because they recognise that their sex is especially liable to poisoning of this kind, and that the effect upon their offspring may be fatal, even when they themselves show no visible signs of ill-health. Moreover, this evil influence may persist for years after the mother is withdrawn from the dangerous employment. England has been foremost not only in limiting the employment of children and young persons in these industries, but in insisting on safeguards for adult male workers, and the Bill now before the House will hardly alter our national practice though it substitutes general for specific restrictions on female and juvenile labour. Women, however, will not be content to let the matter rest where it is. Sir Thomas Oliver quotes Dr. Carozzi, of Milan, as stating that the children of male workers in lead are more seriously affected than those of women running equal risks. Though not endorsing this extreme view he admits that where both parents work in lead the danger to children is much increased. Reference to the 1920 Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories shows only twenty-one cases of lead poisoning in pottery works, the source from which the majority of cases once came. On the other hand, work on electric accumulators was responsible for forty-four cases, and forty cases, with seventeen deaths occurred among house-painters and plumbers not employed under the Factory Acts. It is not enough to exclude women from lead processes; some safeguards must be devised to protect male workers in other trades from lead poisoning, and further research should be made on lead poisoning as affecting fatherhood. It is possible that some cases classed as deferred results of lead poisoning in the mother may really be paternal cases; if so, the regard for infant life which has prompted the exclusion of women from lead processes has here a fruitful field of action.

NEWS FROM WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

Ireland still dominates politics. The Government, stronger than ever, are passing their Home Rule Bill in exactly the shape they wish. Sir Hamar Greenwood and Sir Nevil Macready are being supported by the House in everything they do; the Chief Secretary continues to assure us that the end of our trouble is at hand; and yet never was the sky darker or the portents more menacing. And the evil does not only lie in the difficulties of the times, for difficulties arise in the careers of all nations and they have to be lived through. The vice of the Irish situation is that it is getting worse, and that no one has a solution in which at heart the average Member of Parliament believes. The House, moved by the murder of police and soldiers, wants retribution exacted, and, distraught by the absence of order, welcomes force as the best substitute, and moreover readily condones reprisals as a means of securing these results; but who, when he calmly reflects, really believes that Ireland will be happy and contented when a few more gunmen have been most deservedly shot and a few more firebrands imprisoned? Not many can do so; and assuredly they are not those who best know Ireland and her history: Ireland, whose gaze is always backwards, and whose memory is long.

But all this is travelling somewhat wide of the object of these notes, which is to record the flow and current of opinion in Parliament. Dealing with that, everyone, of whatever party, is deeply stirred by the long roll of murders of police and soldiers which followed the death of the Lord Mayor of Cork. The House is giving its confidence to the Chief Secretary as fully as ever. His opponents accuse the Government of encouraging reprisals, and round that point the battle has raged. The Government assert that they are not. Men believe them or not according to their politics or their temperament, but to the majority of members the answer is a matter of indifference, for undoubtedly they are convinced that reprisals, whether authorised or unauthorised, are the best means of meeting so desperate a situation. Therefore, Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Devlin make no headway. But they have proved this, that if reprisals are not authorised they are systematised, and probably this is the general belief. On Thursday Mr. O'Connor secured the adjournment, and a heated debate followed, but it left matters exactly where they were.

From this fevered and distracted scene the House turned with relief to the contemplation of the placid acres of British agriculture, and showed its relief by attending the debate in far greater numbers than ever listened to Home Rule. This was the main business of the week, and occupied Tuesday and Wednesday. But before coming to that, something must be said about Monday. During the previous week it became known that the Government had capitulated on the Orders in Council, and had agreed that the Regulations admitting women should be submitted to the House. They really had to do this, and it is regrettable that it was not done before, for the Solicitor-General had promised it in unambiguous words. But the Treasury held out stubbornly to the last; and it was only last Monday that Mr. Bonar Law, questioned by Sir Samuel Hoare, announced the women's victory. And a great victory it is, which will undoubtedly be followed up.

The discussion on Agriculture was somewhat acrimonious, but Sir Arthur Boscawen, very good with the House, more than held his own. The Bill is not finished, and had to be adjourned to the present week.

On Thursday Dr. Addison introduced the Health (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill, a measure most justly named, for never did Bill contain so curious a miscellany. The speech in which it was introduced certainly did not make the confusion any less, and when Dr. Addison at last sat down the House was ready to welcome the energetic attack that followed. Lord Winterton led it, in a spirited speech, and other members backed him up, until the fate of the Bill became doubtful. Dr. Addison lightened the ship by throwing part of the cargo overboard, but this conciliated no one, and it is unlikely that the measure will pass in its present form.

Monday and Friday were given up to small Bills. Among them was one of interest, that prohibiting the employment of women of all ages and of persons under eighteen in certain processes where lead is used, and regulating it in all. This, the first fruit of the International Labour Office, and the first tangible offspring of the League of Nations was passed with acclamation, thrown into relief by the usual protest from Sir Frederick Banbury and Sir John Rees.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

We have received from the Women's Local Government Society, and publish below, a list of women who have secured election or re-election in the recent Municipal contests. It will be remembered that all the towns, except London, have had their elections for one third of their Town Councils this year, and this being so the list is decidedly disappointing. We understand that a number of the candidates were defeated by only very narrow majorities. However, from our point of view, a miss is as bad as a mile.

That only thirty-four women should have been returned to local Town Councils means, of course, that in innumerable towns there are no women represented in Local Government at all, and as this is the most obvious and immediate field for women's political activity, we must repeat that this is decidedly disappointing.

There are two or three reasons to account for the results. The Labour Party, on whose lists of candidates women have had so very satisfactory a place, proved as unfortunate at the polls this year as it had been successful last year, and many of the valuable women who stood in that interest shared the general fate of their party.

Another reason is the general belief that seems to prevail that women councillors are more extravagant than men. This is quite contrary to ordinary political and domestic experience, but it is accounted for by the fact that practically all women in municipal life advocate extensions of health work and child welfare work, which involve their local authority in expense. They bring to the Council (and it is, of course, one of the chief reasons why they should be there) an element that urges that attention should be paid to the sides of life that the Councils have mostly neglected in the past. Playgrounds, district nurses, health visitors, and so on, are no doubt expensive at the start, but we believe that the impression of extravagance that attaches to them is a false one. They save in the long run, and even in the short run, much more than they cost, and a local authority which is up to date in these matters is not by any means necessarily a wasteful authority. As regards the ordinary business of the Council, women are anything but extravagant, and their attention to detail and parsimoniousness is indeed often a positive nuisance to their colleagues. Whether rightly or wrongly, however, this impression of a spendthrift character has worked against the women candidates.

The other factor which has no doubt been responsible for the defeat of many of the women is the fact that they will not submit themselves to Party discipline. It is very rare indeed to find a woman candidate outside the ranks of the Labour Party who will promise Party allegiance, and it is quite certain that independents, whether in Parliamentary or Municipal contests, stand very little chance of success unless they have a large personal organisation behind them.

In the present generation the greater number of the women who are actively concerned with political affairs have lost faith in the notion of Party politics, have lost all confidence that good faith or disinterestedness can have any weight anywhere in the system, and have developed a bitterness against Party leadership that it will take years (and changes) to allay. The reason for this attitude is, of course, to be found in the history of the agitation for Women's Suffrage, in which, with a few individual exceptions, every politically minded woman of Great Britain has been sympathetically and more or less actively connected. The history of this movement does not display our Party system to great advantage, any more than does the history of the repeal of the Corn Laws. During the course of the last ten years of the agitation, when few political men were able to deny the justice of a measure they were not really prepared to support, those political women who had been Party adherents emerged from their Party loyalty, and a new generation grew up to whom the very thought of Party politics began to be abhorrent. They made a new virtue of the "non-Party" spirit, and it was not uncommon then, and is indeed not uncommon now, to hear the belief expressed among them that the break up of Party politics would be the first consequence of the enfranchisement of women. It is usual to accuse women of the lack of power to work in any way collectively. Their present dislike of Party seems fully to bear this out, and to give it colour, but the phenomenon will bear another interpretation. For the women of the Suffrage

movement have shown a singleness of purpose that is a refutation of the belief that men and women are inherently different in this respect, and the revolt in which they are so undoubtedly indulging against our traditional methods of government is probably due far more to the past record of the Liberal and Conservative Parties than to anything inherent in womanhood.

Natural as this state of affairs is, it is undoubtedly unfortunate from a practical point of view, and we can only hope that changes in the parties themselves will enable this difficulty to be overcome.

It is often said and believed that municipal contests are not conducted on the lines of Parliamentary politics. It is, however, unfortunately true, that as the years go by the tendency to amalgamation between the Municipal and the Parliamentary machines grows stronger, and the fact that women candidates resist this tendency, which is to their credit in many ways, works considerably to their disadvantage.

The remedy for this state of affairs is undoubtedly the growth of citizen organisations among women. As things are now the majority of Women Citizen's Organisations are comparatively small in numbers. They are, however, composed of women of various political views, and this fact, while it is, of course, one of the causes of their usefulness, makes it difficult for them to be very useful as electoral machines. They can, and often do, invite their members to support an independent woman candidate, but their path in this respect obviously bristles with difficulties. When we say that the increase of citizenship organisation among women is what is needed to secure the return of more women on to the Town Councils, therefore, we do not necessarily mean that the Women Citizen's Associations must themselves take this matter in hand, so much as that they must take in hand the awakening of the electorate on the subject. For an active and alert electorate, desirous of real progress and real efficiency in its municipal government, would not long preserve a Town Council that had too few women, or none at all. It would speedily find out those useful and public spirited women who exist in every town in the land, and would force upon them the work for which they are so well fitted. We are, after all, moving, if slowly. We salute to-day twenty-one new Town Councillors, thirteen who retain their seats, and three mayors, Mrs. A. J. Summers, of Stalybridge, who is mayor for a second term, Mrs. Ellen Chapman, of Worthing, and Mrs. J. M. Phillips, of Honiton. We congratulate them all heartily; but we do want more.

TOWN COUNCIL ELECTIONS, 1920.**LIST OF WOMEN ELECTED.**

Birkenhead	* Miss A. Laird, C. (unopposed).
Bournemouth	* Mrs. Laney, Ind. (unopposed).
Brecon	* Miss Morgan, Ind. Miss Jane Downs, C. Mrs. H. F. Brown.
Chester	Dame Catherine Hunt (unopposed).
Colchester	Mrs. Roberts, Ind.
Croydon	Miss H. M. Clark, Ind.
Doncaster	Miss E. M. Thornton, Ind.
Eastbourne	Mrs. Barbour, Lab.
Glasgow	Mrs. Baird-Smith, Ind. Mrs. Bell, Ind. Miss Mary Snodgrass, Ind. Mrs. Stewart, Lab.
Gloucester	* Mrs. Siveter (unopposed).
Godalming	* Mrs. Wilde, Ind.
Lewes	Mrs. Wood.
Liverpool	Mrs. Max Muspratt, Co.-Lib. * Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Ind. (unopposed). * Miss Caroline Herford, Lib.
Manchester	Mrs. Lodge, Ind.
Oswestry	* Dame Janet Stancomb-Wills, Ind.
Ramsgate	* Miss Edith Sutton, J.P., Ind.
Reading	Mrs. Johnstone, Middle Classes Union.
Richmond	* Mrs. Catt, Ind.
Scarborough	* Mrs. Barton, Lab.
Sheffield	Mrs. Bell, Ind. Mrs. Morris, Ind.
Southampton	* Mrs. Welch, J.P., Ind. Mrs. Tanner, Lab.
Swindon	Miss B. F. Wrey, Ind.
Torquay	* Dame Maud Burnett, D.B.E., J.P., Ind. (unopposed).
Tynemouth	Mrs. Joseph H. Davies.
Walspool	Nurse Hogg, Lab.
Wigan	

* Standing for re-election.

BURNING QUESTIONS.

We call the attention of our readers to the fact that in the heading of "Burning Questions" we endeavour to present the political thinkers. We do not ourselves express an editorial opinion, beyond this, that it is each woman's business first to be well-informed and then to come to her own opinion.

THE TRUST PROBLEM.

By HUGH DALTON.

The trust problem is the problem presented by the growth of powerful monopolistic combinations of manufacturers and traders in modern industry. Under free competition between sellers, the selling price of an article cannot rise much, or stay for long, above its cost of production. But at the present time free competition is being more and more superseded by various degrees of monopolistic control of prices.

Under even a partial monopoly, which may only imply the control under a single hand of thirty or forty per cent. of the total supply of any article in a particular market, selling prices may be forced up well above cost of production. The more complete the monopoly, the greater the power of the monopolist to raise prices. When prices are thus raised by monopolists, the latter's profits are increased. This, of course, is the object of the manoeuvre. But, what is of more vital importance to the consumer, the output of the monopolised article is at the same time restricted. For, unless output is restricted and a keener competition thus set up among buyers for a reduced supply, there is no basis for increased prices. Compared with the restriction of output practised by modern trusts and combinations, restriction of output by individual Trade Unionists, of which so much more is said in the Press, is insignificant in amount. A monopolist will generally aim at raising prices to the point which will give him the maximum monopoly profits. The more urgent the demand of consumers for his product, the higher will prices be able to be profitably raised, and the greater will be his monopoly profits, and the greater the restriction of output. It is thus an economic truth of grave and disquieting importance that monopolistic control of necessities of life leads to greater extortion from the consumer and greater profits for the monopolist than monopolistic control of less essential articles. Thus the American "Big Five," which started as a combination of meat packing firms in the United States, had obtained control in the later stages of the war, not only of practically the whole of the American trade in tinned meat, but of most of the trade in ordinary meat and a large part of the trade in fish, eggs, cheese, and other articles which the hard-pressed consumer might have attempted to substitute for meat in his daily diet. This combination had under its control large firms in this and many other European countries, as well as large sources of meat supply in the United States, South America, South Africa, and Australia. Its power to exploit consumers in many lands was immense, for it had a tight and world-wide grip upon a multitude of the necessities of life. For the time being, its power appears to be broken, for the American courts have ordered its legal dissolution. But appearances are usually deceptive in such matters.

The trust problem in this country is comparatively new. America had had her trusts, in fact as in name, for many years before the war—the Standard Oil Trust, the Steel Trust, and the rest. Germany, too, had had her *Cartells*, often with the active encouragement of the Government. There is no doubt that in both these countries the protective tariff was an important contributory cause of the growth of these combinations, and that they were less fully developed in Great Britain owing to our wise refusal, in spite of the siren songs of political tempters, to set up such a tariff on our own shores. But the tariff was not the only cause abroad. Further, even if a trust has owed its birth to a tariff, it does not follow that, if the tariff is removed, the trust will die. It is equally likely, in these days of the increasing internationalism of capital, that it will grow from a national to an international combination. Free trade is only an imperfect safeguard against trusts.

In this country a great growth of trusts took place during the war. Free trade was, in fact, practically suspended during this period. British manufacturers had the home market as completely to themselves, owing to the cessation of imports from enemy States, and the severe checks to trading even with allied and neutral States, as if a prohibitive tariff had been in operation. It thus became more clearly to their interest than

ever before to combine to raise prices against the consumer, including the British Government. And this in a great number of cases they did. The Government, moreover, practically invited them to take combined action, especially in the industries making munitions of war, by expressing its wish to settle contracts with one or two representatives on behalf of the trade as a whole, rather than with individual firms. Again, combinations of employers, directed against the growing strength of Trade Unions, were easily transformed into combinations directed against the enduring weakness of unorganised consumers.

Some idea of the present development of trusts in this country can be obtained from the well-known Report of the Committee on Trusts, and from the series of reports on special industries since carried out under the Profiteering Act. A striking example is the report on the salt trade, according to which an association was formed in 1915 which controls ninety per cent. of the salt output in this country. The chief firm in this combine paid a dividend of fifteen per cent. in 1916, besides large sums for reserve and current repairs, though between 1907 and 1915 no dividend higher than one and a quarter per cent. had been paid. It was also admitted in evidence that the Association had bought up a number of salt works with a view to closing them down altogether in order to secure the restriction of output necessary to support the higher prices. This has long been a familiar monopolist's trick in America.

To find an effective remedy for the extortions of monopolists, with their resulting evils of decreased production and increased inequality in the distribution of wealth, is one of the most difficult practical problems in economics. The American remedy has been to try to make people compete by an order of the Courts when they want to combine. But this is bound to be largely futile. For the Courts cannot prevent five or six gentlemen, who are nominally competitors, from meeting in an office or round a dinner-table and entering into an informal agreement to raise prices and restrict output. Another remedy, which is often proposed, is nationalisation. This implies the substitution of a public for a private monopoly, with the vital difference that the public monopolist will have other ends in view besides the securing of maximum monopoly profits, and will, or at any rate should, fix his selling price and output with a close regard to the social advantage attaching to the consumption of his product. Nationalisation is undoubtedly a possible remedy in some cases, and may, perhaps, in the future become the best remedy in a large number of cases. But it is not at the present moment a practical proposition to nationalise all branches of industry and trade, in which monopoly power is being used to the detriment of the consumer. What seems to be required is, first, the creation of a permanent expert commission, not dominated by business men, but largely composed of competent economists, with full powers to investigate the costs of production, selling prices, and general conduct of any branch of trade or industry. The reports of this commission should be given the widest publicity. For fear of publicity and popular indignation will often restrain those responsible for the policy of a trust from making full use of their monopoly power. Further, it seems desirable that, where the use of monopoly power is proved, either this commission itself, or a Minister of the Crown acting on its recommendation, should have power to fix legal maximum prices for the monopolised articles. These prices should be based on careful costings, to be carried out by the commission, and fixed at such a level as to allow a reasonable profit, as compared with the profits of other branches of industry. The fixing, in the midst of a capitalist system, of maximum prices of articles produced under conditions of free competition is likely to reduce the supply of those articles and is, therefore, as a rule, open to objections. But maximum prices for articles produced, as an increasing number of articles are now produced, under conditions of partial or complete monopoly, are likely, if skillfully fixed, to increase supply by nipping in the bud the monopolist's incentive to restrict output.

THE CHANGING WORLD OF EDUCATION.

In no department of life are movements of change at present more marked than in education; and in scarcely any other can such movements be of so much interest to women. On the whole, the tendency of the experiments now being made in every part of the world is towards replacing command and inhibition by freedom, spontaneity, and self-government. To some observers these experiments seem to offer the greatest possible promise for the world's future; to others they appear deplorable examples of "soft pedagogy." Here, as always, the only sure plan is to read, examine, ponder, and judge for oneself.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.

By MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Russia, before the Revolution, had the reputation of being the most illiterate country in Europe. More than eighty per cent. of her people, it was alleged, could neither read nor write. The aim of the Bolsheviks is to change all that, and to establish a system of free and compulsory education which will enable every child to receive adequate and suitable training from the elementary school to the university.

I have been able to see something of what is being attempted in this direction in Moscow and Petrograd. Many new schools are being opened in these two great cities, and filled with the proletarian children to whom, in the time of the Czars, it was not thought necessary to give education.

Compared with the schools of Western European countries the Russian elementary schools are ill-equipped for their purpose, and the school buildings are totally inadequate. But the only fair comparison of anything in Russia is with the state of things which existed before the Revolution, and not with similar things in other countries.

In the suburbs of Moscow and Petrograd the houses of the wealthy, who have been expropriated, are now being used as summer schools for the children. It is reputed that one in three of the children in Russia is an orphan, having lost either one or both parents. These children are sent to the "Children's Colonies" as they are called, which are very much like the boarding schools of the rich in pre-Revolutionary days.

Russian school children are not only provided with free education, but with food and clothing to the extent to which food and clothing are available. The needs of the children take rank with those of the army, and only adults are permitted to go short where shortage is inevitable.

The Government subsidises the universities in the interests of the particularly able working men, of whom it is hoped to make lecturers, and instructors in technical knowledge. Many adult schools have been opened for what is known as "proletarian culture." In these schools singing, dancing, acting, sculpture and painting, in addition to the more ordinary accomplishments, are taught to such adults as may desire it. The cultivation of the artistic nature is recognised as an important part of the educational scheme. The theatres and concert halls are under the control of the Minister of Education. Music and dancing are made easily accessible for all.

The Minister for Education is Dr. Lunacharsky, a very able man of eminent culture. It is said of him that one of his great desires is to break up the terrible passivity of the Russian people which in the past has made them, for the most part, the easy prey of the exploiter and the uncomplaining victim of the tyrant. The creation and stimulation of the spirit of challenge and of rebellion against constituted authority in the realm of intellect he describes as "Luciferism."

What the Bolsheviks have been able to accomplish is naturally only a very small part of what they hope to do. There are more than twenty millions of young children in Russia, but only two millions of them have been provided for by the State.

Education is by edict compulsory, but thousands of children are to be seen playing in the streets all day. The best the Government has been able to do is, as I have said already, infinitely less than is done in the more developed countries of Western Europe. The explanation for this failure to achieve their ideal given by them is perfectly reasonable.

There is a great want of school buildings and of school materials, desks, pens, paper, exercise books, pencils, ink, &c.

For the lack of these materials they blame the Allied blockade. Undoubtedly this has had something to do with it, but I am inclined to think that want of organisation within the country must also be put down as one reason for the insufficiency. The system of transport has for a long time been badly disorganised.

A much more serious difficulty is the want of teachers. The teaching staff is only adequate for pre-Revolutionary schemes of education, and some years must necessarily elapse before a sufficiently large number of men and women, sufficiently trained and cultivated, is organised to deal with the education of the masses of the people.

I may say here with perfect truth that such teachers as I met, and they were many, are not happy under the present régime, and for three principal reasons. In the first place, they find the moral tyranny almost unbearable. In the second place they object to the devotion of educational machinery and of themselves to the teaching of Communist principles, and, finally, they dislike the compulsory exclusion of religious teaching from the schools.

The fact that so many children are not attending school is due in the main to lack of appreciation on the part of parents of the importance to their children of education. It is also due, as is the comparatively small number of working men who are being educated at the universities, to the imperious need of the country of all who are able to work to produce things for the needs of the people and of the army. Not until peace is restored, and economic relations with other countries re-established will education in Russia have a real chance.

In my judgment the most unhappy feature of the educational system of the Russian Bolsheviks consists in the devotion of the schools and of the universities to the making of Communists. It is impossible in a short article to quote in full that part of their Manifesto which deals with education. But two or three sentences suggestive of the whole may be taken from the Manifesto. For instance:—

"In the sphere of education its (the Communist Party's) task is to transform the school from being the instrument of the domination of the bourgeoisie into an instrument for the abolition of the class division of society, and into an instrument for a Communist regeneration of society."

Here is another:—

"The school must be not only the conductor of Communist principles, but become the conductor of intellectual, organisational, and educational influences of the proletariat, to the semi-proletariat and non-proletariat sections of the working masses in order to educate a generation capable of establishing Communism."

Here is a third:—

"The preparation of a new class of teachers who are imbued with the ideas of Communism."

And here is a final one:—

"To develop the propaganda of Communist ideas on a wide scale and for that purpose to take advantage of the State means of apparatus."

In my judgment no system of education can produce a really cultivated community which is based upon economic ideas alone, and which has, running through it as its main purpose, the creation of a merely material heaven upon earth. Fortunately, there is no need to be seriously concerned about the Bolshevik conception of education. It will not only not spread to other countries, but it must die in Russia. Human nature is a bigger thing than the materialism of even the best prophets of Communism; and I am not very certain in my own mind that even Karl Marx is not seriously abused when it is sought to represent him as the great High Priest of the cult of the materialists.

FREEDOM IN THE MONTESSORI SCHOOL.

By CLEMENTINA BLACK.

The underlying principles of Dr. Montessori's educational practice seem to be frequently misunderstood, and sometimes by her own followers. She wishes to leave the minds of children free—as free, that is, as the inevitable conditions of life allow; she does not leave, and never has professed to leave, their conduct entirely free.

No doubt, she perceives that no teacher can, in fact, compel any pupil to receive any particular piece of instruction at any given moment—nay, even the pupil, however willing, cannot compel himself to do so. In offering it to him we are but too often imitating the mother who offers her six-months-old baby a raw apple. Entire freedom, of course, no human mind can ever know, since minds, like bodies, can deal only with that to which they have access. Therefore, by regulating the child's environment Dr. Montessori does, in a measure, regulate his reactions to it. What she does is to provide a varied environment, all parts of which have been found by experience to please children, to engage their attention, and develop their powers. Within the circumference of it the children are allowed to work undisturbed.

But their conduct is not allowed the same liberty. Like all sensible people, Dr. Montessori wishes to minimise interference with children's doings; and it is pretty evident that she is herself one of the people whose influence children find congenial—one of the people with whom, in the nursery phrase, children "are good." Moreover, the equipment of Montessori schools is carefully planned for the convenience of children; their little chairs and tables can be carried about; the delightful toys—from the children's point of view that which adults describe as "the material," or "the apparatus," consists of toys—can be taken for use and replaced without assistance; and everything helps them to live their own lives in their own way. Thus, visitors may spend many hours in the school and never see any obvious interference in any child's doings. And if they happen to visit a newly-established school or one including many new pupils, they will probably be confirmed in the impression that "Montessori children are allowed to do exactly as they please." New-comers are often restless, changeable, roaming from one toy to another, and unless they actively disturb their companions, these manifestations are not checked. They constitute that "period of initial disorder" which may last only for a few hours or may continue for three weeks or so. Finally, the unsettled novice becomes attracted by some item of the material, he grows absorbed in its processes and his period of initial disorder is over.

Thus, in practice, the children have much more liberty of action than most school-children have been accustomed to have. But Dr. Montessori permits no breaches of the ordinary rules of civilised life, and she declares that teachers who have allowed ugly manners have done wrong. The distinction between mental processes, which are purely internal, and conduct, which is external, is surely simple and rational. In a sense, our minds are entirely our own concern and their working, until it translates itself into action, does not really concern our neighbours. But our acts are by no means only a personal concern. Not only may they actually injure our fellow creatures, but, on a lower plane of considerations, unless we learn to shape our conduct to some degree of conformity with current custom, our fellows will hardly associate with us. Leaving out of the question all larger ethical duties, we must perceive that persons likely to attend dinner parties must at least learn to keep knives out of their mouths. Throughout Dr. Montessori's writings references occur to the necessity of checking any undesirable acts. That the inhibition is gently imposed is a matter of course; but she herself enjoins that it shall also be imposed firmly; while good sense dictates that the check shall come early, before the act becomes habitual.

It is true that in Montessori schools inhibitions are seldom necessary. Children whose minds are neither thwarted nor externally stimulated seem to acquire good feeling and good manners spontaneously. But not even in Montessori schools can little children be excused from failings which they cannot know how to suppress, and Dr. Montessori perfectly recognises that it is then the duty of the adult to intervene.

WHERE DO THEY DINE?

By McL. YORKE.

Do women who work ever really dine? Whose problem is this? We of the well-fed world are careful to lunch each day as comfortably as the scuffle permits, in great new London, even in the face of uncertainty as to our co-workers. A thought of the underfed has crossed our minds on occasion, like a dusky cloud, but we have brushed the illusion hastily aside to get on with the business of eating—to pay the price and make way for the next relay, the rest of the fortunate.

Ignore it as we will, the food problem of the less fortunate is our problem; we will be compelled to face it when the children born of this struggle rub up against the children of the more fortunate in the democratic world of to-morrow. Their physical condition will have become our individual concern. "What manner of child is this who mingles with our own?" Even now we are enquiring into the health conditions of women who face us at close quarters in offices. Slim dinners do not make an A1 race of women.

To-day's business women, from messenger girls to trust-worthy assistants, are compelled to choose between clothes and food. A terrifying proportion manage to accomplish the clothes while the pinch of poverty makes itself felt at meal time. The pinch soon enough becomes a clutch, and once in its grip women show a remarkable ability to live along somehow without admitting that they suffer.

Unfortunately, business opportunity depends more than ever on appearances, and girls have discovered that to secure a post they must look the part even with semi-starvation before them. Without doubt they have over-estimated the importance of clothes—they have not arrived at the true valuation of "the fringes" which are but an unsubstantial adjunct and by no means "the solid garment of respectability." It is true this is the wrong time for the right argument on this point, when a prohibitive price is asked for the solid garment, so that the fringes are rather forced upon the girls who believe looks are an asset.

The flattened purse is, pre-eminently, the treasured possession of the unskilled toiler, but it is also to be found within the half-worn handbag of an unconfessed number, who, for various reasons, have not yet secured an actual living wage although they earn it. These have a snack while their employers lunch and dine.

Underpaid women are peculiar to no one country. They are scattered over the face of the earth. There is no land which can boast that it knows them not. In some countries they are restrained; in others their cry goes up boisterously, as from New York, where the underpaid American girl (notwithstanding a minimum wage) dubs the contents of her yellow envelope "the weekly insult."

Co-operative existence, as a solution, is not wholly in favour. The manageress type is not beloved—she requires humanising. The best hot dinners at communal centres do not appeal, as against freedom. And lodgings, such as the ill-paid city worker can afford, mean what lodgings have always meant (unless they are worse now because of over-crowding), the fireless, heatless, bathless, dingy hall-bedroom made famous by O. Henry.

Having paid for this and her modernized wardrobe, the office assistant reduces her larder to a supply sufficient only to keep body and soul together; this we admit is food, but scarcely dinner, which has been, from time immemorial, the one meal of the day more or less special according to circumstances.

The girl with only herself to look after may be found at noon in the cheaper restaurants, canteens and kitchens, where the average purchase has come to be a lesson in food values—a demonstration of how-to-get-something-for-nothing. I have tried these lunches and found them unsatisfactory in the sense of lasting nourishment; on occasion, yes; perpetually, no. The girl who has reduced this securing of the noon hour bite to a science is the one who can make her "insult" last the week out.

The young woman with responsibilities is even worse off. She breakfasts on tea—sipping while she dresses in the sinister dawn (dawn can be very sinister in cheap lodgings). At noon she sits beside a cold stone slab on which is tea and something. A minute after closing time she is lost in the city dusk. Has she taken home some "oddment"—so odd that nobody else on earth would want it—to warm up on her smoky burner at the top of the rickety stairs? Do these women ever really dine?

OVER THE BORDER.

By M. FRIDA HARTLEY.

I have entered the Common Lodging House which stands at the end of the foul archway. Up and down the street shadows go, weary, furtive always. A guttering lamp gives life to all. A decent woman has plucked me by the sleeve before I push open the door. "Keep aht of it," she whispers, in a tone of commonsense reproof. "That's crawssin' the border, that is!! Gawd, me gel, 'even't yer anywheres better ter go?" "Nowhere better," I reply, and with truth at the moment, for I have a mission in the dreary place. I open the door and I see that the room contains nothing but Humanity.

A blast of foul air has blinded me for the moment, and then I have to conceive of Humanity as I have not yet conceived of it. This is Humanity in the raw, drifting, blatantly physical, unclothed by one of those uplifting artificialities which make life real for us who are personalities—unspiritual as I think at first, having been nurtured in artificiality.

I have realised that the significance of the term "common" as applied to this kitchen and to the House that contains it is simple enough. They are open to all, to be shared by all, with no other respect of persons save that they be without standard and that they neither possess nor desire to possess. The "Deputy" with arms akimbo, stares at me with the hard eyes of experience, so that my heart beats, but my disguise is sure and she passes me as a fit inmate for her Underworld. For to-night, then, I am the possessor of all that she will allow me to possess, namely, Bed 142, in the second loft to the right of the greasy ladder called stairs, and my room-mates will be just those women whom I see now before me.

I sit down to look round. The drab room contains nothing for the consolation of Humanity but rows of deal benches with tables to match. On three rows of the benches old women sit like a benchful of crows seasons old. Upon their faded wisps of hair are balanced scraps of black cloth for bonnets, and upon their unwashed bodies are multitudinous rags. They talk to each other in low tones of insignificant things. They are friendly, but they are also furtive, and they call each other by no names. I had not realised that any living creature could be so wholly weary of something which they yet called Life!

Suddenly the air is torn and rent with sound. There are other inmates of the grim place. From the benches near to the frosted windows, a shrill voice comes crying out a grievance, but it calls as if in anger with all mankind rather than with an individual. The Crones, as one woman, turn their drooping feathers in the direction of the sound and I turn with them. Other voices have joined in the cry—feet shuffle to and fro upon the sanded floor as in a dance of defiance, arms are raised in threats! The sound rises to an incoherent gabble, the gabble to a strange medley of shouts and these to a clamour through which a single voice calls in a passion of unbridled authority, and with words which are not commonly used by those in command! "For the love of Gawd! Lidies! Lidies! For the love of Gawd! *Shet thet ruddy row.* Lidies! lidies! for Gawd's sike! *Keep the 'appy 'ome decent,* lidies dear, for the love of—*Shet it d'ye—'ear!*" Thus our hostess, and it is for the sake of her drab livelihood that she blasphemes, as well the brawlers know. The clamour dies to muttering and the muttering to a subdued murmur. Anger is short-lived in this house where individuality is not.

I have seen by now that all the inmates of the House called Common are not old. Some of them are younger or even young. A few are quiet and live in decent poverty. Others are even more aggressively physically Human than the Crones. Their physical presence forces itself upon the senses to the point of disgust. Yet some are beautiful, with a dead, spent beauty! They are not furtive, for they hurl observations to each other across the space between benches, each sentence

expressing life as they live it, gross, undisciplined. Their tones are hard and full of scorn, as though Life were a fool's game and unworthy of their discussion. Their tales are packed with ugliness, and under the rain of them I feel a new element of the Life I have thought good, blossom as a poisonous flower blossoms, unfolding its petals one by one until the room and all the street beyond is filled with its evil odour. Surely it will henceforth go into the great city and all the cities of my world for ever! Generations of beauty, generations of ugliness they hold in their pitiful hands, these drab tellers of evil, for whose bodies and for the possible abuse of them, the perfect Christ made haste to die! Yet not in vain, for even they are weary of their lives to spiritual breaking point. It is not the good alone who endure!

The Deputy turns her back in wrathful triumph and retires to her office to count the evening's gains. The room is quiet and has a certain kindliness. The Crones are brewing tea over the Common Fire. A sad-faced woman is binding up the injured finger of a woman of the streets. And then someone sings a vile song and the bad odour once more pervades the place.

It is later on in that foul-breathed evening that the events happen which stand as a measure of leaven for the night's evil and for all the evil of the world.

We have climbed the ladder, greasy and malodorous, to the loft which is to be our sleeping-place. I have stood for a moment on the lowest rung, and have watched the stream of unwashed bodies ascending without hope and without anticipation, and I have seen those bodies distributed restlessly upon the grey soiled objects we are to know as our beds, and there I have also seen that for which I came in quest. The late hour has brought in yet other inmates to the Underworld, Youth, all uncomprehending, almost eager, but half-tainted and physically clean. These are young girls of sixteen and seventeen, and one wonders which of the innumerable small mischances, which are to the slum-dweller as tragedies, has brought each one of them to the Borderland. They have, even now, failed to perceive in their minds' eyes that there has been written up above the door in letters of blood, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," and so, driven by that which was behind, they have stumbled across the threshold unawares. How should they read it, whose yet undeveloped minds have been disillusioned before they have understood the significance of disillusionment, whose young lives have been set and bound in ugliness before they have yet dreamed of beauty, who have drunk deeply of sorrow before they have tasted of joy?

But the Christ of Childhood and of Motherhood is waiting to come in with them, so that Youth, even in its own desecration, may make its unflinching appeal—yet in the depths, with Himself.

The sun has gone behind the great frosted pane of glass and has left the cheerless room to a June night; but it is cold. I have lain down on my narrow strip of mattress and the place is darkening. One by one foul bodies have been unwrapped mummywise from their rags and are gathered on to foul beds. I see around me huddled, ungainly forms in tortured attitudes, chilly, for ever enduring. I see also that some of the Crones, lying still and stark, with white faces staring up into the flickering gas-jet, have hung the scraps of bonnets upon their feet for warmth, for the tattered rag which does duty for a blanket will not reach to the length of their lean bodies. The effect is grotesque, dishonourable to old age, wholly pitiful. The younger women have cried out and tossed themselves to semi-consciousness, and even now they moan of life and death and the vanity of them. There is no rest at all in this house of sorrow! Some have food placed under the hard pillows, and eat spasmodically, gluttonously, like starved animals! I see

that one is raised upon her elbow and that she is devouring malodorous fish out of a paper parcel. Her shoulders are heaving and tears splash heavily down her chemise, her bare bosom, and upon the fish as she eats. I see also that her neck and arms are perfect in shape, and that her hair is a red glory! Last night, they tell me, her bed was empty ("Gay, she is," my next door neighbour confides cheerfully), and that she spent her night in a place even more sin-laden than this. Perhaps!—yet, by what distortion of circumstance, by what freak of birth is she not a Queen of Society, sweet of soul and body, cleanly loved? Is it for life's anomaly that she cries? And my old neighbour looks at her with a depth of compassion which I have hardly seen, save "Over the Border," and sighs heavily.

"'Ard lines, come ter think of it," she says. "'Ard lines! It's as natterful for them as 'as looks ter want love as for the sorrierful ter want death! Rich and pore, they're all alike in that!—Seen 'em, I 'ave, in their kerridges and motring cars! All clean, they are, and jewelled from 'ead ter foot, and never a sin for the getting of them! They 'aven't nothing ter cry over!" And she calls out suddenly, in a passion of comprehension: "Gawd'll forgive 'er," she says, pointing with a palsied finger at the sobbing woman. "Don't yer mike no mistlike, lovey, when ye stand by 'er in the diy of Judgment. Gawd'll forgive 'er! Them others are clean, an' don't want 'Is forgiveness, so there'll be plenty to spare." And she turns contentedly on her side. It is well that she turns, for disease has marred her face so that she has neither nose nor lips!

Later on Christ comes into the Underworld.

I had fallen into a doze, chilly and benumbed, but am awakened by a sound. I raise myself on my elbow and am struck with the curious peace which pervades the dismal place. Then my inner perceptions awake.

From the bed nearest the window, through which cold air comes, a woman has risen, evil-faced, a teller of foul tales. She had wept and raved with the cold last night, and had spread all her filthy clothing over her body for a taste of the warmth for which she craved. She creeps across the wooden floor and reaches to the bed where a young girl sleeps with arms outstretched on the pillow, and crying a little in her sleep. The woman takes the red flannel petticoat, foul and torn, which had covered her own gaunt limbs, and flings it over the cold feet. Then she unwinds the shawl from her shoulders and spreads it over the young body (Heaven forgive us who have clothes and virtue to spare!). I see the outline of her own thin frame as she stoops motherly—even she—to tuck it in. Then, leaving the child all unconscious, she creeps back to her own stripped bed to weep and to curse until the morning.

I look again, and I see that one of the Crones has risen and is also tottering across the floor, half-naked, hideous! In her hand she carries a piece of meat which she has not eaten the day before, yet seemingly not from lack of appetite, for she has eyed it ravenously all the evening, has held it in her hot hand and has even salted it with the angry tears of desire. She goes to the bed where a form lies, young and slight, under its thin rug, and, with a sudden furtive movement, she stuffs it under the knot of a pillow. "Eat it when yer wikes, lambie," she whispers, in a voice furious with the effort of sacrifice. "Eat it all up when yer wikes! Butcher's meat, lambie, every scrap of it fresh and all! I knows yer don't ever git yer vittals reglar and good," and with a pat, she creeps back, but I hear what she says: "Blarst the bl—dy butcher! Blarst 'im for a bit o' diatted cat's meat!—and she no Ma of 'er own!"

Near the door a girl moans restlessly of the "gay life" and of the vanity of it. A woman in the bed nearest to her leans over to comfort. She is but a Job's comforter, but she does her best. "Christ! wot's the good of it all?" moans the child. "Well, and wot's the good of anyfink, come ter fink of it, dearie." "I wasn't near so un'appy before I got gay! Mikes yer thet misrubble!" "Yus, but then we're all misrubble, ain't we?" "Want ter get clean," moans the girl. "Eh, ho, duckie, an' oo's clean, then?" "Wish I'd never taken the first step." "Nah, then, never you fret abaht thet! It would

'ave 'ad to 'ave come some time!" (Oh, terrible philosophy of the Underworld.) "Lor', mother, 'ow yer do tork," the girl finishes inconsequently; and with a giggle which is half a sob she turns her face to the wall. But the woman leaves her own bed to sit by her and I see that she has taken the matted head to her bosom and that she waits in the cold till the girl has sobbed herself to sleep.

Three hours crawl by.

A little wind stirs through the window, and the first streak of dawn has crept across the floor, where, surely, with the passing of the sinners, Christ has also passed—Christ, naked or in rags—Christ, hungry and cold—Christ, the ardent Lover of Humanity greater than his own sin. I rise softly and fumble with my clothes, for my limbs are stiff, and the morning sights are unbeautiful. I reach the door and there I pause to look once more at the tortured forms in the grey light, at the pitiful scraps of bonnets hung upon the cold dishonoured feet of the Crones, at my old marred friend, who has called me to witness to the infinite mercy of God. As I stand, I hear a cry from a far corner of the room and I see that the woman with the red glory of hair kneels beside the bed where a girl sleeps who is little more than a child, and that she has flung her shapely arms over the tousled head. I dare not stay, for at the sound the room is waking, but before I close the door the cry has risen to a shriek and the words, gabbled, incoherent, yet contain more significance than do most of the cries of those whose souls are confused with sin.

"Gawd 'a mercy! Gawd 'a mercy! She's got it! Took ter me, she did, 'evin' no one! An' me!! Couldn't bear ter see 'er so sweet workin' for the Jews, sweatin' and starvin', blarst 'em! Lent 'er all I 'ad of the best for love! Did 'er up a fair treat, I did! and got 'er gay—got 'er gay! Me, as might 'ave been 'er own ma! And nah—and nah—and nah!"

I closed the door.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By GERTRUDE VAUGHAN.

If all this noisy London town
Were broken up and crumbled flat—
As if a Titan, playing at bricks,
Should knock his pretty castles down
And fling them all into the Styx;
Or every house and tower and steeple
And all the busy London people
Went wandering along the ways
That lead to Aylesbury, and Staines,
Ongar, and Dunstable, and Hayes;
If all the little purring trains
Roosted in trees; and if green rushes
And kingfishers and meadowsweet
Came right up to the Abbey's feet;
And if, in summer evening hushes
Its bells should ring the folk to prayer
Across brave fields of wheat and bean
Whispering barley, purple clover,
Meads, with the shade of elm-trees over;
If happy canons, happy dean
And singing boys should gather there
The happy, happy London folk
(The ploughman, while his horses grazed,
The milkmaid, setting down her pail
Within the porch, by Humphrey's flail)
While all their happy voices praised
The Lord of earth and sky and sea—

If this should be, if this should be
This town might still be London town;
But if the Abbey tumbled down,
And broke to bits and crumbled flat,
Or if the Titan, playing at bricks,
Flung all its stones into the Styx,
Why then this town would cease to be
The Enchanted Town it is to me.

THE THREE GIANTS.

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

The first time that I became aware of their existence was on a misty evening upon the common. Rain fell in a soft drizzle; the road, churned into gritty mud and rutts by the constant passage of tractors, ran between the gaping gravel-pits that were like yellow wounds among the plantations of larch and the scrub of heather and bilberry. The common, which on a fine day possessed a certain wild beauty, was under such circumstances inexpressibly dreary. (There is a stringy poverty about all plants that elect to grow upon such a soil—the sparse fir, the starveling foxglove, the knotty heath, the lean broom, and irreconcilable gorse. . . .) "A forlorn and forbidding region," thought I, hurrying along and trying to shift the weight of my knapsack on my shoulders, "to which the rain adds the last touch of discomfort and inhospitality," and I sighed as I recalled the lowlands I had left behind, the fat valleys, and the sumptuous crops that rose golden and unstinted from the generosity of the loam.

Yet I could not deny to the heath a legendary character of which those smiling lowlands were innocent. Here upon the heights, amongst quarries and waste spaces, the superstitious mind turned readily to the fabulous Hinterland where fascinated mortality always tentatively adventures. Witches, dragons, and the great sea-serpent himself, given suitable surroundings, may become the monsters of reality rather than of the imagination, to be encountered round the next corner, and in this frame of mind was I, tired, hungry, ignorant of the miles which might stretch before me across the common, and apprehensive of the falling night. I was, in a word, thoroughly attuned to any monstrous presence lurking amongst the trees. And it was then, as I was becoming chilled by the harshness of my surroundings no less than by the damp which clung about my hair and steamed upon my clothes—it was then that I came upon the first trace of their passage. It was a sufficiently desolate spectacle. A derelict traction engine stood by the side of the road, perilously propped up by poles to save it from completely collapsing into the gravel-pit over which it hung. (So man had come, with an effort at salvage?) And upon the side of the engine, printed with extreme neatness in small block letters, was the legend:—

U W
F A W
B A W

This, then, was their handiwork? This their Cyclopean mischief? As they roamed over the heath no doubt they had come upon the tractor pursuing upon the road its inoffensive, even laudably industrious, way; and with the heave of one mighty shoulder had reduced it to the lamentable wreckage I now beheld. And the crew, what of them? Those grimy but hard-working men, fathers of families, spending their laborious week in anticipation of the clean and domesticated Sunday—what of them? Scrunched, no doubt. . . . I shivered. The very neatness of the lettering inspired in me a terror that no large scrawl could have conveyed. A scrawl—one expected that from giants. But these letters in their two-inch precision instructed me silently and irrefutably as to the horrid quality of the giants' sense of humour. It was terrible indeed to be so delicate of signature when so formidable of size.

As I tramped on, with the damp evening closing in upon me, my fancy set to work on the personality of the three giant brothers. I peered fearfully across the gravel-pits, and down every narrow path that led off at right angles into the heart of the common, and my heart leapt many a time as the trunk and limbs of a distant fir loomed up out of the shadows in the semblance of enormous humanity. I knew so well what they were like, the

three denizens of the moorland common! Gaunt, raw-boned, they must surely be—not ponderous and well-paunched like the classical ogre of fairy tales. Meagre in their disproportion, they made that classical ogre, batted upon succulent babies, seem almost benevolent, jovial. Uw, Faw, and Baw were grim, I knew, gnarled and scraggy, even like the vegetation with which they shared the heath. I pictured myself, wretched little five-foot that I was, snatched up suddenly in a pair of hands with fingers like the roots of trees, snatched up to dangle eighteen or twenty feet above the ground, curiously examined by three lantern-jawed faces, then neatly pulled to pieces, an arm to Faw, a leg to Baw, the trunk to Uw—or would two of them pull me, between finger and thumb, as one pulls the merry-thought of a chicken?

I tried then to collect my courage. I told myself that the incident of the tractor might have occurred days earlier, and that Uw, Faw, and Baw might by now be ranging far on the other side of the common. I forced myself to walk more slowly, and even to whistle a scrap of tune with a certain negligence. But for all that I was not reassured. I could not keep my glance from straying down each little path as I went by it, and in every creak of a tree I heard a footfall. I prayed for a distant light, I prayed for the sight of a man walking in unconcern along the dim road. But the only thing I came across, after a mile, or, perhaps, two, was a large truck half full of gravel, tipped upon one side for the obvious reason that one of the front wheels was broken off.

I stopped. I stared. I was torn between the temptation to examine the thing for the marks which I knew all too well I should find, and the temptation to take to my heels. Then I began to prowl round the truck, my eyes starting out of my head in the effort to see, and sure enough, there was that neat little lettering, painted on the side:

U W
F A W
B A W

That was six months ago. I don't like to recall the remainder of my walk, through the rain that drizzled and soaked its way to my very bones, while the night deepened into a uniformity of shadow, only a degree clearer where the road lay long and wet under the open sky. I write now in a resort on the Suffolk coast, where the sun shines unremitting and garish—the most sane, you would imagine, and the least haunted spot of East Anglia. But it would seem that even here I am not secure. To-day I was lounging by the bandstand, watching idly, without better occupation, watching the arrival of a big cross-country motor char-a-banc; I watched until all the passengers had drifted away, and only the driver and myself remained. Suddenly I felt as though my blood was drained from my arteries, and with a shaking finger extended I approached the driver, and whispered to him with all the sympathy of a fellow-sufferer, "I see you've met them too."

He gaped at me. I put my finger on the sinister inscription that had caught my eye on the shiny side of his motor, "Uw, Faw, Baw," I whispered, "I know all about them. You can trust me. What happened? It may do you good to tell."

"United weight.

"Front axle weight.

"Back axle weight. What yer gettin' at?" he asked in a puzzled, suspicious, and rather injured way.

It sounded plausible. . . .

All the same, I don't believe it.

REVIEWS.

The Captives. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, "The Captives," fills one with a melancholy admiration. So much labour, so much effort, such high ambitions, and, to be just, so much talent, ought to have made a masterpiece, and "The Captives" is not a masterpiece. Perhaps the reason is that Mr. Walpole overstrains his gifts; he insists, he over-elaborates, he heaps detail upon detail, observation upon observation, episode upon episode, while all the time the real essence of things escapes him. Now it is quite possible to write an excellent book without coming to grips with the essence of things, but then one must either be conscious of one's limitations or else altogether unconscious of all that lies beyond one's reach. But Mr. Walpole is terribly aware of the magic fruit which perpetually evades his grasp; he strives after it desperately and pathetically, and his very striving seems to drive the vision from him rather than to bring it nearer. His story, in truth, skims upon the surface of life and never gets below appearances for all his efforts; it is indeed the insistence of his endeavour which makes us the more cruelly aware of his failure. If he had merely told us his story of Maggie and left it at that, we should have found in it a great deal to admire; but when he quotes William James and tries to define the immaterial tragedy of life, where he makes his heroine say that she feels herself a "captive in a world that did not understand her, someone curious and odd and alien. . . . That also was true of Martin. It was true—strangely true—of so many of the people she had known—of the aunts, Uncle Mathew, Mr. Magnus, of Paul and of Grace, of Mr. Toms, and even perhaps of Thurston and Amy Warlock—all captives in a strange country, trying to find the escape, each in his or her own fashion, back to the land of their birth." . . . When he tells us this, we simply do not believe him. These characters of his are not exiles or captives, they are really not persons at all; we never feel them to be anything but the vaguely visualised impressions of an active, curious, interested mind, and for all his accumulation of details, for all his allusions to the world of the spirit, they have neither the substance of reality nor the power to evoke the hidden, mysterious forces of the immaterial.

But yet there is a great deal of Mr. Walpole's book which is striking. The first part, indeed, dwells upon insignificant things at far too great a length, but when Maggie gets to London and falls among a set of religious fanatics and frequents the Revivalist meetings in the chapel of the Kingscote Brethren, who believe that the second coming of the Lord is immediately at hand, Mr. Walpole's painting becomes vigorous and effective. It is a happy idea, too, to make as a contrasting picture a study of the Church of England's dead-alive atmosphere in which Maggie finds herself after her marriage with the Rev. Paul Trenchard. We cannot accept this marriage as in the least psychologically probable, but the gradual growth of the inevitable estrangement is well drawn, and the portrait of Maggie's sister-in-law, Grace, one of the best things in the book. There are scenes, too, which have in them a true dramatic touch. Maggie's finding of the dead body of her Uncle Mathew, who has hanged himself, is a fine termination to an excellently conceived episode. The talent which has created such scenes as this is unmistakable, and it is this which makes us regret that Mr. Walpole's book as a whole falls below the high pitch of achievement at which he so honourably aims.

Quiet Interior. By E. B. C. Jones. (R. Cobden Sanderson. 8s.)

"Quiet Interior" is the story of a girl's disappointment in love. The heroine, Claire (or Claddie) Norris, at twenty-one is half in love with Clement Parsons, a country neighbour, who, as the story opens, is staying at her parents' London house. The two are friends and comrades, but by the time Claire has become definitely aware of her own feelings she sees that Clement is attracted by the gayer charms of her younger sister, Pauline. Pauline is indifferent, being pre-occupied with other flirtations. A little later, when Clement is to have a few days' leave before going to the front, Claire sees, or thinks she sees, that he would love her if, for once, the time and the place and the

loved one were altogether. But the circumstances of their farewell arouse or emphasise in him a feeling which she recognises as not the kind of love she wants, and they part without any declaration. Chance, the schemes of a managing adopted sister, and Pauline's awakened interest in Clement when he comes back wounded, deprive Claire of any new opportunity of seeing whether "love awakens love," and we leave her contemplating without jealousy the happiness of Clement and Pauline.

"She remembered that she had risen above conflict and resentment and the tyranny of thwarted aims; and though simply to be herself seemed now a forlorn, small destiny, stripped of beauty and promise, she remembered that it had seemed then a splendid responsibility."

The story, as will be seen, is in its delicate outline exactly consonant with the suggestion of the title. It is told with restraint and with considerable beauty of description. Claire, "fastidious and delicately sombre in her dress," with her pale, clear-cut face, fated to be "precious, but not generally prized," and Clement, endowed with "perfectly unconscious picturesque calm," fit perfectly into its scheme, their etched outlines dignified and pathetic in the half-light of the picture. But when they speak and we perceive that they are extremely modern, they also become less intelligible and consistent. Claire announcing "I love a nice murder or a nice breach of promise," Claire telling a girl friend that she had felt excited but not angry when a recent acquaintance without preliminary love-making asked her to become his temporary mistress, do not belong to this *milieu* at all. Nor do Mr. and Mrs. Norris, with their gentle, cultured, middle-class habits and traditions, at all resemble the incredible (though perhaps not impossible) couple who later in the book calmly allow their young daughter to spend a *tête-à-tête* week-end in the country with a young officer on leave. If these are the manners and speech of 1915, or thereabouts, they are still not those of the Norris's world. Miss Jones is laudably unwilling to let Claire in the twentieth-century talk like the lily-maid of Astolat, but it is not Claddie's slang that is incongruous so much as the matter of her conversation. Henrietta, one can well believe, would have expressed herself with assumed coarseness even on the altar-steps, but the reflection she makes while waiting for the witness to her registry-office wedding is surely out of character. The novelist who sets out to reproduce the latest shades of speech in a coterie must meet the same difficulties as the story-teller who insists upon dialect; his personages may so disguise themselves in speech that the reader cannot recognise them. Some of the minor characters in the story, "Lucy" Lincoln, Leonard Benjamin, and Felix Gregoire, are well suggested. Hilary is made suitably exasperating, but the reader will feel that he lacks full enlightenment as to the Norris family till he knows what she was doing all that time in Greece and Russia. Pauline is to the life the pretty girl we like but do not love, and her creator shows judgment in devoting as much careful attention to her clothes as she did herself.

Savitri and Other Women. By Marjorie Strachey. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

"My soul be with the old philosopher." Miss Strachey has evidently agreed with Dr. Faustus, and how wisely. It is delightful to turn for the moment from all that is written and said about women on the stage, in fiction, in parliament, back to the meetings of older and simpler generations.

"Savitri and Other Women" consists of eleven stories about women taken from the folk lore of as many different countries, Russia, Bohemia, China, France, Ireland, and others. They differ as women of different centuries—different races must necessarily differ, yet there is between them all a curious likeness. Their composite portrait is singularly clear and beautiful.

They are all real women, not only by nature, but by experience. There are no virgins and few childless women among them. Their stories, their characters, their virtues are essentially feminine. It is not that they are not strong, brave and intelligent as men. They are—often more so. There is Savitri who bargains with Death for the life of her husband, Varsibira, who outwits all the wise men of Prince Vladimir's court and

overthrows the strongest wrestlers. The lady of Skadar who suckles her child while they brick her up in the city walls. But theirs is a different kind of strength, courage, and intelligence. It is roots lie deep in their affections, and it is used to protect rather than to conquer.

The most beautiful of all the stories and of the women is she who gives her name to the book—Savitri. Even Death cannot resist her. And when she pleads for the life of her husband, saying: "There are many duties in life. The search for wisdom, love of the family, penance, meditation. But it is not necessary for everyone to practise all the virtues. Gama (Death) I have led a life of love for Satyavan." He offers her boon after boon. But it will not do. Still she pleads, "O, mighty God, grant, grant, I beseech thee, the life of Satyavan! Without him I am as if I were dead! Without him I do not wish for life! Without him I do not wish for happiness! Without him I do not wish for heaven itself!" Death relents. "He untied the cord which he had tied round Satyavan's soul and vanished."

The forces of nature are in some way subservient to all these women. They belonged to an age when it seemed that the man or woman specially endowed with those gifts which influence men and women most, strength, beauty, wisdom, courage, must have some special control over the forces of nature too. Thus, in spite of their humanity and their suffering, there is something magical, superhuman about them. Libussa can see into the future and Etain ride upon the wind, a cloud from heaven fetches Kagona to the moon, and a chapel rises of itself on the spot where Iria was slain.

Miss Strachey's treatment of her material is singularly happy. As the little bibliography at the end of the book shows, she has gone far afield for it. The stories themselves have retained their individuality, and the marks of the race from which they come. Yet she has so far adapted and arranged them as to give a bright clearness and unity which, as the most cursory reader of folk lore knows, rarely belongs to the original. Neither can it be a lucky accident that not one of the stories overbalances the rest, but that the whole eleven seem to belong together, and form a singularly complete, well rounded whole. The style, too, contributes much to this effect. It is singularly simple, graceful, and dignified, free too from that touch of Wardour Street which generally haunts those who re-tell old stories.

The binding and printing, too, are exactly right—attractive and unpretentious. Altogether it is a delightful book, not only to read but to hold in the hand—to give away and to see on our own shelf.

Sister Mary, of St. Philip. By a Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans. Price 18s.)

Frances Mary Lescher, in religion Sister Mary, of St. Philip, seems really to have been, as described in the introduction written for her biography by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, "a valiant woman and a true religious." The Mother-General of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who selected her fresh from her novitiate as the head of the first Training College for Roman Catholic Women Teachers in this country, showed the administrative insight for which her Church is famed, and which was a shining quality of Sister Mary herself. The Archbishop goes so far as to say that "to her is due in large measure the present numerical strength of Catholics in England," and that "it may justly be claimed for her that in the greatest crisis through which the Catholic Church has passed since Catholic emancipation, she was the one person given to us by Divine Providence to enable the Church to exist and to flourish in this land." When one considers her share in solving the difficulties with which those who cared for the religious education of children were confronted in the second half of the nineteenth century, it appears that there is a good deal to be said for this claim. Before 1870, the great difficulty was that most poor children had no chance of education at all except what was given them by the voluntary efforts of religious people. Immense and devoted efforts were made by individual Roman Catholics (as by individual Anglicans), and in these efforts the work which Sister Mary, of St. Philip, began at Mount Pleasant in 1855, was a most powerful help. After 1870 the position was different; every child had a chance of secular instruction, and the schools founded by those who taught there could be no real education without religion were in danger of being swallowed up. The crisis is described with a certain simplicity by the Archbishop. "As soon as the School Boards, with the unlimited purse of the ratepayers at their disposal, began to cover the land with palatial schools, a situation arose which created a

most serious crisis for the Catholic Church in England, the large majority of whose subjects were the poorest of the poor—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. The alternative with which the Church was now confronted was either to attempt the seemingly impossible task of educating hundreds of thousands of Catholic children in Catholic schools, or to see them drifting into the Board Schools with what was rightly considered their Godless system of education. The choice was soon made." It was: if it needed the stimulus of Godless though palatial Board Schools to arouse the Catholics to the duty of providing education for poor as well as for rich children, at least they responded magnificently when it came. That they were able to accomplish the impossible was very largely due to the work of Sister Mary, of St. Philip, at Mount Pleasant. It probably did make all the difference that at the critical moment the training college had been fifteen years in existence, and that Sister Mary was able not only to provide a supply of thoroughly trained teachers, but to take a leading part in the extension of the work she had begun. She "pressed forward, not content with mediocrity, and whilst aiming always at being abreast of the age in educational matters, at times she led it. From the first she was in close touch with the representatives of the Board of Education, assimilating their ideas and adapting her methods to their progressive ideals, so that inspectors of the College, from being directors and critics of the education given within its walls, did not disdain to be her enthusiastic admirers and pupils. In this way it came about that the Pupil Teachers' Centre system, initiated at Mount Pleasant, was subsequently adopted by the Board of Education and widely followed; and these relations of sympathy and co-operation with inspectors begun in the early days, have, happily, continued unbroken to the present time.

This book should serve to impress on religious bodies interested in education the necessity of providing not only schools but training colleges for teachers. As Sister Mary died in 1904, it seems a pity that it was not published sooner. Now that it has come it is rather too much of an official biography, that is to say, it is full of detail but not really intimate. It makes us realise that Sister Mary was a remarkable woman, but does not quite succeed in making her live. It will therefore be interesting chiefly to those who care about religious education and to members of her own Church. If it had been a little less lengthy and a little more indiscreet, it would have made more appeal to the general reader.

I. B. O'M.

Pioneers of Progress: Doctor Elsie Inglis. By Eva Shaw McLaren. (The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Price 3s. 6d.)

Dr. Elsie Inglis. By Lady Frances Balfour. (British Periodicals Ltd. Price 2s. 6d.)

It seems but a short time since Doctor Elsie Inglis was amongst us, but she is already a tradition. She has become part of the history of at least two nations—if we separate England and Scotland in our thoughts, we must say three. She is a heroic figure in Serbia's struggle for freedom, and she is a kind of type of the British women, trained in the Suffrage movement, who were ready to take their part in the greater issues of the war.

The time for a definite biography of her has hardly come yet, in spite of her almost legendary glory she is still too near us, our struggles are too much the same; nothing is yet in perspective. The lives of her, as of other lately-dead heroes, are rather in the nature of collections of material for future studies. Those who worked with her at different stages of her career are naturally anxious to know more details of her family and private life, while her relations rejoice in gathering the impressions of fellow-workers in the causes for which she lived and died. The first little volume before us contains matter interesting to both groups, and its size and price will make it readily accessible to many who belong to neither, and who as yet know little of her but her name.

Her life does undoubtedly belong to the sphere of "Christian knowledge," for the guiding motive of it was a religious one. Her public spirit, her patriotism, her enthusiasm for freedom were indissolubly connected with her Christianity. Like Joan of Arc, she was inspired by "a great pity"—that burning, active sympathy for the miseries of living creatures which is the core of Christ's religion, and which, as effectually as any strong personal ambition, leads men and women to "shun delights and live laborious days."

The Young Citizen Series, to which Lady Frances Balfour's book belongs, is designed to impress the beauty of citizenship on children, and Dr. Inglis was certainly a shining example.

RECENT VERSE.

Mr. Edmund Blunden's volume, *The Waggoner and Other Poems* (Sidgwick & Jackson. Price 5s. 6d.), starts off badly with a long poem, "The Silver Bird of Herndyke Mill," which is rather dull and thin, and not, therefore, at all characteristic of his talent, in spite of a few well-observed touches.

It would be a tragedy if any lover of poetry were discouraged by this beginning; for Mr. Blunden has written poems so interesting, so beautiful, so individual, and yet of so universal an application that it is only the critic's natural caution which keeps us from labelling him as "a writer whose poems will live, a young man of great promises, with something of Clare, Keats, and Wordsworth in him." He has his affectations:

"Wincing to slow and wistful airs
The leaves on the shrubbed oaks know their hour. . . ."
"There the live dimness burrs with droning glees. . . ."
"And starchy ploughlands hid in grief. . . ."

which passages, even in their context, are forced and rather meaningless; but the best of his poems—"Almswomen," "Leisure," "The Veteran"—are so unforced, are of an artistry so fine that they speak from the page as naturally as odours steal from flowers. It was "Leisure" that prompted the reference to Keats, for, without being in the least derivative, it does remind us, in its beauty, mellow, but not blurred, rich, but not over-loaded, in the exquisite simplicity of its detail:—

"The feather's fall, the doomed red leaf decaying,
And all the tiny circumstance of peace"

in its cumulative effect of "The Ode to Autumn"; but it contributes something definitely new and precious to English poetry.

Mr. Blunden is a country poet, as exclusively, though in such a different way, as Edward Thomas. He belongs, also like Thomas, to the South Country; and every single one of his experiences is first hand; there is not, even in poems marred with such conceits as we have quoted, the least taint of "literariness." He writes of these things, not because he has decided that they are poetical, but because they have moved him deeply and strongly; because this emotion is genuine, and because he is, besides, an artist, he moves us deeply in our turn. Nor is he without humour, as "A Waterpiece" (Mr. Blunden is exceedingly interested in fish) and the beginning of "Sick Bed" show; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that he has a sense of proportion. He certainly is never sentimental, even on the subject of old age. From "Almswomen" it is not easy to quote; indeed, all these poems must be read in full, which is another way of saying that Mr. Blunden is too sincere an artist to deal in purple patches. As a sample to tempt the reader, we print the final stanza of "The Veteran":

"And then the dusk, and sleep, and while he sleeps,
Apple-scent floods and honey's fragrance there,
And old-time wines, whose secret he still keeps,
Are beautiful upon the marvelling air.
And if sleep seems unsound,
And set old bugles pealing through the dark,
Waked on the instant, he but wakes to hark
His bellman cockerel crying the first round."

To turn from "The Waggoner" to *Acte: a Love Sequence*, by May Earle (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net), is like turning from a farm-house garden to Burlington Arcade. This "love-sequence" is divided into three parts; the explanatory paragraph to Part I. ends thus:—

"Nero weds Poppœa and continues in Rome with her. He is greatly absorbed in Art, being variously gifted, especially as regards the lyre. He had true genius and passion, also a good voice."

This reads like an advertisement in a Personal Column of someone wanting a post. And alas, Miss Earle's verse is no better, though more fluent, than her prose. She is a disciple of Swinburne:—

"See her radiate with rapture and quiver!
In the lightnings of love from his eyes,
That consume me; I perish and shiver
As their white fires of death round me rise.
By his kiss on her lips I awaken,
His kiss mine, not yet cold on my mouth,
For all snows of all winters forsaken
Could not quench it, nor slake its fierce drouth."

Acte, the deserted mistress, speaks; indeed, she speaks, or rather writhes and rants, all through the sequence, except in pp. 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, which we gather are Nero's own contribution. The only thing which in the least rouses an interest in Acte is her taste for Latin tags, with which she stiffens her sensuous English:—

"Now o'er the marsh mist the sun, meseems,
An ignis fatuus gleams."

To-Day and Yesterday: Sonnets and Verses, by William Dudley Foulke, LL.D. (Humphrey Milford, 6s. net), is divided into sections headed "Life and Love," "The Common Weal," "Old Art and New," "Indiana and Elsewhere," "Prose in Pentameters," and "War Poems." Of these the first section is the most passable, consisting of very competent, cultured, pleasant, and quite uninspired sonnets on such subjects as "Old Age," "Life's Evening," "Sky and Ocean." In the rest the verses are sing-song and platitudinous. The parody of Imagist poetry on page 70 fails in its object by ascribing sentiments which no sane writer of free-verse would entertain. We have never heard a modern poet decry Milton and Wordsworth; *vers-ibristes'* attack is against the habit of writing in forms which they (we think mistakenly) regard as outworn; their quarrel is not with great poets dead, but with living writers who use hallowed forms for the clothing of their thoughts, thereby robbing them of any freshness they might have possessed. The author of "To-Day and Yesterday" is himself a good example of how tempting it is to be pedestrian in rhyme and metre, once the faculty for versifying is acquired, and where originality and inspiration are lacking.

E. B. C. J.

The Golden Archer: A Book of Sonnets. By A. B. London. (Erskine Macdonald.)

The elements of true poetry are in this book. It has feeling, colour, atmosphere, and its music, in keeping with its themes, is always stately; and however varied its moods, its thought is that of the higher plane. From the first sonnet to the last we are impressed with the author's conviction of the immortality of Love, and the eternalness of Life. Beside these two mighty powers Time and Death are conventions of the brain. To quote from the initial sonnet:—

"The brother powers with Love are Time and Death,
But Love is stronger than these latter twain;
Love holds the key of human joy, or woe,
And if he be thy friend—and not thy foe,
Time's certain malice shall be spent in vain,
And Death's dark threat may prove a shibboleth."

This announces the supremacy of Love, and the majority of the poems have something of this note. But with it Life's Eternity is always entwined, as in "Beauty's Mask":—

"Thou art the will of God that has no date,
Living eternal as the royal rose."

Two beautiful lines. In some, as in "Caprice," we realise the impress of the classic mould. "To-morrow" holds this consoling thought:—

"And know that this lone spirit waits for thee
On the flower-strewn isle of some enchanted sea."

This book throughout breathes an intense love of Nature, and it opens, as in "A Sussex Cottage," many a lovely scene to the reader's eyes. It concludes with the only poem that is not a sonnet, but a song—a song so full of the impulse of happiness in flower and leaf, and wind and sun, that we, too, want to be up and away upon this delightful quest. If poetry opens up a world of bounteous things in which the spirit may roam untrammelled by doubt or fear, it testifies to the source of its inspiration.

The book itself, including the dainty frontispiece, is well in keeping with its contents.

FRANCES TYRRELL.

DRAMA.

"Fedora" at the Globe Theatre.

Fedora is a sensational play *par excellence*, and Fedora, the woman, is the ideal heroine of such a play. In the space of two and a half hours she runs through the whole gamut of human emotions. She is an instrument over which the gusts of passion sweep in turn, varied as a rainbow, wild as the wind in a storm.

She enters in a state of vague apprehension. Her fiancé, Prince Vladimir, has failed to keep an appointment to take her to the opera, and she is filled with a half-formed fear that something terrible has happened to him. As she paces his sumptuous study, herself dazzling in silk and furs, Prince Vladimir is carried into his bedroom, dying. He has been trapped to a distant suburb and shot by an unknown assassin. Fedora's vague apprehension turns to wildest grief. The Prince is taken to an inner room and she is left battering against the closed door in all the agonies of despair. The Prince dies—her grief reaches a climax and turns to a thirst for revenge. She questions the servants and the police, who are as wax in her hands. At length she arrives at the conclusion that the murder was committed by Count Loris, a young nobleman who lived in the house opposite the Prince. The police are slow and unsatisfactory, and she determines to bring him to justice herself. As the curtain falls she meditates revenge.

In the next act her revenge is in full swing. Count Loris has fled to Paris and moves in fashionable circles—an interesting exile. Fedora has pursued him. She moves in the same circles and cultivates his acquaintance with the purpose of discovering and betraying the exact details of his crime. But soon a new passion begins to mingle with the desire for revenge. Loris, of course, falls in love with Fedora, and she is not indifferent. Love begins to struggle in her breast with the thirst for vengeance. She hopes against hope that Loris is innocent, but in the throes of his love-making she wrings from him the fact that he is not. In a moment her love turns to bitterest hatred, but she conceals it. Loris is to come to her room at midnight and tell her the whole story. Fedora places spies and the police at the end of the garden to catch him on his way home. She herself waits exquisitely dressed as if to receive her lover. Loris tells his story, which is entirely different from what might have been expected. He is no anarchist at all, but had killed Prince Vladimir from the highest and most correct motives. The Prince had seduced Loris' wife and had cut his appointment with Fedora on that last night. Loris having heard of it, naturally went to the meeting place and shot the Prince. Fedora's emotions during this recital reach their highest point. Hatred for Loris suddenly turns to rage and jealousy against the dead Prince. These feelings suddenly melt into a passionate love for Loris. Her only difficulty is to prevent him from going home and so falling into the hands of the police whom she has stationed at the end of the garden. She implores him to stay, but his care for her good name makes him refuse. A terrible tussle follows. Fedora panting, clinging—Loris struggling to free his hands. It is only when Fedora flings herself into his arms that he consents to remain, and the curtain falls on their embrace.

It does not rise until after the honeymoon. Sardou has got his lovers into rather a difficult position, and does not worry us with unnecessary details as to how he gets them out. Anyhow, it was managed somehow and they have just had a charming holiday together. Loris has been pardoned by the Russian Government and the pair are just about to return to Russia to settle down in peace. For once Fedora is in a placid and cheerful frame of mind. It does not last however. In a few moments the last and most terrible storm arises, and finally carries off Fedora. She has endured the agonies of grief, hatred, revenge, jealousy, love. She has yet to suffer the horrors of fear and remorse.

Just before her midnight meeting with Loris, when she was assured of his guilt but did not know the explanation, Fedora had written a full account to the Russian Government. She had

forgotten about the letter in her excitement, but on her return to Paris she learns that as a result of it Loris' only brother has been thrown into prison as his accomplice and accidentally been drowned in his cell. The shock of the news has killed their adored mother. Moreover, a friend of Loris is coming to Paris bringing the letter which has betrayed him. So Fedora's guilt will be found out. Fedora is beside herself with fear and remorse when Loris enters. At first he does not notice, then is merely puzzled by her agitation, but at last he wrings the whole story from her. He seizes her by the throat and would have strangled her. But Fedora wrenches herself free and swallows poison out of a little phial she wears round her neck. After a few moments agony she falls dead at his feet.

Such a woman is Fedora. A wild woman for all her rank and wealth—a very tigress in her passions and emotions. And Marie Löhr? She has, of course, considerable gifts as an actress—a rich, pleasant, very powerful voice, enough vitality and personality to keep our attention, very beautiful eyes, and technical training and ability. Fedora demands other qualities than these, and Miss Löhr is hardly able to meet these demands. Her physique does not help. Her well-favoured placid fairness does not lend itself to the conception of a tigress. She might at a stretch be a cat, but hardly more. One feels constantly that Fedora must be playing a part. It is difficult to believe that that pleasant-looking woman sitting at her well-appointed writing-table can really be writing a letter intended to spread death and disaster in its wake. It is difficult to believe that a phial of deadly poison lies habitually between those breasts. It is not only her physique which is wrong. Fedora's character is one which it must surely be almost impossible for Miss Löhr to conceive or express. She displays, of course, strong emotion almost throughout the play, but it is not the right kind of emotion. Her grief does not melt us, her fear does not frighten us, her love and desire do not trouble us, her remorse and death leave us cold. But they leave Miss Löhr very much out of breath. As she stood before the curtain to receive the applause, which was really very great, she was obviously exhausted by an evening's extremely hard work. But there was not enough variety in her emotions really to move us. Her fear and grief were expressed by palpitations which lasted through whole acts with a monotonous intensity rarely seen except at a cinema. The other strong emotions were expressed by a very loud voice, and in the last act by a painful hoarseness. Emotion as high-pitched and long sustained as that of Fedora must be varied with almost super-human skill if it is to continue to hold us.

Variety—there are few greater gifts for an actress. It has been denied to Marie Löhr, but more than a double portion has been given to her colleague in this play—Ellis Jeffreys. "Age cannot wither nor can custom stale her infinite variety." Cannot, of course, is in the future tense, age has not yet lifted its hand against her. It is almost presumptuous to praise this peerless comedy actress. Her part in Fedora is like all her parts, much too small. There was little variety in it as written. She was a fashionable lady of Paris who had been engaged ten times, and was on the verge of being engaged for the eleventh. But in the hands of Miss Jeffreys this woman, though always herself, always exactly what a fashionable flirtatious lady should be, is never the same for two minutes. Her bewitching sidelong glances, her tantrums, her sudden laughter, her fads, her tears, keep the delighted attention entranced and amused. One has seen them all before, yet they are never quite the same. I remember once, in another play, the pretty young heroine was in hysterics, the hero hovering round her, a great deal of action was going on on the stage, and Ellis Jeffreys sat in a corner perfectly still save for one tiny beaded toe which tapped irritably up and down between her skirt and the floor. The hero and heroine might do what they liked. The audience had eyes for nothing but that wicked little toe. D. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHOULD THE COLLEGE GIRL TRAIN AS A NURSE?

MADAM,—Can you spare space for me to correct a quite erroneous impression in the mind of your correspondent, "Anglo-Roumanian Nurse"? She asks why "so many V.A.D.s." do not take up the nursing profession, and proceeds: "Is it that they have the same opinion as your last week's correspondent: that the present generation of nurses belong to the servant class?" If she will refer to my article she will see that I never said anything of the kind. I can only imagine that she has totally misread and thoroughly misunderstood my remark about the class of woman who entered the profession because, apart from domestic service, nursing was practically the only occupation in which a woman had not to pay for her training. I did not imagine that it was necessary to dot the i's and cross the t's by saying that people who learnt a job *merely* because they got free training were not the best material to work upon, but it seems extraordinarily difficult to avoid being misunderstood by someone, however carefully one writes!

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

A DAY CONTINUATION SCHOOL AT WORK.

MADAM,—Your review of "A Day Continuation School at Work" contains one or two statements which compel me to take up the cudgels on behalf of the oft-maligned elementary school.

As one who has worked in various types of schools, including elementary, I may possibly know more of the state of things obtaining there than does the reviewer, and am fully alive to the defects of the primary system as it has existed and does exist. At the same time I am also aware that to condemn the schools and the teachers for matters beyond their control is to add insult to injury.

The source of the trouble is the fact that, in the elementary school, it is still permissible and still largely customary for huge numbers of children to be herded together under one teacher. How far is it possible to prevent "mental inertia," or to encourage "the spirit of experiment" of which your reviewer speaks, when a teacher is responsible for all the work of sixty children, and as many as 120 children may have to spend their school hours in one room? Those who have practical experience are quite aware that *real* education is impossible under such conditions, and that the only possible way of teaching children in battalions is one which deadens initiative and discourages individuality; but unfortunately the people with the practical experience are not the ones with power to alter things.

It is short-sighted policy to try to build up any system of education on an unsound foundation. Had the 1918 Act insisted on an immediate and drastic reduction in the size of classes in the elementary schools, and thus brought within the reach of the poor man's child, opportunities more closely approximating to those enjoyed by his less penurious neighbour, far more would have been done towards educating the masses than ever will be achieved by the proposed addition to the present system. As things are the Day Continuation School teacher will share with his unfortunate colleague of the Elementary School, a task which is truly herculean.

D. A. FINCH, B.Sc. (London).

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD.

MADAM,—Our "Alliance Feministe Française pour l'Union Sacrée des Mères" wishes to bring before you a suggestion for the urgent necessity of an International Insurance Fund for Maternity.

For forty years we have been occupied in France and elsewhere on this question of maternal assistance with the object of protecting new-born children whose death-rate is high in all countries. In France the laws for the help of confined women are recent (1913) and small monetary aid is given; in some countries this help does not exist, though in others it is well organised.

What is necessary to raise and equalise the population is an international organisation attached to the League of Nations which will oblige the Governments of all countries to protect maternity. It is not "State Insurance of the family" which will help mother and child, but a fund for maternity administered by mothers and under the control of the League of Nations. The following principles must be accepted by the League of Nations:—

"Maternity is an essential function for the preserving of the race: so that a woman by giving birth to a new citizen should be considered as one of the first officers of the State and should be recompensed accordingly for the first two years after the birth of her child, to whom she must devote herself."

It is to reach this end, to arrive at justice, that we would suggest and ask for the creation of a fund, national and international, for the protection of motherhood.

By the co-ordination of the maternal interests of all civilized women one will arrive easily "à l'Internationale des Mères," the only international way to prevent future wars and hinder humanity from falling periodically into a state of barbarism.

Unfortunately, French women being still deprived of the "Rights of Suffrage," have no authority before the Government, and it is for this reason that we place our ideals before our enfranchised sisters who have the right to speak clearly and firmly for the good of the world. The day that this Insurance Fund is law, children, innocent of man's quarrels, could be helped in times of epidemic, catastrophes, and famine, &c., and in normal times all women could undertake maternity with confidence.

We beg of you, our friends, and other allies to raise the question; we are convinced that the same love of humanity guides us all.

We present to you, dear noble English sisters, our most cordial congratulations for the magnificent energy which enables you to overcome all obstacles.

MME. LEGRELE DE FERRAR.

THE CHILDREN OF GERMANY.

MADAM,—Many of your readers were amazed at the article in a recent issue, appealing for money for German children—greatly to be pitied for their physical hardships, still more for the moral atmosphere of narrow outlook and much erroneous teaching, in which they are being reared. But it is clearly no more our duty to remedy the former than the latter—the German nation has incurred a very heavy debt to its own children, to be paid in justice by itself and no other nation. English people of all classes are suffering in many ways, materially and spiritually, from the war so wickedly forced upon them; many of our children cannot have the education their fathers, now dead or disabled, intended to provide for them; our Children's Hospitals are in dire need, and it is much feared that the Evelina Hospital for Children, in Southwark, may have to be closed for sheer want of money. Those parents who can pay for their children do so, but it is a very poor district and their payments now average £4 10s. a week, expenses being about £200. Sixty-four in-patients can be taken and out-patients are numbered by the hundred, about 2,000 being treated in the course of the year. There is a debt of eight thousand pounds to be met somehow. Shall our money help our suffering little London children, or shall it go to—*Germany*?

Miss Scott, 8, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, whose father, Mr. Donald Malcolm Scott, is Chairman of the Hospital Committee, is making heroic efforts to enlist sympathy, and will gladly receive help and answer enquiries and take anyone to see the Hospital. The sight of the children is more eloquent to plead for them than any words can be.

Miss Scott would welcome small, reliable subscriptions.

A CHILD-LOVING LONDONER.

MADAM,—I have lately returned from a visit to Germany in which I had the opportunity of visiting persons of various classes and shades of political opinion. I was deeply impressed by the terribly low state of vitality of the mass of the people and by the general feeling of utter pessimism and hopelessness. The people are cast down mentally, physically, and spiritually, the country is on the verge of social and political disintegration, and unless some remedy is speedily found, it is difficult to predict what the consequences will be, not for Germany alone, but for the whole of European civilisation. The causes of this condition lie chiefly, of course, in the war, but also in the peace that has followed it, the terms of which must unquestionably be revised if any permanent improvement is to take place.

But there can be no valid revision until the spirit of distrust and hate, which dies so hard, is eliminated from-between the peoples. The traveller in Germany is struck by the general absence of ill will towards the English: but are we on our side making any real response to this growing feeling of friendliness? The stricken world can only begin to recover when mankind has realised that the Gospel of Love, not of hate must save, and that this power alone can construct, where the power of evil has destroyed. That we still are far from any such realisation is only too clearly demonstrated by the present awful sufferings of Central Europe, including Germany.

Much generous work has already been done through the organisation of "Save the Children" Fund, and through the Society of Friends, and the Famine Area Children's Hospitality Committee.

These movements contain the essence of this Gospel of Love; in bringing over some of these helpless sufferers from a perishing Europe, we are making a distinct step towards reconciliation. And, if we cannot yet open our arms to the German child, as we have done to the Austrian, yet there are other ways of showing our sympathy.

Immediate practical assistance is vitally necessary, and this should take the form first and foremost, of the supply of food and clothing. Of these two requirements, food is naturally the most urgent, but it has also been more abundantly dealt with; and it is therefore for clothing that I am appealing in this letter. It is a pressing and serious need, the neglect of which must have far-reaching consequences. This winter, tens of thousands of children in Germany will suffer from the almost entire absence of underclothing. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the evils which such a lack entails, the cold and discomfort, the dirt and disease. Dirt and vermin, as is well known, are the carriers of disease, which the children in their enfeebled and semi-starved condition will have little power to resist. Should an epidemic break out, children and adults would fall a ready prey to its ravages, nor would the consequences of such an epidemic be confined within the borders of Germany. In Heidelberg I heard the testimony on this point of Dr. Rohrhorst, Director of Schools in that district, who laid great stress upon the aggravation of child suffering which could be traced to this lack of underclothing. No one could have listened unmoved to the account he gave of the pitiful state of the children of Germany.

It will thus be readily seen how pressing is the need for gifts of underclothing, or of any kind of material for that purpose, and how warmly they will be accepted. Any donation, therefore, however small, either in the form of money or material will be of value.

The necessity of helping the children has never been so great as now. No giver who has once realised the misery of their condition, can ever feel that he has given in vain.

H. C. SHAWCROSS.

Donations ear-marked for the above purpose can be sent to me at 23, Basherville Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W. 18.

REPORTS.

WOMEN TEACHERS' DEMONSTRATION.

The procession and demonstration to Trafalgar Square on Saturday, November 6th, organised by the National Union of Women Teachers, as a protest against the Burnham report, demanding in its place equal pay for equal work, was an unprecedented success. Here was proof undeniable of the solidarity of women teachers throughout the country; they are united in their prolonged struggle for equality. The procession—with its innumerable banners and bands caused much sensation along the line of route: Whitehall, Pall Mall, Piccadilly Circus, Shaftesbury Avenue, Trafalgar Square. Units of women teachers, representative of every London district and the provinces were supported by many other women's organisations, including the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, the Women's Freedom League, the London Society for Women's Service, the National Union of Clerks, the Women's Political and Industrial League, and the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries. On arriving at Trafalgar Square, where enormous crowds had already gathered, banner bearers approached and arranged themselves round the base of the Nelson Column from where the speakers addressed the crowd.

Miss Hewitt, President, National Union of Women Teachers, moved the following resolutions which were unanimously carried:—

(1.) That this meeting of women teachers and other women's organisations protests against the findings of the Burnham Committee as being derogatory to the economic status not only of women teachers but also of all women workers. Further, this meeting reaffirms its belief that the only possible solution of the salary question lies in the application of equal pay for equal work.

(2.) That the Prime Minister be asked to receive a deputation of organised women workers with regard to the fulfilment of his election pledges concerning equal opportunities and equal pay for men and women workers, and to state the immediate policy of the Government in these respects.

Miss Hewitt said the N.U.W.T. were bound to repudiate the findings of the Burnham Committee because the latter considered that a woman was worth only four-fifths of what a man was worth. Although the Burnham scales are supposed to represent an agreed solution between education authorities and teachers, they do not do so. The Burnham Committee consists of forty-five people, of whom five only are women; London teachers being represented thereon by three men. If the Burnham scales are adopted, payment according to sex will be standardised for five years. Opponents of equal pay, Miss Hewitt continued, maintain that they require more pay for men in order to support their families. The insincerity of this claim is seen by the fact that the scheme drawn up by education authorities providing equal payment for men and women, with an additional grant from the State for each child was disapproved of by the Schoolmasters' Association. This clearly shows that opponents of equal pay require higher pay for men because they are men, and not because they may have families to support. Dr. Helen Hanson, medical officer of health, spoke of the conscientious work that was done in the schools by the women teachers, who take such a keen interest in the health of each individual child. Miss Smyth of the Federation of Women Civil Servants spoke of the added responsibilities of the woman worker, who in many cases has to support a widowed mother, or contribute largely to the expenses of her home. Miss Somers, of the National Union of Clerks, made it very clear that as long as there was a double standard of pay for equal work men were bound to suffer as much from the state of affairs as women because the employer will always buy his labour in the cheapest market. The demonstration, which was so admirably organised, must have succeeded in convincing the London public that women workers are determined to get the double standard abolished, and that, not in women's interests alone but in the interests of the whole nation.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN EXHIBITION.

The 10th Annual Englishwoman Exhibition was opened at the Central Hall, on Wednesday, November 10th, by the Viscountess Astor, M.P., who was introduced by the Countess of Lytton and enthusiastically welcomed. The exhibits this year will be found to reach a high standard of execution and will make their appeal to all who like good workmanship. All the crafts are in fact represented, and many well-known names figure in the catalogue. Mrs. Bonner is showing work executed after her late husband's designs. Mrs. Mairet displays her charming woven materials. Mrs. Napier comes from Cornwall with her beautiful jewellery and enamels, not often to be seen in London, and among the woodcuts and colour-prints Mr. Hall Thorpe's fine designs will be found; other exhibits of jewellery, bookbinding, pottery, toys, stained-glass, wood-carving and many other things form part of this extremely interesting Exhibition.

Those who like to shop in comfort and at leisure will do well to consider the Exhibition as a happy hunting ground for Christmas presents. Gifts large or small, cheap or costly but always original, may be seen there in abundance. One may buy that which cannot be bought in ordinary shops, and selection is made easy by the simple scheme of arrangement.

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Every Woman Worker who is anxious to improve her position in life in every way should write at once for a copy (FREE) of a remarkable little book—"THE ART OF SELF-EXPRESSION." YOU cannot afford to be without the knowledge this little book instils, so send your postcard now to

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IRELAND. Lantern-pictures shown, and first-hand experiences related by women who have been there.
KINGSWAY HALL, Monday, November 15th, 8 p.m. Admission free. Reserved Seats 2s. 6d., 1s., from the Secretary, Women's International League, 14, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SERVICE
ANNUAL MEETING.
November 22nd, 1920.CAXTON HALL, 3.30 p.m.
Business: THE FUTURE OF THE SOCIETY.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.
No nominations or resolutions having been received, the Executive Committee will propose a scheme for future organisation and work. This will be posted before the Meeting to every Member of the Society.

YOUR ATTENDANCE IS URGENTLY REQUIRED.

NATIONAL UNION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP

President: MISS ELEANOR F. RATHBONE.

Hon. Secretaries: Miss Macadam. Miss Rosamond Smith. Parliamentary and Information Bureau Secretary:
Hon. Treasurer: Miss H. C. Denecke. General Secretary: Miss Stack. Mrs. Hubback.

Offices: Evelyn House, 62, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.
Telegraphic Address: Voiceless, Westcent, London. Telephone: Museum 6910.

OBJECTS.

The object of the N.U.S.E.C. is to work for such reforms as are necessary to secure a real equality of liberties, status, and opportunities between men and women.

Any Society may be accepted by the N.U.S.E.C. that is willing to include the object of the Union within its objects, and to pay an affiliation fee, varying from five shillings to two guineas, according to membership.

The privileges of affiliated Societies include:—

1. That of helping to decide the policy of the Union, which is also that of THE WOMAN'S LEADER, at the Annual Council meeting.

2. Free use of the Information Bureau; use of the Library at reduced charges; admission of members of affiliated Societies to the Summer School at reduced charges.

3. The receipt of our monthly circular letter, including Parliamentary suggestions for the month.

Privileges 2 and 3 are extended also to individual subscribers of one guinea or more per annum to Headquarters.

AUTUMN LECTURES: ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN IN THE HOME AND IN THE LABOUR MARKET.

Fourth Lecture: Tuesday, November 16th, at 5.30 p.m., at the Women's Institute, 92, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.—"Women in Industry," Miss A. Ashley. Chairman: Sir Martin Conway, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., M.P.

At the last lecture, Major Hills, M.P., a staunch friend of the woman's movement, presided, and Mrs. Oliver Strachey gave an interesting survey of the Position of Women in the Professions, especially the Civil Service, which she considers the keystone of the whole position.

In view of the importance of the question "Equal Pay for Equal Work," and the proposals for the Endowment of the Family, we hope the excellent attendance so far will be maintained at the forthcoming lectures.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: POSTPONEMENT OF MEETING.

Owing to the unavoidable postponement of the meeting of the Board of Officers of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, the Public Meeting to be held in the Central Hall, Westminster, has been postponed to Monday, November 29th. A full list of speakers will be announced next week. Tickets (10s., 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s.) may be had at Headquarters. An early application is desirable. We appeal to all our present and past members and friends to help us to make this great meeting worthy of the historic occasion which it is to celebrate.

EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK.

We congratulate the National Union of Women Teachers, one of our affiliated societies, on a well-organised and effective procession and demonstration at Trafalgar Square on Saturday. Some beautiful banners were displayed by different sections of teachers and other organisations. The N.U.S.E.C. was represented by a contingent of twelve, including representatives of the London Society for Women's Service, who marched under our old well-known banner.

"EQUAL PAY AND THE FAMILY."

The N.U.S.E.C. has bought from the publishers, for the benefit of our Societies, five hundred copies of this work, and given it a new binding. Copies may be had at 1s. each—1s. 2d. post free. As resolutions on this subject will shortly be sent

to Societies for consideration before the next Annual Council Meeting, it would be advisable to secure copies for each Society before it goes out of print.

EDINBURGH CONFERENCE.

Societies in the North are reminded of the Conference arranged by the Edinburgh S.E.C., to be held in the Goold Hall, 5, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on Thursday and Friday, November 18th and 19th. Further particulars and tickets may be had from Miss Bury, 40, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh. The subjects discussed will be "Women in the Home and in the Labour Market," "Women's Place in the League of Nations," "Women Magistrates," "Women in Parliament," and "Methods of Election Work." There will be two Public Evening Meetings, one on "Endowment of the Family," speaker, Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone, and another on "Women in the Church," speaker, Miss Picton-Turbervill, O.B.E.

WOMEN AND JURY SERVICE.

Some of our Societies are already taking steps to carry out the suggestions in the last Monthly Letter. In Newport (Mon.) a public lecture and a class for women jurors is contemplated. A leaflet entitled, "Women as Jurors," price 6d. per dozen, 3s. 9d. per hundred, may be had on application to the Women's Local Government Society, 19, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W. 1. Societies are asked to send press cuttings or information to Headquarters of any instances which come to their notice of the exclusion of women jurors in cases where children or women are concerned.

HELP FOR HEADQUARTERS.

We acknowledge very gratefully an unexpected gift of £20 from F. M. W., always a warm friend and helper, also a contribution of £25 from our Liverpool Society, which expresses the hope that later in the winter a further donation may be sent. We are all the more grateful to Liverpool for this, as we know the Society has heavy local expenses with an office in the most central part of the city and the services of a full-time organiser.

NEWS FROM SOCIETIES.

BARNSELY S.E.C.—This Society has suffered a severe loss by the change of residence of their Honorary Secretary, Miss Celia Wray, to the South of England. An informal gathering of members was held last week to say good-bye to Miss Wray and to make a presentation as some small mark of their appreciation. A presentation was also made to Mr. Baldwin, the retiring Honorary Treasurer. Mrs. Davies was elected Honorary Secretary, and Miss Homer, Honorary Treasurer.

Huddersfield S.E.C.—The Huddersfield Society for Equal Citizenship must be congratulated on having secured the appointment of their President, Mrs. Blamires, as a Justice of the Peace. Mrs. Blamires has served the town of Huddersfield in many public capacities. She acted as Lady Mayoress for three years, and her work for the community, and especially for the cause of women, is well known and appreciated throughout Yorkshire.

CHESTER W.C.A.—The Mayoress (Mrs. H. F. Brown) has been elected by St. John's Ward as the first woman councillor for Chester. Although the officially adopted Liberal candidate, she was warmly supported by women of both parties, and as President of the Chester W.C.A. received the enthusiastic help of that association. There were only twelve votes between Mrs. Brown and the Labour candidate. Councillor Phyllis Brown has already been placed on the local committees dealing with Health, Housing, and Mental Deficiency, and also on the Watch Committee.

COMING EVENTS.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

The following meetings on League of Nations subjects will be held:—

- NOVEMBER 12.**
At Hanley, Victoria Hall.
Speakers: H. A. Seddon, Esq., M.P., Bishop of Lichfield, Brig-Gen. Sir Hill Child, C.B., M.P. 8 p.m.
- NOVEMBER 13.**
At Earleywood School, Ascot.
Speaker: F. J. Gould, Esq. 5.30 p.m.
- NOVEMBER 14.**
At Wimbledon, Balnis Hall.
Speaker: Captain W. E. Elliot, M.P., Bishop of Southwark. 3.15 p.m.
At Penge, Empire Theatre.
Speaker: Canon Bickersteth Ottley. 3.15 p.m.
- NOVEMBER 15.**
At South Lambeth, Young People's Guild.
Speaker: Miss M. Currey, O.B.E. 8 p.m.
At Leeds, Lanchester Club.
Speaker: Lord Eustace Percy. 1 p.m.
- NOVEMBER 16.**
At Stoke Newington, St. Andrew's, C.E.M.S.
Speaker: J. F. Green, Esq., M.P.
- NOVEMBER 17.**
At Ealing, Memorial Hall, Leylands Road.
Speaker: Miss Rosamond Smith. 8 p.m.
- NOVEMBER 18.**
At Walthamstow, Coway Hall, March Street Congregational Church.
Speaker: Mrs. Charles Beatty. 3.30 p.m.
At the Lyceum Club.
Speaker: Henry Vivian, Esq. 8.30 p.m.

- KENSINGTON SOCIETY FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.**
NOVEMBER 23.
Kensington Town Hall.
Subject: "Various Aspects of Liquor Control."
Speakers: Miss Beatrice Picton-Turbervill, on "State Purchase"; Lady Victor Horsley, on "Local Option"; Mr. Edwyn Barclay, on "Alternative Suggestions for Improvement." 8.30 p.m.
- NOVEMBER 30.**
A Drawing-Room Meeting, at 7, Nevem Road, S.W. 5.
Subject: "Proportional Representation."
Speaker: Major Morrison-Bell, M.P.
Miss Morton will conduct a Model Election. 8.30 p.m.

- NATIONAL UNION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.**
NOVEMBER 16.
At the Women's Institute, 92, Victoria Street, S.W.
Subject: "The Position of Women in Industry."
Speaker: Miss Ashley, M.A. 4.45 p.m.

- WOMEN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO SECURE STATE PURCHASE AND CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.**
NOVEMBER 15.
At Bury Women Citizens' Association.
Speaker: "Mrs. Benton."
Subject: "State Purchase of the Liquor Trade." 7 p.m.

- NOVEMBER 17.**
At Church Hall, Plimsoll Street, Poplar.
Speaker: Miss M. Cotterell.
Subject: "State Purchase—the way to solve the Drink Problem." 7.30 p.m.
- NOVEMBER 18.**
At the Women's Institute, 92, Victoria Street.
Speaker (For State Purchase): Miss B. Picton-Turbervill.
Debate: "Shall England, as well as America, go dry?" 8.30 p.m.

- COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY INTO SEXUAL MORALITY.**
NOVEMBER 21.
At 19, Grosvenor Square.
Speakers: Mr. Clarke Hall, Mr. John Oxenham, Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, M.A., Miss Picton-Turbervill, O.B.E.
Dame Clara Butt will preside. 5 p.m.
Those wishing to be present should apply for a ticket of admission, enclosing a card, to Miss Weidens, c/o A. M. and S. H., Orchard House, 2 & 4, Great Smith Street, S.W. 1.

- THE EUGENICS EDUCATION SOCIETY.**
NOVEMBER 16.
At the Wignore Hall.
Subject: "Eugenics and Religion."
Speaker: The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., C.V.O., Dean of St. Paul's. 5.30 p.m.

- GUILD OF EDUCATION AS NATIONAL SERVICE.**
NOVEMBER 21.
At Halsey Training College, 11, Tavistock Square.
Subject: "Some Experiences in Social Work."
Speaker: Miss Phillips, late Welfare Worker in North Woolwich. Admission free by ticket. 5.15 p.m.

- WOMEN'S LOCAL GOVERNMENT SOCIETY.**
NOVEMBER 16.
A Conference of women members of Town, Metropolitan Borough, and Urban District Councils will be held in the Council Chamber of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, Victoria Embankment, E.C.
Subject: "Economy in Local Government Expenditure."
Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Sir W. H. Dickinson, K.B.L.
Opener: Sir William Glyn-Jones, M.P. 10.30-1 p.m.
Subject: "The Woman Councillor and Committee Work."
Chairman: Mrs. Frank Howard.
Opener: Miss Smee. 2.30-4.30 p.m.

- NOVEMBER 22.**
Dr. Octavia Lewin at Home at 25, Wimpole Street, W. 1. A Drawing Room Sale in aid of the Funds of the Society. Dutch Auction 5.30-6. 3-6 p.m.

- BRIGHTON AND HOVE UNION FOR WOMEN'S LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.**
NOVEMBER 19.
At Steine House, Old Steine, Brighton.
Subject: "The American Women's Suffrage Campaign and Victory."
Speaker: Miss Helen Fraser. 3 p.m.

- WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE.**
NOVEMBER 17.
At the Minerva Café, 144, High Holborn.
Subject: "Why and How we need Pollicewomen."
Speaker: Sub-Inspector Rose Nisbett, W.P.S. 3 p.m.

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KENSINGTON TOWN HALL.—Fellowship Services. 6.30, Miss Maude Royden. "The Unknown Soldier."

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