

THE
WOMAN'S LEADER
AND THE COMMON CAUSE

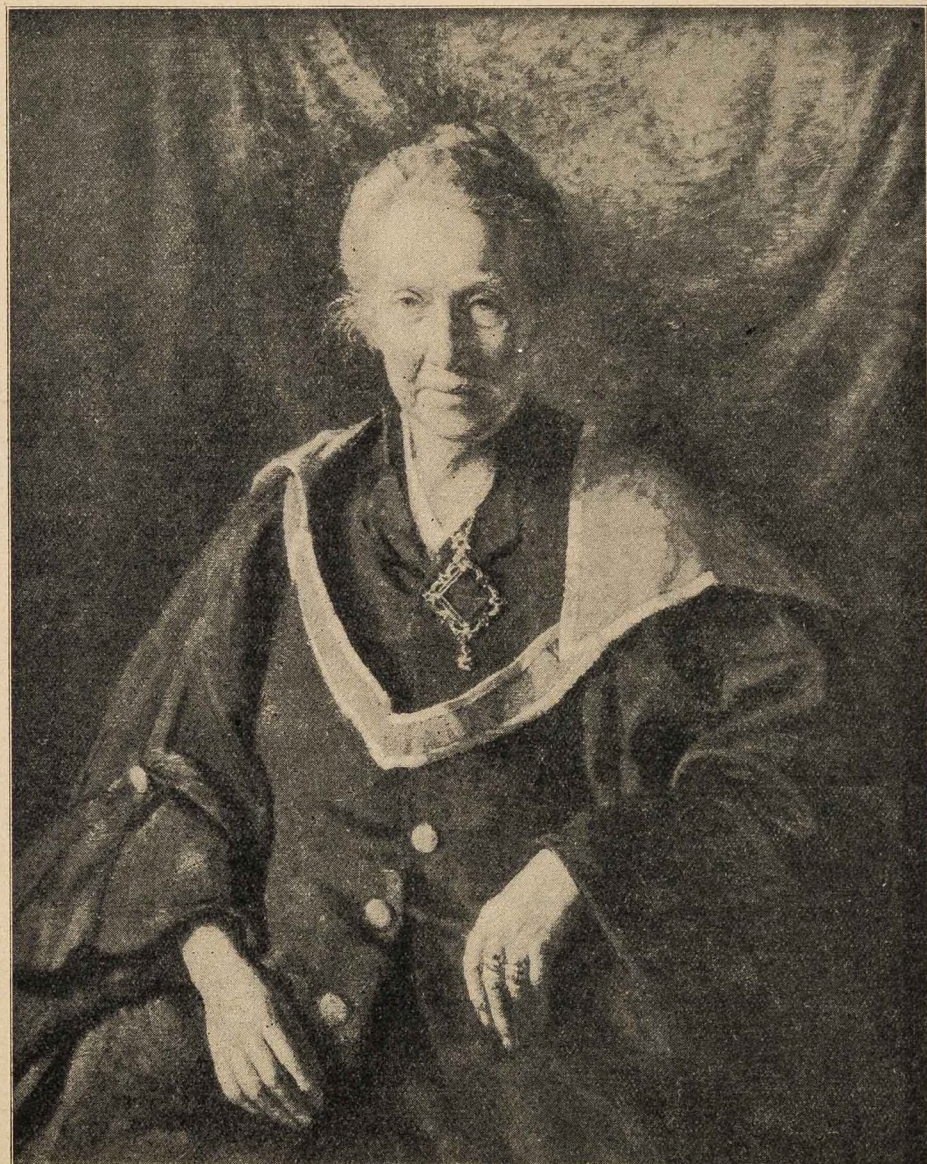
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[From the portrait by Lionel Ellis.]

DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

The Widows' Pensions Bill.

Government time this week and for part of last week has been mainly devoted to the Widows' Pensions Bill, to which innumerable amendments had been tabled. The chief fight has been over the question whether the elderly widows over 55 who are to receive pensions should be subjected to a means test. Lady Astor and a group of young Tories constituted themselves the chief advocates of such a test on the ground that it would release money for more needy widows and spinsters not included in the Bill. But their proposals were met by the usual dilemma which confronts means tests, namely that if placed high enough to avoid hardship they save very little money and in any case they involve a procedure irritating and demoralizing to the applicants and troublesome and expensive to administer. Miss Rathbone suggested that if the means test adopted was merely whether the applicant was or was not subject to income tax, this would avoid both these difficulties. But Mr. Greenwood and Miss Lawrence declared even this method to be impracticable. The failure to effect any saving under this head will probably render abortive, attempts to bring in any of the excluded classes unless those affecting very small numbers, as the money available for the purposes of the Bill having already been determined, there will be little or nothing left for expansion.

Provision for Illegitimate Children in Scotland.

The Duchess of Atholl on Tuesday, 12th November, obtained leave to introduce in the House of Commons the Illegitimate Children (Scotland) Bill to amend the law relating to alimony for illegitimate children in Scotland, and to their custody. The Scottish societies affiliated to the National Union have for long been working on this Bill. The law in England has already been amended on similar lines.

Nationality of Married Women Bill.

The main fear with regard to the Nationality of Married Women Bill, which is down for Friday, 15th November, is whether it will get time for its second reading at all. At the time of writing it is uncertain whether the Annual Holiday Bill, which precedes it and is regarded as controversial, will, in order to avoid its being brought to a division, be "talked out"; that is to say, the debate will be made to drag out until it is time for the House to adjourn. Should time allow, however, there ought to be no fear as to the principle of the Nationality of Married Women Bill being accepted on the second reading, though as the matter is to be considered by the Imperial Conference and the League of Nations Conference on the Codification of International Law, the Government will clearly not be able to allow time for its later stages. The Bill, which has been presented by Captain Cazalet, has the support of members of all political parties, including Lady Iveagh and Miss Picton-Turbervill.

Insurance and the School Leaving Age.

Reports dealing with the age of entry into unemployment insurance by the National Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment for England and Wales, and Scotland, were issued on Monday of this week. The Council for England and Wales recommends the lowering of the age of insurance to correspond with the proposed school leaving age, but the report is not

unanimous. We propose to deal with the recommendations of the majority and minority proposals as well as the Scottish report at an early date. As we go to press, Parliament is staged for a full-dress discussion of the Government's educational proposals.

Mother China.

Frequent attempts have been made in China, by repeated official prohibitions and the active agitation of foreign missionaries, to abolish the old practice of female foot-binding. But national customs die hard, and a recent census taken by the Bureau of Public Safety in Peking shows that of the 518,014 women and girls who compose its female population, 91,025 bind their feet. It is supposed that in the interior of Northern China the practice is even more widespread—as the conservative rural classes cling very obstinately to the belief that husbands regard a normal female foot as lacking refinement.

The Colonial Office and Hong-Kong.

Meanwhile the Colonial Office is at long last coming to grips with an even graver abuse which persists within the precincts of British Colonial responsibility: the Mui Tsai system of Hong-Kong. A fortnight ago we were able to record the introduction of a Bill in the Hong-Kong Legislative Council involving the registration of all Mui Tsai, or girl domestic slaves. But pressure has been applied at this end, and last week saw the issue of a White Paper from the Colonial Office containing the text of a correspondence on the subject between the Colonial Office and the Governor-General of Hong-Kong, together with a concluding letter from Lord Passfield dated 22nd August. In this letter, Lord Passfield draws the attention of the Governor-General to the fact that six years after the passing of an ordinance on the subject, "the most that can be said is that there is no reason to believe that the number of Mui Tsai in the colony has increased. After making all allowance for the difficulties in bringing the system to an end, which are described at length in your dispatches, it is my duty to inform you that public opinion in this country and in the House of Commons will not accept such a result with equanimity and that I feel myself quite unable to defend a policy of *laissez faire* in this serious matter." The ordinance in question, passed in 1922, declares the illegality of the system and requires the registration and inspection of existing child slaves. This registration and inspection has, however, never yet been enforced, and Lord Passfield instructs that it shall be done forthwith, any additional officers necessary for its enforcement being appointed to the Department of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs. It is presumably in response to these decisive and impatient communications from headquarters that the local action reported a fortnight ago has been taken.

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 woman'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.

Women's Service Hall.

The new Women's Service Hall, of which Dame Millicent Fawcett laid the foundation stone last April, will be ready for use at the beginning of December. It lies in a quiet space between Tufton Street and Marsham Street, and will seat 250. Owing to the great generosity of Annie Viscountess Cowdray it has been most beautifully equipped with everything a modern hall requires; panelled walls, with hidden lighting, a dance floor, and a stage and dressing rooms fitted for theatrical performances. Every practical arrangement has been most carefully thought out by the architect, Mr. Douglas Wood. A new and fully equipped restaurant is attached to the hall, and will be under the management of the Plane Tree Restaurant, Ltd., so that good food at moderate prices will be available for those who hire the hall for conferences, dances, or performances as well as for the members of the London and National Society for Women's Service at all times. The new library and office premises of the Society which adjoin these buildings are thus most conveniently placed for the convenience of members, and the old offices, which are a few steps away, have been converted into club premises where they can obtain bedrooms. The whole scheme, which is now nearing completion, offers a most convenient centre in the very heart of Westminster for all the activities connected with women's work and employment, and their existence should prove a most valuable asset to the whole women's movement. The hall will be available for lettings after 1st December, and inquiries as to this and as to membership of the Society should be addressed to the Secretary, Women's Service House, 27 Marsham Street, S.W.1.

Voters' Apathy in Municipal Elections.

A survey of the reports of the recent Municipal Elections leaves no doubt, that in the majority of places the electors took little interest in the elections and that a large number did not vote. Commenting on the elections the *Leicester Mail* says "the apathy of the ratepayers in the vital matter of municipal control, however, is glaringly shown by the fact that only 33 per cent of the electorate took the trouble to record their votes. In Spinney Hill, the largest of the eight wards contested, the poll was as low as twenty-eight per cent." In Gloucester and Nottingham, the poll was the lowest on record for several years and in most of the northern towns it was under 50 per cent. Turning to the southern counties the position is no better. In the Forton ward of the Gosport Council only 293 of the 1,400 electors voted, and a successful councillor at Portsmouth, in thanking the electors, said it had been "a very apathetic election and that unless some remedy was found they would go from bad to worse." Greater interest was shown in Chichester where 60 per cent of the voters polled.

Women Mayors.

A woman Mayor is no longer a novelty. The following provincial towns have elected women: Hereford, Higham Ferrars, Mansfield, Sandwich, Tynemouth, Warwick, Watford, Welshpool, and Wrexham. Dame Maud Burnett, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. F. J. Simpson, and Mrs. Andrews Uthwatt enter on a second term of office at Higham Ferrars, Sandwich, Tynemouth, and Welshpool respectively, and Wrexham has elected Mrs. Edwards Jones for the third time. Alderman Mrs. Wainwright, Mayor of Mansfield, has the distinction of being the first woman councillor, the first woman chairman of the Education Committee, the first woman Alderman, and now the first woman Mayor. Lady Phipps becomes Mayor of Chelsea and is the third woman to be appointed to the mayoralty in London, the office having previously been held by Mrs. Salter (Bermondsey) and Mrs. Drapper (Deptford). It is an odd fate for a woman selected by her colleagues to be the Mayor of a city like Chester because of her distinguished service, to be defeated at the polls. Such are the ironies of democracy.

Oxford Looks a Gift Horse in the Mouth.

The late Dr. J. M. Walker, sometime Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, wishing to perpetuate in death the exclusions which had seemed good to him in life, bequeathed to his University a sum of £800 for the purpose of providing an annual prize for an essay on Church History; but with this provision: that the award was to be made to a male member of the University who was also a member of the Church of England. The Convocation of Oxford, however, finds the gift unacceptable by

reason of its qualifying provisions. As Dr. Pember, Warden of All Souls, pointed out in his motion for rejection, the policy of the University for some years past has been to open competitions, and especially University Scholarships, to men and women alike—nor is it any part of modern university policy to admit sectarian restrictions. The £800 thus goes by the board. May all attempts to cumber the future with the prejudices of the past perish thus.

Life and Property.

Side by side in an evening paper last week were recorded two sentences: The first *twelve* months for snatching a lady's handbag; the second *one* month for assaulting a nurse who was attending the wife of the prisoner in her confinement. The doctor found the nurse in a state of collapse after a violent drunken attack on her person in her patient's bedroom. The condition of the mother, who was immediately removed to an institution, is not described but the baby was born dead.

Gertrude Bell and Iraq.

On the morning of the meeting held last week in support of the scheme to establish a British School of Archaeology in Iraq as a memorial of Miss Gertrude Bell some hitherto unpublished letters from her pen were printed in *The Times*—letters which show her heart's desire and her devotion to her adopted country. It is curious to read in such a brilliant context the wholly unexpected and unrelated sentence "I am deeply engaged in the Anti-Suffrage movement." Coming a few lines after a perfect picture of a lonely temple in a town buried in a cleft of the hills with a shepherd boy piping a tune "while she returned thanks to her own peculiar gods and rejoiced to find the world so exquisite," this announcement is something of an anti-climax. Would that the spirit of Gertrude Bell could see and rejoice with us over the non-success of her efforts. Perhaps she does—who can tell?

An Unsolved Problem.

There is a vague idea current that the housing problem is gradually being solved but extracts from the latest annual reports of Medical Officers of Health brought together without comment by the National Housing and Town Planning Council, completely shatter this comfortable theory. In spite of all that has been done it appears there is no real decrease in overcrowding in most parts of the country. In Stepney overcrowding is stated to have been worse in 1928 than in any previous year. Students of housing reform should study this painfully illuminating report. Will a Labour Government be able to grapple with this overwhelming social disease in such a way as to seriously affect the extent of the trouble. Previous efforts, laudable though they have been, were mere tinkering on the surface. The question is not only how are sufficient houses to be built, but how can it be ensured that they are occupied by the tenants who need them most at rents which they can pay?

Volunteers Wanted.

It is a very long time since this paper, either as the *Common Cause* or as THE WOMAN'S LEADER, appealed for sellers. This is probably the last and the greatest occasion when this appeal will be made. Offers of help for selling the Memorial number of the paper, before and after the Memorial Service on Tuesday, the 19th November, are urgently wanted. Full particulars will be given on application to 4 Tufton Street.

NOTICE.

The office of this paper will be closed on the day of the Memorial Service to Dame Millicent Fawcett at Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, 19th November, from 12 noon to 2.30 p.m.

THE WOMAN'S LEADER
EVERY FRIDAY. TWOPENCE.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR SOCIETIES

Send 10/10 to the Office of the Paper, 4 Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W. 1
2/9 for Three Months. SUBSCRIBE TO-DAY.



MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.



THE COMPLETED LIFE.

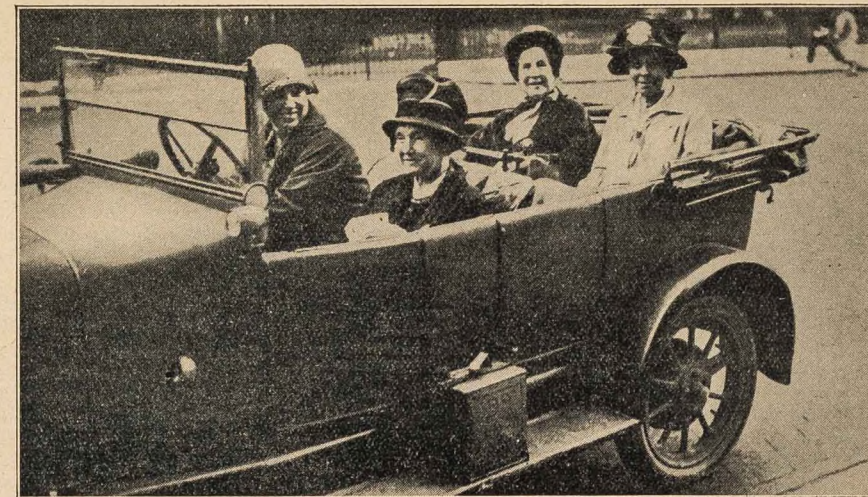
On 5th August, 1929, the woman's movement of Great Britain sustained the greatest personal loss which it has yet been called upon to face. For half a century Dame Millicent Fawcett led the suffrage movement. She led it from its early difficult beginnings to its first large instalment of victory. She led it out of the wilderness of deadly apathy, through the valley of the shadow of hostility and the courts of glittering popularity into the land of high achievement. And she led it supremely well. For a decade after her retirement from official leadership she continued to watch its reactions to new conditions and opportunities, with something of the shrewd wisdom of a mother who knows enough of her own offspring and its upbringing to follow the stages of adolescence with interested and happy confidence. Nor was her part during those last ten years wholly a passive one. She was still in the movement, her wit, and wisdom and co-operation were always available for its service—and this in spite of the fact that her adolescent offspring would from time to time strike out in a direction which was no part of her own conceivable plan for its fair future.

The genius of Dame Millicent's leadership was of a kind so peculiarly and individually her own that the familiar phraseology of political narrative seems a clumsy and unpliant medium in which to indicate its qualities. It was perhaps the perfect combination of scepticism and faith. It was profoundly, if genially, sceptical of fanaticism and sentimentality. Humbug withered in its presence. It evoked no ecstasies of hero-worship. The crackling flames of personal enthusiasm which flared up at the feet of Mrs. Pankhurst, flickered to a dull glow under the cool gaze of Mrs. Fawcett. Yet she carried with her through life a quiet optimism in whose orbit another kind of scepticism—the kind which breeds bitterness, impatience, and violence of thought or deed, cannot live. She had, it would seem, a very profound faith in the fundamental good sense of the people—that is to say, she had a real living faith in democracy, and by the tale of her life and its achievement that faith would appear to be very fully justified.

It is a faith which finds many challengers to-day—more formid-

able and positive challengers, perhaps, than it found in the fruitful years of Dame Millicent's labours. The philosophically allied forces of Fascism and Bolshevism are attacking it upon opposite flanks. The raucous voice of the dictator is roaring aloud that man is not made for the difficult responsibility of self-government, and there are mobs enough in Europe to give power and substance to his negative creed. Yet we venture to protest that it will survive nevertheless, and part of its strength will lie in the fact that the future as well as the past of the woman's movement is bound up with its survival. The genius of Dame Millicent's leadership springs from all that is best and most enduring in Victorian philosophic Liberalism. It has carried forward the lamp of optimism and equitable good sense which burns at the heart of that philosophy into our changing new age. It has been largely responsible for stamping our woman's movement with that particular impress, and the impress is as fresh to-day as it was in 1918.

It was perhaps because she herself knew these things and kept this faith from first to last, that the inevitable ups and downs, disappointments, anxieties, and absurdities of a long-drawn political campaign, seemed as dust in the balance against the progress of larger forces making for the growth of political democracy, and the continuing happiness of good comradeship in a hard cause. It seems as though the smaller hindrances which in some minds leave scars upon the faith, in hers served merely as good fuel for a kindling sense of humour. Instead of carving deep furrows of preoccupation and disillusionment on her face, as she moved through time towards her ninth decade, they merely helped to trace small lines of quick merriment round the corners of her eyes. And so she remained eternally young and active, receptive of new experience and filled with zest for life in all its aspects; neither bitter in disappointment, nor pontifical in success; able at the very end to look out with a keen eye and an unclouded wit upon the work of her hands and see that it was good, until in due course, at the age of 82, Death laid his hand upon her with gentle quick decisiveness, and withdrew her material presence from a devoted family group and a world-wide circle of loving friends.



DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT, MISS FAWCETT, MISS GARRETT AND MRS. STRACHEY AFTER ROYAL ASSENT TO EQUAL FRANCHISE ACT, 2ND JULY, 1928.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

Millicent Garrett, who was born in June, 1847, and died in August, 1929, saw in her lifetime the whole rise and development and triumph of the Women's Movement in this country, and at every stage of it, from the very beginning to the very end, her life was intimately associated with its progress.

She was the daughter of Newson Garrett of Aldeburgh, and was one of a large family of brothers and sisters. For two years before she was sixteen she went to Miss Browning's school at Blackheath, but the greater part of her education came from her family life. Among the Garretts all the questions of the day were freely and eagerly discussed, and even as a small child she was keenly interested in public events both at home and abroad. She could just remember the Crimean War, and followed more closely the doings of Garibaldi and Louis Napoleon, the Reform Bill agitations, and later the American Civil War. As she grew older she often stayed with her married sisters in London, and with them and their friends she read poetry, heard music, visited the sights, and sat under famous preachers. Among the friends whom she made at this time were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor, and it was at Aubrey House that in 1865 she first met Henry Fawcett. This was the year when John Stuart Mill was elected to Parliament, and two years later, in the year of Millicent Garrett's marriage, he presented the first Women's Suffrage Petition in the House of Commons—a petition which she was as yet too young to sign. That same year the first Women's Suffrage Committee came into being, with Mrs. Fawcett as one of its original members; and from that time onwards this cause took the foremost place among her interests.

For the next seventeen years, however, although both Professor and Mrs. Fawcett were exceedingly active as speakers and writers not only for the suffrage, but also for the allied causes of higher education and medical training for women, the greater part of her time was devoted to the work of her blind husband. In acting as his eyes through the labours of his University Professorship, his membership of the House of Commons and his Cabinet Office, she widened and deepened her own political education and experience, so that she brought to her work for the women's movement an unusual breadth of knowledge both of theory and of administration. These were busy years, and years when much was going on. The women's colleges were starting, the municipal franchise and eligibility for School Boards were extended, Josephine Butler's great Crusade began and triumphed, the fight for medical qualification was won, and the Married Women's Property Acts were passed; and all these things were part of the general forward movement of the time. The Fawcetts and their political and Cambridge friends were active in them all, and yet found time for reading and walking, for music, talk and friendship, for travel and for enjoyment.

Professor Fawcett died in 1884, and after that time, though Mrs. Fawcett could not give more interest she gave more time to the women's causes, and devoted herself to them without stint. For nearly twenty years, however, it seemed as if no legislative progress could be made. But for all the apparent stagnation the education which had been fought for and won in the previous decades was beginning to have its effect. The women's colleges were growing fast and in 1890 Philippa Fawcett was placed "above the Senior Wrangler" in the Tripos Lists. Women were trying to come forward in almost every direction; the women's political associations were formed, and grew to be very important, steady and persistent propaganda was going on, and Mrs. Fawcett's share in the leadership of the movement grew greater and greater.

This was, of course, not the only political subject in which Mrs. Fawcett was engaged at this or at any time; and in 1901 she was asked by the Government to visit South Africa to inspect and report on the condition of the Concentration Camps there. This task she thought both interesting and important, and she carried it out with great efficiency.

After Mrs. Fawcett's return from this mission there came twelve years of unparalleled suffrage activity. The militant movement, which had its first tentative beginning in 1903, soon led to a quickening of the whole subject, and by 1906 enthusiasm was running very high. In 1897 Mrs. Fawcett had become the President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and in the first years of the new century this office involved a prodigious amount of work. Indeed between 1906 and 1914 there was a tide of enthusiasm which swept thousands of people into the movement, and the task of organizing its democratic machinery and guiding and executing the policies which it evolved became a very heavy test of her political sagacity; but a test which she supported with unperturbed wisdom.

The details of these great years need not be recalled here, nor the stirring events of the period. When the first measure of enfranchisement came in 1918, Mrs. Fawcett was still the leader, and she remained closely and prominently identified with all the rapid developments of social legislation which followed between 1918 and 1929. She retired, indeed, from her active leadership, and devoted some of the leisure she had so fully earned to travel in Palestine and the East, to writing, and to the rare luxury of not making public speeches. But of course she could not be, and did not try to be, indifferent to the wonderful results of women's enfranchisement. The modern young women had no happier champion, and her happy and strenuous life ended in the firm conviction that the labour and the struggle had been abundantly worth while.

RAY STRACHEY.

"WHAT WE REMEMBER."

Mrs. Margery Corbett Ashby.

Of all the institutions and organizations which owe so much to Dame Millicent, the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship is the chief. From its beginning in 1867, as one of a tiny pioneer group, to its present position, as a great non-party, non-sectarian, but truly and vividly *political* body, it carries the stamp of her enthusiasm, faith, and patience, her breadth of view and keen humanity.

The democratic machinery of the N.U.S.E.C. Councils, the autonomy of the local societies, and the cordial relations with headquarters are an inheritance from her, as is the more precious gift of "political sense".

During the earlier campaigns that I remember of 1902 onwards, there was a real battle of principle between those of us who would accept any form of franchise for women and those who, bitterly opposed to the property basis of the franchise, could not work for the perpetuation of the same qualification for women.

The formula which combined us was typical of her sense of principle and her respect for opinions she did not share. "To work for the suffrage as it is or may be granted to men." Her wise dealings with M.P.s of all parties in the House is another legacy.

The Reform (Suffrage) was not "opportune." "If women would wait till whatever else it might be was settled, then men would gratefully vote for their enfranchisement." But passive waiting was not in the tradition, and the pressure of organized opinion grew quickly. Only once did I see her looking old and tired, and that was in 1912, when the Conciliation Bill was lost by deliberate treachery.

Few people outside the Union could realize the marvellous growth of the suffrage societies up and down the country, until each city, town, and hamlet seemed to possess one.

Then constant political disappointment fanned the militant movement into flame and again Dame Millicent set us that standard of tolerance and comprehension of extreme movements which we still need and possess. "It is not our business to criticize other women" was her invariable reply when the National Union was implored to disassociate itself by those who urged we should lose all. Of course, the reverse happened. The National Union and the Militants grew vigorously on parallel lines, thanks to the leadership which made use of each woman's talents and convictions.

Perhaps the most characteristic action of Dame Millicent was her resignation after victory in spite of the universal prayers to stay on. Quite steadily she persisted in resigning in favour of a younger woman. She had always been most generous and understanding of younger people, and believed that the change in programme and method made necessary by partial victory would be better handled by a younger leader.

To the end she was deeply interested, and though in quite recent years she had no sympathy with certain points on our programme, no one present will forget her last speech at the Council meeting this year, when she called us to new battles on wider fields of educational effort.

The National Union is a living growing monument to her magnificent leadership.

A Member of the Executive of the London and National Society for Women's Service.

From 1866 when "Women's Service" ancestor, the first Women's Suffrage Committee in this country, was formed in London, during the War and up to the day of her death, Mrs. Fawcett was, with hardly a break, officially connected with the organization known to-day as the London and National Society for Women's Service, on its various Committees and latterly as its President and Hon. President. These are cold facts, but the supreme fact which underlies them, of a significance hard to convey in words, is that all this time the generous and undaunted spirit of this most beloved of leaders was indeed their pillar of fire. Whenever the Society was feeling the stress and strain of things, whether in the suffrage days or amidst the heavy responsibilities which fell upon them in the War, there was she, giving courage less by set phrase than by a look or a flash of incisive humour, and after the War and when later still victory after victory came to her, she was just the same as she had been in the dark days. The same statesmanlike quality and breezy humour delighted the Society's "Junior Council" of young

professional women, for between her and them there sprang up spontaneously a bond of understanding. Will the writer of these lines be accused of conceit if she ventures to claim that the "London Society" was in all its phases peculiarly close to the heart of its President?

Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone.

Whenever the suffrage ship was in especially stormy waters—and such storms were innumerable—the eyes of us mariners turned instinctively to Mrs. Fawcett as to a lighthouse built on a rock and shedding a steady light over the waves. A comparatively trivial episode of this kind has always stuck in my memory as specially characteristic. It was at a time when popular excitement over militant outbreaks was at its height. The N.U.W.S.S. was holding a great open-air meeting in the market place of Nottingham. Platforms were arranged at intervals all round the square, which was densely crowded with men, women and children. But the young roughs of Nottingham, known, I believe, as "Nottingham lambs," had resolved to give the suffragists a lesson in manners. Needless to say, the distinction between militants and constitutionalists was unknown to them. Linked arm in arm and yelling at the tops of their voices, they surged backwards and forwards through the crowd at the imminent risk of upsetting not only the platforms but the weaker members of the crowd. Fish-heads and banana skins, for which the stalls behind the market provided an ample supply, began to fly, and the hats of some of the speakers (brims were large in those days) became ornamented beyond even the point dictated by fashion. Although the din made our voices completely inaudible, word was passed round to continue speaking, while those who had finished were withdrawn in two and threes from the platforms and told to slip away quietly to the station. Efforts were, of course, made to secure the early withdrawal of Mrs. Fawcett, but, of course, without success. Fortunately all passed off without misadventure, other than a few bruises. The Executive of the N.U.W.S.S. met next day and we were all chatting rather excitedly over the events of the meeting, and some apprehension was expressed less Mrs. Fawcett should be the worse for it. Presently she arrived, placid and imperturbable as ever, and remarked, "An interesting meeting yesterday; rather rowdy, but the Press made much too much of that." And the episode sank promptly into its proper insignificance.

The Lady Frances Balfour.

I am asked to give some personal recollections of Mrs. Fawcett. Life is always made up of little incidents, not particularly notable at the time. I should say that the thing which struck me most in all her ways, was her extraordinary equableness of temper. I used to wonder whether it came from good health, or good discipline of mind. It was the more remarkable because on at least two occasions I saw her overwhelmed with emotional sorrow. One was on the first overt act of militancy, she knew a much loved sister was probably in it, and had been made prisoner; at the moment in which I saw her nothing was certain, except there had been an encounter with the police. Mrs. Fawcett was walking up and down the room in a travail of spirit, and I saw the strife within her. I think she was very nearly joining the militants at that minute. "The call of the blood" and many other calls met in a stern conflict.

After that she planned the breakfast to the released prisoners. A movement much criticized at the time, but I feel looked at from now it was a sound family instinct, and women are always supposed to do right by instinct, having no reasoning powers.

The next time was on a happier occasion. I think the London Society had met to celebrate her seventieth birthday. She looked that day "fair, (not) fat, and forty," so youthful was her appearance, as it was to the end. We gave a jewel, and I think an illuminated address, and then in the evening we met in the Albert Hall, where she was given bouquets, by every one. As the nosegays, full of the colour and scent of the devoted love of her followers, rose like a barricade in front of her, I could see that tears were streaming from her eyes, and I wondered whether she could or would master her emotion, and be able to speak the words of which her heart was full. She did, and though there was little of thanks for herself, there was the leader's word, which was herself, and always on the same note: "Go forward, victory is coming." It came, but we were blessed in having a leader and commander among the people.

Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson.

To write of someone, known intimately and loved well, is not easy. The view is too close, too personal, and, when I write of my aunt, I frankly admit that I shall be a partisan.

Let me start by saying that I inherited my love for her from my mother, her elder sister by thirteen years. When Elizabeth was a young woman she used to gather her younger brothers and sisters together on Sunday afternoons (I picture "Millie" on her knee), and then she talked to them of public events and the happenings of the great world. The American Civil War excited much feeling in England at that time. Everyone, or everyone who was anyone, supported the South. Elizabeth was for the North and passionately so. Soon Millicent was persuaded to join her, and they confronted their world together. It was the beginning of a long comradeship, significant to women.

Later, Elizabeth visited Gateshead, and, stimulated by Emily Davies, decided to try and become a doctor. She wrote "The passion of my life is to help women," and the words apply to both sisters.

In 1866, the first Petition for the Enfranchisement of Women was brought to the House of Commons. J. S. Mill was to present it. It was a bulky petition, signed by 1,498 women. Alas, Millicent was too young to sign! What a heart-break! Elizabeth and Emily Davies took charge of it, and whilst reconnoitring the fortress hid it under an apple woman's stall.

After a visit I think to Manchester, my grandfather, who was always most generous and sympathetic to his daughters, told Elizabeth that he thought of inviting to his house in Aldeburgh a certain Mr. Henry Fawcett. The reply, "If you do, he will want to marry Millie," was greeted with "Stuff and nonsense!"

From the time of her marriage to the end of her life, my aunt devoted herself to public service, mainly in connection with the Enfranchisement of Women. She brought to this service the ability, energy and good sense, the humour, optimism and courage we knew so well. She was a reformer in a great cause but wit and humour saved her from the pitfalls common to reformers and few can have been as completely lovable and simple as she. A friend described her as *debonair*, in the best sense of the word, and it is true.

She attained a great position and remained unspoilt. She grew old and stayed young in heart: to the end, loving the young and sympathizing with their point of view. She accepted short skirts and modern manners!

One of her pleasures was travel, and on several occasions I went with her.

We had a memorable tour in Palestine. At the time both she and her beloved sister, Agnes Garrett, were over 80, and they wished to visit Gerash, an inaccessible place in Transjordan. We crossed the Jordan and climbed the mountains of Moab, when in the wilds of that bleak and mountainous country a blizzard descended. The snowfall was heavy and the car ran off the track into a drift.

It was bitterly cold. Darkness was approaching. The car would not move. The discomfort and danger were considerable, and I may say that the only members of the party who were not in the least perturbed were my aunts.

To all of us who loved her the end came with blessed peace. She did not suffer. Possibly she hardly realized that she was ill.

It is given to very few to see the fruition of their work as she did. Her dreams and her strivings were realized in her lifetime. She left the world better than she found it, and from every corner of the earth came confirmation of her faith that given a fair chance women are able to contribute a fair share to the business and the achievements of mankind.

It is for the future to assign her a place in the Book of Freedom, but we know that it did not matter that "Millie was too young to sign."

Dame Adelaide Anderson.

Out of the high, unearned privilege of her friendship—begun in slight family links over forty-six years ago—I have no new characteristic anecdote to record. Only to touch on quiet, lovely memories, special we may think to each of us, and yet, as together we let the natural flow of them come up in our hearts, revealing at this our *Requiem* for her, the constant character which made her the true friend of us all.

These memories of mine are of many quick intuitive acts, full of comprehending kindness, each time coming surprisingly with a freshness of life itself.

Their character may be glimpsed in the eager inquiry made of

me in Kyoto in 1924 by a gentle, travelled Japanese lady, about the welfare of "the dear Mrs. Fawcett... we found so motherly." Such Japanese women could truly recognize in her, in this quality—which peculiarly appealed to them—the traits of their Far Eastern goddess of mercy, Kwan Yin.

After misty early attractive glimpses, the personality of Mrs. Henry Fawcett suddenly shone before me, in vivid clearness. She made time, in their busy lives in Cambridge with Professor Fawcett, to come the long road out to Girton College, early in 1884, to call on a young student in her first year. The intimate knowledge of our Founders and Benefactors which she then spoke out, as we wandered about the inner precincts, to the genial accompaniment of her husband's great bell-like tones—"Is that another of your Blessed women, Milly?"—was exhilarating. Her unexpectedly decided support of my choice of a tripos, moral sciences (almost akin in the eyes of some contemporaries outside Cambridge to astrology), was entirely satisfying. All too soon the love and admiration for both of students ready to sit at her feet as their leader towards enfranchisement, could only be expressed in their weaving of a wreath of red roses to lay on her husband's grave.

Later came swift letters of sympathy in times of bereavement, perfect in understanding and fortifying quality; generous interest in choice of employment, in times less full than now of opportunity; closely following attention for unforeseen development of opportunity in public service on behalf of women in industry; quick congratulations on official reports judged by her as "human documents." All these seen retrospectively are astonishing, coming out of the fullness of her own occupations and the multitude of the lives in which she was personally interested. In time of tribulation she could come out to meet and encourage a spirit struggling through it, with the instantaneous, true word of "the little sweet doth kill much bitterness." On the eve of a voyage she would bring books and bright talk of her own voyages. There were unending visits in illness.

And so, always, till within a few weeks of her own last illness, she would write a little card: "Disappointed not to see you last Tuesday. . . . As the subject was China, I had been quite certain of seeing you. Let me have a line. I hope you were not ill." Could anyone who ever really saw her do aught but wonder, rejoice and try humbly to walk straight on, in her spirit?

Mrs. Edmund Garrett.

I once asked her, after a big meeting, how she prepared for an important speech. She said that first of all she thought it all out; then put down on paper the points she meant to make, in their order; and, having the whole clearly shaped before her, "I like to take up a piece of needlework and go over it all in my mind while I sew." Those of us who have the cherished possession of a bit of her embroidery must always feel that in her silk stitches "She sewed her mind." Once she surprised me very much by saying that she always felt a certain nervous dread of speaking in public, and this quiet work, no doubt, was her way of preparing for the ordeal. Needless to say, no trace of tremor could be detected in her cheerful presence on the platform, or in her voice, that sounded so clearly to every part of the hall.

It was something of a disappointment to me when, in an appreciation sent me from abroad this autumn, the writer dwelt so admiringly upon her "common sense." That word is too often linked with "hard" and "shrewd." But if her common sense was shrewd, it was also so tolerant, so human, so *kind*. Her very criticism was strengthening, giving no sense of failure, leaving no excuse for dejection even when it was adverse, for so often it was constructive, setting out a better way to the end in view. Nor was her common sense the short-sighted grip of immediate things, which it is too often supposed to be. It was a very clear vision of larger needs by which, alert and aware, she steered her course through daily details. I recollect her half-laughing at herself and saying: "I see the word 'women' at once out of a column of *The Times*," and on her busiest days she would make time to drop in at the *Common Cause* office with an envelope of clippings from foreign papers which we might not have seen. It was again characteristic of her who asked for women their liberation to take their due part in the national life, that when she happened to be in a remote Yorkshire hamlet during the war, she made her long train journey to London to attend a committee; and in spite of her 70 years, walked the six miles to the station either way, because driving meant taking a man from the hayfields when labour was scarce.

Miss C. M. Gordon,
Chairman, St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I read the invitation to those who worked with Dame Millicent Fawcett to add their mite in this week's issue.

The Catholic Women's Suffrage Society was one of the younger suffrage organizations and had to break down opposition and prejudice both within and without its circle. Mrs. Fawcett, to whom narrow-mindedness was anathema, co-operated loyally with us from the first and two events especially impressed themselves on my memory, one was her presence at the Thanksgiving Masses for Women's Enfranchisement at Westminster Cathedral in 1918 and again in 1928, and the other, her visit to Berners Street when we opened our new offices and she came to give her "blessing" to our venture.

A further proof of her large-mindedness was that she wrote a preface to the Handbook of Women's Emancipation, compiled by our Alliance, although she did not agree with all the views expressed by its authors.

Dame Millicent's memory will always be cherished by the members of St. Joan's Alliance with gratitude, admiration and affection.

Miss M. Chave Collisson,
British Commonwealth League.

Her encouragement to a new movement, and to workers new to the English feminist work as a whole; the charming courtesy of her biannual calls, to give us the conviction that our gigantic work was worth while even when appallingly difficult; her delight in meeting leaders from Overseas; and her quick, sympathetic pleasure when on the occasion of the bestowal of the G.B.E., we sent a huge bunch of Australian wattle. And yes, too, her wonderfully nimble feet in the traffic; one remembers standing gasping in Holborn, after a big luncheon, while Dame Millicent, slipping through the traffic to the utter bewilderment of the taxi-men, left one like an elephant on the hither side. That picture sticks fast . . . one might almost have sworn there was a smile of mischievous triumph for one fleeing instant. Then, the quiet announcement one day that she had been knocked down by a car. "But I shall not tell my sister." Staggered, I said: "Were you afraid." She answered: "No, but I thought to myself, this is the end." There was no sign of anything but composure and dignity. There was nothing more to be said. And I fancy there never was, when Dame Millicent had dismissed an incident as unimportant to herself.

I remember, too, very well her keen interest and inspiration in the big undertaking of the first Overseas tour for a distinguished Englishwoman. It was a strong support during many hours of the heavy work involved, and her pleasure in the account of Maude Royden's success I shall never forget. Such disinterested delight in things achieved is like a clear lamp in darkness; and often and often in strange places like the Australian desert, tossed in an aeroplane by a dust-storm, I thought of her quiet strength. I suspect that there is no one who knows half she did and was.

Miss Alice Armstrong Lucas.

That Dame Millicent Fawcett had a fine sense of humour will be readily admitted! When on a visit to a northern town, on returning from one of her meetings accompanied by my sister, one of the Liberal "stalwarts" overtook them. And presently Mrs. Fawcett realized that here was an opportunity to help towards a "move on" for the gentleman! So, as they discussed the old attitude of a man towards his partner in life she told the following little story: A man and his wife had entered a restaurant in order to procure a meal. Said the Proprietor: "I fear there is not much to set before two people as there is only one chop in the place!" Without a moment's hesitation the husband mentally appropriated the one chop, and he enquired—"Then what is my wife to have?" He, being one of the "lords of creation" must naturally have his needs satisfied first! Mrs. Fawcett's clever insight into character served her well.

As one of the most noted among English women it was very delightful to find how entirely simple in her habits and in her attitude and demeanour was Mrs. Fawcett. Once while our guest she had some slight indisposition, during which I attended to her small needs: even the humblest person could not have required less attention! Yet, for long afterwards when writing she would refer to the occasion, and renew her gratitude and thanks, until finally I reminded her that it was really my sister and I who were in *her* debt; for we had felt it to be a great privilege and honour to have her as our guest.

But those who have known Dame Millicent will feel—as indeed I do—that her loving kindness and sympathetic understanding have meant far more than can be set down in black and white. To me her passing has brought a grief which refuses to pass away; and a sense of an irreparable loss. We had much in common; for Dame Millicent was a convinced opponent of vaccination, and also of the practice of Vivisection.

Mr. Lionel Ellis.

It was with a considerable amount of nervousness that I first entered Dame Millicent's house to arrange about the sitting for the portrait I was to paint. At once, however, all these emotions were dispelled, and I discovered why this noble lady was so much loved. With sympathetic interest she sat daily for what to her must have been long, weary hours, but which to me were all too short, so happy was I listening to her words. Often she spoke of Disraeli, and of her meeting with Garibaldi, and it was only then that, with a shock, I realized her great age. I say a shock, because as I was concerned with portraying her character, the qualities which struck me most were strength and undiminished desire for further achievement. It was difficult to conceive that a long and active life lay behind. She would often relate stories of her childhood, and that story that I liked best was of an occasion when she and Miss Garrett went to a sweetshop and asked for a favourite sweet. The shopkeeper, after a little hesitation, said, "I should like to present you with the jar." This offer was refused, when after a further hesitation he said, "I am afraid you will have to have the jar, I cannot get them out!"

The time passed quickly with her breezy conversation, and the hilarity and accompanying gestures often played havoc with the sleeve or hood of the robe she wore for the sittings. Then with a winning charm that was so youthful, she would promise to remember not to speak with the hands in future. It was with regret that I finished the painting—so much so that I suggested another portrait—but I was privileged to visit her a number of times afterwards, and when I last saw her, laughing and happy on the afternoon of the presentation at Lady Astor's house, it was impossible to imagine that I should lose my friend so quickly.

Mrs. Hubback.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Fawcett dates from just after the passing of the Representation of the People Act, a year before she resigned the presidency of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. From that time right down to her death I have been always struck with the keen interest she took in all legislation before Parliament affecting women. In her little pamphlet, "What the Vote has Done," first published in 1922, and brought up to date at frequent intervals, a characteristic little comment appears as to the improvement in the manners of Members of the House of Commons since women were among their constituents. Her frequent cheery little visits to the National Union Offices—when she was always ready with humorous story, a shrewd criticism—served to keep her in touch with its Parliamentary activities. She invariably appreciated the opportunity of listening to debates in the House on our subjects, the last occasion on which she appeared being during the giving of the Royal Assent to the Equal Franchise Act in July, 1928.

I wish the present Secretary of State for India could have heard her appreciation of a speech he made on Women's Suffrage during the debate on one of the earlier Equal Franchise Bills. She did not, it is true, altogether sympathize with our attempts as far back as 1919 to win Equal Franchise as she thought it was too soon to return to the attack after the 1919 triumph, but she took care to refute a suggestion frequently made by Sir William Bull that she had given an undertaking in 1918 not to make any further attempts to have the franchise extended for ten years. Perhaps after Equal Franchise (as it was not long before she was entirely with us again) the subjects which interested her most during later years were the group connected with an equal moral standard and with the care of girls and young children. Thus she followed closely the career of the Criminal, Law Amendment Acts and the Guardianship of Children Acts and during the last two years of her life, the Age of Marriage Act. It is, indeed, largely owing to Dame Millicent's intense interest in raising the minimum legal marriage age both in this country and in Palestine that the initiation of the National Union's recent Bill was due.

Miss Bertha Mason.

My earliest impressions of Mrs. Fawcett were formed when she came in the later years of her married life—a bright and radiant little figure as a welcome guest to my father's house on more than one occasion, to address meetings on some subject of social reform.

In those days Mrs. Fawcett and her husband were valued friends of my parents. I was only a girl considered too young to take an active share in great movements, but old enough to be impressed and inspired by the personality, conversation and sense of humour of our guests.

My personal and working association with Mrs. Fawcett came later, in the early days of this century, and after the various Societies working for the enfranchisement of women throughout the country were welded into one Union under the title of the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies.

The movement was in rather low water at the time as those who met in conference at Newcastle-under-Lyme to consider the situation and methods of revival will well remember. Enthusiasm and interest were lacking, funds were scarce, obstacles of all kinds were in the way. Nevertheless the National Union was formed. Under the able and wise guidance of Mrs. Fawcett its President it went from strength to strength, enrolling under its banner many new recruits and gathering in fresh funds for the work.

It was my privilege as treasurer of the Union during the first ten years of its existence to come into close and confidential association with Mrs. Fawcett, and it was then I learnt to love her for herself and to admire her methods of work, her wisdom and her flashes of humour. Never once during this period was she discouraged, disappointed or out of temper. She was calm, confident and optimistic in time of storm and stress, as in time of progress.

She had a firm conviction which nothing could shake, that the work to which she had set her hand was based on righteousness and justice and therefore it *must* ultimately succeed.

Herein, at least so it seems to me, lay her strength.

It was this spiritual unflinching conviction combined with a strong sense of humour, one of her great assets, that enabled Mrs. Fawcett (no matter what lions were in the path, and they were not a few in those days) to march breast forward, never doubting clouds would break. It was this conviction which made her a leader and inspired her followers, or as she would have said "my comrades and fellow-workers", with courage and devotion.

One other word:—
There are many to-day whose minds will dwell with affection and gratitude not only on the reform to which Mrs. Fawcett set her hand and was permitted to carry to victory, but also on the many little acts of sympathetic kindness of which the world knew little, but which as opportunity arose, were as much a feature of her life as her public acts and deeds.

The passing of Mrs. Fawcett brought sadness and created a blank in the hearts and lives of many. It cannot be otherwise. But to use her own words: "There is no call for commiseration." To us who remain, there is left a precious legacy of fragrant memories of a life filled with faith and hope, of work begun and carried through with patience, faith and courage, and the inspiration of a glorious example.

Mrs. Selina J. Cooper.

My first meeting with Mrs. Fawcett was when sixteen of us from Lancashire presented a petition, signed by 67,000 women cotton operatives, to the Government in 1902 asking for women's suffrage on the same terms as men. After the deputation, Miss Roper, who was then the secretary of the northern district Suffrage Society, took the delegation to meet Mrs. Fawcett at dinner. I remember being particularly struck with her appearance of eternal youth as her lovely brown hair and clear complexion seemed to confound both time and those critics who in those days made public women outrageous to the eye. In her after-dinner speech she filled us with a new importance by emphasizing the fact that we were really making a new page in history, for this petition which she and her friends had been personally responsible for and which we had helped to compile was the first concrete effort for the vote made by working class women. During the whole of my connection with the fight for the vote, Mrs. Fawcett stands out as a born leader, for however much she appreciated the efforts of her co-workers she was never blind to our faults or too effusive in her praise, but always waited until she had time to prove our loyalty to the cause she had at heart.

Mrs. How Martyn: One of the Eleven.

Twenty-three years ago at the opening of the autumn session of Parliament eleven women had been sentenced to imprisonment for demanding Votes for Women in an insistent and unconventional manner in the lobby of the House of Commons. Among the prisoners was Anne Cobden Sanderson, a personal friend of Dame Millicent Fawcett's. With a courage perhaps as great as the demonstrators had shown, Dame Millicent arranged and presided over a banquet at the Savoy Hotel to greet the prisoners on their release. This was indicative of the wisdom and vision she constantly showed in difficult situations. Thus it was that the great leader of the constitutional suffragists earned the respect, affection and gratitude of numbers of militants who felt that though she could not join them yet she could and did understand.

Miss K. I. Hancock.

Everyone who came in touch with Dame Millicent Fawcett, however slightly, could not but recognize something of her quality and appreciate, at least in part, what her leadership must have meant to the thousands of women who worked under it to win one of the greatest reforms of human history. But to those of us who have been connected with the woman's movement only since the greater part of her life-work had been achieved, perhaps the most vivid memories are of her utter lack of egotism, of her delightful speeches at receptions in her honour, of her active interest in the work and of her many acts of kindness and thought for others. She must have had an immense volume of correspondence and yet in six years I do not once remember not receiving an answer to a letter to her by return of post, nor did she ever fail to keep an appointment. No suffrage function was complete without her and after almost every one came a much valued note of encouragement and appreciation to those responsible. The last letter the N.U.S.E.C. had from her, only a few days before her death, was one of congratulation on their luncheon to women Members of Parliament and expressing her pleasure at having been present. Her generous welcome of the younger generations and her ceaseless championship of them will ever to a cherished memory, and to justify her faith a great ambition.

Miss R. Fisher.

It was my privilege to call on Dame Millicent on the morning of the 18th July, 1928—the day on which she was to be the guest of honour at a Garden Party arranged by the N.U.S.E.C. to celebrate the attainment of Equal Franchise and which was held in Lady Astor's beautiful grounds at Taplow (a memorable day for many readers!). Dame Millicent had generously agreed to autograph some copies of her most interesting book "The Women's Victory—and After" which were to be on sale for the benefit of N.U.S.E.C. funds, and I had called to collect them. I found her in a bower of exquisite flowers (which she delightedly said had come from many old suffragist friends) surrounded by some hundreds of these books, on which she was busily working, and she told me with beaming pride that she had "been on the job" since 7 a.m.! In her generous and unflagging enthusiasm, she had not only added her autograph but also one of her favourite verses in each copy as well, no mean undertaking for the most accustomed scribe, and, fittingly enough, the most general inscription was:—

"Things done are won—Joy's soul lies in the doing."

THE ALPHA CLUB
A LUNCHEON

will be held on Wednesday, 20th November, at 1.15 at the

WASHINGTON HOTEL, CURZON ST.

Guest of honour: Miss VIOLET CORDERY
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Gwen John.

I first knew Dame Millicent Fawcett about two years ago. I took, for obvious reasons, the initial step myself, but she never allowed me to remember this. We had a point of common interest and she would listen to, or read, willingly and even eagerly, my views upon it, and keep me up to the mark by sending cuttings from the papers on the subject. It sometimes came into my mind when a new book was published, or an interesting question launched, that Dame Millicent would have something to say upon that—and sure enough a card would come, as freshly expressed as if she had been entering life, and not ending it. She must have begun her day early. A letter to her posted late at night often received its answer about noon on the morrow; and she was apt at short post cards with one pithy remark.

She was I think conscious in all her activities that there was a torch to be handed on: she saw herself as part of a persistent plan. For this reason everybody mattered. But this was not all, for her sympathies were warm and personal.

More than once Dame Millicent climbed five flights of stairs to honour me by taking tea aloft, having come alone, on foot, or by omnibus. The very day that she fell ill, on 21st July of this year—a sultry day—I met her as she returned from the Temple Church. She looked a little frail, but alert. She would not pass me in the street without a few stimulating words, without a reminder as to an important topic; she would not miss this last opportunity. That is a cherished memory of Dame Millicent Fawcett, but it is only one of many. The outstanding impression is of a sane, incorruptible, fearless, and always kind personality, who put her principles into practice without hesitation. I don't think it would have occurred to her to do otherwise. What else were principles for?

Mrs. Heitland.¹

Those of us who are mourning the loss of our beloved leader and friend see her in one aspect or another of her many-sided character according to our own sex, age, or experience. To those of us who, like myself, were young women in the eighties, she was a wonderful counsellor and guide. Some of us felt in those days that we were trying to enter a world in which there was no place for us, or, at best, only a very restricted one. Instinctively we turned to Mrs. Fawcett for advice. Usually she suggested to us that we should not do the easy thing, but that we should become road-makers through the jungle. Some of us were to strive to enter the medical profession; others to do scholarly research work; others to ask for admission to the legal profession or to the Stock Exchange. To me she suggested a solicitor's office, and I am sure the advice was good. But if I could have got in, which was then profoundly unlikely, I felt that I should have been buried in dust. Yet if one did not take the prescription in its entirety, one came away from that cordial presence invigorated and enheartened for the struggle. She made us all feel that we were not alone, but that each of us had her place in the great army which some day would achieve the liberation of women.

In her we had absolute confidence. She was both well-read and ready—two qualities which do not always go together. One of her great triumphs—I do not think it has yet been mentioned—was at a certain meeting of the National Union of Women Workers (as it was then called) at Tunbridge Wells. An amiable lady of anti-suffragist views had ended a protest against our over-reaching ambitions by saying that for her own part she was content that women should be "mothers in Israel". Whereupon Mrs. Fawcett proceeded to demolish the lady's arguments, and then, referring to her peroration, turned genially to her and asked whether being a mother in Israel limited a woman to the domestic sphere. She recalled a certain Biblical passage: "The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel, until that I Deborah arose, that I arose a mother in Israel." The debate collapsed in delighted laughter.

Although the liberation of women from age-long shackles and subjection was the ideal of our leader, Dame Millicent was not in the least degree a fanatic. It is rare for a leader to offer a hospitable mind to more than one supreme principle. Dame Millicent was distinguished from many other great enthusiasts in this, that in the intervals—often so long—between Parliamentary battles she could turn to quite other studies. It was in one of the *entr'actes* of the suffrage drama that she wrote the Life of Sir William Molesworth. She read, not as some orators do, in the hope of finding an apt quotation, but because she was

¹ From a letter to *The Times*.

deeply interested in humanity and its life from age to age, and while she delighted in travel, her joy in travel reached its apotheosis during her visits to Palestine because there she was able to trace the human story from its grandest chapters through a long period of sadness and stagnation onward till in process of time hope came again and the promise of life. It added much to her happiness that men and women of her own nation were doing something to repay the debt of all races to that Eastern land. To those who have known her from early days she was one of the greatest of women; and none can replace her.

EVERY MAN OF EVERY STREET.

EVERY MAN OF EVERY STREET, a NATIVITY PLAY, by MARY STOCKS. With Woodcuts by WINIFRED M. GILL. (Pub. Sidgwick and Jackson Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

Every Street in Manchester is not residential, if we may adopt this curious word from the vocabulary of the house agents. Only people able to maintain a modest luxury *reside*, others merely lodge or live. Every Street and its neighbourhood is rich in such lodgers, and they, like their betters, love the drama and pageantry of life. Therefore Mrs. Stocks has done well in showing how the immortal story of the Christian gospels can be set forth in such a manner that it shall bring real joy at Christmas, being not only ecclesiastical dogma, but something with vivid significance for the people of the Every Streets of to-day, not only of Manchester, but of all big cities. The play, written first for the Manchester University Settlement, will be welcomed by many other groups who are, like them, "rich in human ingenuity but poor in money."

In the first few pages we are given precise directions in the matter of cheap but effective properties, dresses, scenery and music. The music suggested is of the best, though simple—The Oxford Book of Carols edited by Percy Dearmer, Vaughan Williams and Martin Shaw, with the Bach Chorale set in the English Hymnal to "Oh sacred head", and, at the end, our familiar Parry's "Jerusalem". One of Mrs. Stocks' directions in regard to properties fills us with a passionate emotion, but whether of shocked surprise or of ardent admiration for audacious courage, it is hard to say: we offer the direction, with its consequent emotion to our readers. It is as follows: "Torches can be fashioned out of small round tins mounted upon broomsticks and filled with spirit-soaked cotton-wool." Perhaps they do such things in Manchester, it being but an uncouth town. We, under the enlightened L.C.C., should rather direct thus: "If torches are required, small one candle power electric lamps may be used, but should be insulated and enclosed in lead surrounds. Further, six buckets of water should be at hand on each side of the stage, with attendants, and there should be a safety curtain which completely cuts off the stage from the auditorium. It is imperative that the police and the fire station should be advised twenty-four hours before each performance." Nevertheless we have no desire to quench, either the adventurous spirit of Mrs. Stocks, nor her torches.

Here and there in the play are touches of great beauty. The characterization of the innkeeper's wife, for example, she who, having borne no child of her own, has yet cherished hopes and longings and who will allow no refusals of her husband to take from her the joy of caring for Mary, albeit in the stable:—"I have little swaddling-clothes all ready. They have been waiting for her. Husband, yes, yes, yes." Then there is the soliloquy of the old King, waiting before the curtain which veils the child:—

"There is a pause before the dawn,
When dreams fade out, and doubts are born—
When night herself, departing hence,
Hangs dim-revealed, in grey suspense.
There is a pause, before the spring
Of knowledge to the fashioned thing.
When all our dubious thoughts recoil,
Oh, we have probed."

The play is so staged as to allow of the various delightful effects of bringing certain of the characters up the central aisle or from more unexpected quarters. There is also ample scope for the "small angels", who, in their "green gauze" wings need not be afraid of getting dirty and can scamper as they wish, as is becoming on so merry an occasion. The play can indeed be confidently recommended to all and sundry who intend to bring Christmas joy to mean streets, or indeed to all who have the hearts of children with just a tiny grain of the modern philosopher in their make up.

Miss Gill's excellent woodcuts give good ideas for the dresses.
A. H. W.

NATIONAL UNION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.

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MEMORIAL SERVICE TO DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT, 19TH NOVEMBER, 1929.

We very much hope there will be a large attendance of representatives of affiliated Societies at the service on 19th November. As secretaries of Societies have already been informed, return railway tickets may be obtained by those attending the service at the reduced rate of one single and a third.

During the service the office will be closed, but after half-past one, we shall be very glad to see any who may wish to visit Headquarters.

MEMENTOES OF DAME MILLICENT.

We believe that very many associated with Dame Millicent's work would be glad to possess autographed copies of her book—"Women's Victory—and After." A limited number of these are for sale at the N.U.S.E.C. offices, cloth bound 3s. 6d., paper covered 2s. 6d. There is also a supply of copies without Dame Millicent's signature, cloth 2s., paper cover 1s. The autographed copies were signed by her at the time of the passing of the Equal Franchise Act last year.

We have also for sale copies of two photographs taken immediately after the Royal assent was given to the Equal Franchise Act on the 2nd July, 1928. One of these, showing Dame Millicent driving away with her sister and daughter and Mrs. Oliver Strachey, can be seen on another page. The other shows a group of prominent suffrage workers with Dame Millicent and Miss Garrett in the centre on the steps outside the Houses of Parliament taken on the same occasion. (Each 6d. per copy.)

Dame Millicent's leaflet "What the Vote has done", brought up to date, also forms a very appropriate memento of her life's work. It is published by the N.U.S.E.C., price 2d.

CONFERENCE ON OUR WINTER'S WORK.

We are looking forward to the opportunity of discussing informally the immediate work of the National Union with representatives of Societies who are to be in London on 19th November. The Conference will be held at the Mary Sumner House, 24 Tufton Street, at 2.30. Visitors from affiliated Societies as well as representatives will be welcome, but we should be glad to know beforehand how many we may expect and how many will require tea (price 8d.). The conference will open with a short talk on Dame Millicent and her work, given by Miss Frances Sterling, who worked for so very many years with the N.U.W.S.S.

NATIONALITY OF MARRIED WOMEN BILL.

Captain Cazalet will be moving the second reading of the Nationality of Married Women Bill, for which he won a place in the Private Members' Ballot, on Friday, 15th November. The N.U.S.E.C., in co-operation with the National Council of Women, has circularized all Members of Parliament asking them to be present and give their support to the Bill. Other Bills of particular interest to the National Union which won places in the ballot are the Offices Regulation Bill, the Midwifery, Maternity and Child Welfare Bill and the Rural Amenities Bill.

"OUR WINTER'S WORK."

May we once again remind Societies that they can obtain copies of a useful pamphlet entitled "Our Winter's Work", which they will find of particular value in arousing interest in the work of the National Union. The pamphlet summarizes the points on which work will be undertaken during 1929-30, and serves as a guide to the outstanding reforms which remain to be secured. It covers many and varied subjects under the headings of Improvements in the Status of Wives and Mothers, Equal Opportunity and Pay in the Public Services, the Professions and Industry, Women in Local Government, Scottish Legislation including the Child Adoption (Scotland) Bill, Illegitimate Children Bill, etc. Copies can be obtained from Headquarters, price 2d. each, 1s. 6d. for 12, 5s. 9d. for 50, 11s. for 100. Quantities of over 250 can be obtained at special prices.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LIFE OF DAME MILLICENT.

MADAM,—Some years ago Dame Millicent Fawcett told me that if ever there was question of writing her life she would like me to undertake it. I am naturally very proud of being entrusted with the task, but I know that it cannot be done as it should be done without the co-operation of her colleagues. I therefore venture to appeal to those who possess any of her letters to ask if they would be good enough to let me see them. I am especially anxious to see letters written before 1890, and those dealing with her general as well as with her suffrage interests. I will take the utmost care of any which may be entrusted to me, and will faithfully return them; and, of course, I will publish no extracts without permission.

RAY STRACHEY.

53 Marsham Street, London, S.W.1.
12th November, 1929.

BROADCAST.

Mrs. Oliver Strachey will broadcast an eye-witness' account of the Memorial Service in Westminster at 6.30 p.m. on the day of the service, Tuesday.

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PERSONAL ATTENTION. MODERATE CHARGES.

COMING EVENTS.

DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT MEMORIAL SERVICE.

19th November. 12.30. Westminster Abbey. (Organized by The London and National Society for Women's Service and the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship.) Reserved seats (issued according to priority of application) from Memorial Service Committee, 27 Marsham Street, S.W. 1. Unreserved seats without tickets.

B.B.C.

Wednesday, 20th November. 10.45-11 a.m., "A Woman's Commentary," Mrs. Oliver Strachey.

Wednesday, 20th November. 3.30-3.45 p.m., "How We Manage Our Affairs": Mrs. Rackham, J.P.: "How the Council works inside our homes."

Tuesday, 19th November. 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Oliver Strachey: "An Eye-Witness' Account of the Memorial Service."

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH LEAGUE.

26th November. 1 p.m. 17 Buckingham Street, Strand. Luncheon. Speaker: Lady Abe Bailey: "Women in Aviation."

FEDERATION OF WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.

21st November. 3.15 p.m. 49 Belgrave Square (by permission of Lady Beit). E. G. Boulenger: "Behind the scenes of the Zoo Aquarium." Tickets from Lecture Secretary, 73 Bolsover Street, W. 1.

GUILD OF GIRL CITIZENS.

20th November. 8 p.m. The Guildhouse, S.W. 1. Mrs. Corbett Ashby: "This Month in Parliament." Chair: Miss A. Helen Ward.

MORLEY COLLEGE FOR WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.

15th November. 8 p.m. E. D. Simon, M.P.: "Housing."

22nd November. Phillip Kerr: "The United States." Chair: Sir Fabian Ware.

NATIONAL UNION OF SOCIETIES FOR EQUAL CITIZENSHIP.

Acton W.C.A.—22nd November. 3 p.m. Municipal Offices, Winchester Street, W. 3. Mrs. H. Archdale: "The Nationality of Married Women."

Barnsley S.E.C.—27th November. 5.30. St. Mary's Parish Rooms. Miss Le Sueur: "The International O.D.C. and the Woman Worker."

Glasgow S.E.C. and W.C.A.—18th November. 8 p.m. Central Hall, 25 Bath Street. Rev. Constance Coltman and Rev. Vera Findlay will speak on: "The Admission of Women to the full Ministry of the Church."

Kensington and Paddington S.E.C.—20th November. 3 p.m. St. James' Parish Hall, Wilsham Street, W. 11. Inaugural Meeting of Townswomen's Guilds. Speaker: Mrs. Clowes. Chair: Lady Maurice. Tea, music, handicrafts exhibition.

Preston W.C.A.—19th November. 7.30 p.m. Orient Café, Friargate. Mr. Carlin: "The Work of a Probation Officer." Chair: Mrs. J. Todd, J.P.

SIX POINT GROUP.

19th November. 5 p.m. 92 Victoria Street, S.W. Mrs. Roberts: "Feminism in the Empire."

ST. JOAN'S SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ALLIANCE.

19th November. 7.30. Dinner rendezvous, Soho. Guests of honour: Mrs. de Fonseka (Ceylon), Mlle Lenôel (Orleans). Chair: Miss Gordon.

WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE.

21st November. 4.30. Minerva Club, Hunter Street, W.C. 1. Mrs. Pollard: "Women in the Ministry."

WOMEN'S PUBLIC LODGING HOUSE FUND.

22nd November. 3 p.m. A public meeting in support of Cecil Houses (Inc.) will be held at His Majesty's Theatre (by permission of Mr. C. B. Cochrane). Speakers include Miss Clemence Dane, Miss Edith Evans, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, Mr. Short, M.P., Major Brunel Cohen, M.P., and many others.

TYPEWRITING.

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EAST LISS.—Small unfurnished house; five rooms and bath, kitchen, balcony; moderate rent.—Whiteley, Sussex End, Liss, Hants.

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SECOND-HAND CLOTHING wanted to buy for cash; costumes, skirts, boots, underclothes, curtains, lounge suits, trousers, and children's clothing of every description; parcels sent will be valued and cash sent by return.—Mrs. Russell, 100 Raby Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Stamped addressed envelope for reply.)

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GOWNS well cut and fitted by experienced dressmaker. Terms from 21s. Ladies' own materials made up. Renovations a speciality.—Grace Mayman, 168 High Street, Notting Hill Gate. Phone: Park 2943. Appointments.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

LONDON AND NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SERVICE, 35 Marsham Street, Westminster. Secretary, Miss P. Strachey. Expert advice on what to do with your girls. Addresses to schools and societies in London and Provinces by arrangement.

EDUCATED HOME HELPS BUREAU, 190

Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. 1, requires and supplies educated women for all domestic work. Holiday engagements. Registration: Employers, 2s. 6d.; workers, 1s. Suiting fee: Employers, 10s. 6d.; workers, 2s. 6d. (Victoria 5940.)

HOUSEHOLD Service League of the National

Council of Women.—A drawing-room meeting will be held on Friday, 29th November, at 3 p.m. to discuss the "Raising of the Status and the Widening of the Scope of Household Workers and Work." Admission free. Tea, coffee, 6d. R.S.V.P. Miss H. Morratt (Conventor Westminster district), 164 Ebury Street, S.W. 1.

FELLOWSHIP SERVICES, Guildhouse,

Eccleston Square, S.W. 1. Sunday, 10th November, 6.30 p.m., Maude Royden.

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