

The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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THE JOY OF LIVING.

By Inez Vera Clarke.

If we want to do good work in the world, of whatever kind it may be—writing, painting, professional work, domestic work—we must be happy; we must have continuous joy in our lives.

Not the joy dependent on our present circumstances, on some event happening that pleases us, but the joy that is inherent in ourselves when we choose to call it forth. This joy comes of our recognition of the law of evolution, our faith in our own souls, and the knowledge of our own power to make others happy.

We specially need the joy that rises from perceiving the beauty that is around us everywhere—the lights and shadows playing within the green depths of the trees; the many-tinted flowers with their delicate shapes; the beautiful evening sky, where the sun sets amid rosy and golden clouds.

Yes, and there is another form of beauty—the goodness in all the people around us, in every class of life, the courage, the patience, and the love that are displayed so widely. Only sometimes we do not see these virtues, because they are exercised under a different form from that to which we are accustomed, and our narrow environment shuts us out from understanding them.

Every person born into this world has a soul radiant with a power and loveliness beyond our highest conceptions.

The wide differences that separate people are only caused by some being able, because they are on a higher stage of evolution than others, to manifest more of this power and knowledge.

We need to praise and admire wherever we can.

Give love and encouragement. Never acknowledge people's faults and weaknesses. By touching the chords of love and harmony in others, by appealing to the good that is in them, we waken these qualities into activity.

Everybody needs to be helped, each at his own point. It is of no use teaching a child how to do complicated sums before he can multiply simple figures.

We need constantly to think upon the positive qualities—love, success, power, and beauty—and to ignore the negative qualities of sickness, evil, and despair, dwelling upon which lowers us fatally, and prevents us from being able to recognise beauty in any form.

If we centre our thoughts upon pain and evil and materiality, we close up

all the avenues of good within ourselves, and the world of art and literature and music must be to us a sealed book.

No great work has ever been accomplished but with deep joy.

The divine spirit permeates everything. It is the essence of every form of life. The higher forms can show forth more of this life than the lower forms, but the same spirit vivifies all.

In us human beings this spirit is organised for our use. We have the power to do infinite good.

This divine spirit, which is in all of us, comes from one source; therefore our relation to all people is that of a brother to a sister.

It is our duty to become as strong and beautiful in mind and body as we are able; to radiate as much of the divine life and joy as possible.

Recognition of the law of Evolution is necessary to the attainment of all our social reforms, especially to clear understanding of the women's suffrage question, the most vital of them all.

But thinking good alone is of no use to us; we must conscientiously do what we know to be right bravely and joyfully, because it is right. It is of no use dreaming of the services we are going to render to people when we have a clear consciousness that we ought to be washing the dishes, or setting the table. We must act rightly or we gain nothing by our beauty-seeking.

The result of right action is that we attain such power, and develop such a magnetic personality, that people come to us for cheer and strength.

A CORNISH LOVE-SONG.

Golden sweep of the ripened corn
Down to the still blue sea,
Red-brown sails by the breezes borne
Over the tide to me.

He has hair like the golden wheat,
Blue as the sea his eyes,
Brown his face, and his hands and feet
Tanned by the summer skies.

Out each night 'neath the stars and
moon,
Out where the silver beam
Falls on waters that sob and croon,
And fishes that glint and gleam.

Golden sweep of the ripened corn
Down to the sapphire sea—
He, the light of this summer morn,
Sails to his home and me!

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

THE BOX-MAKER & HER MASTER.

An Object Lesson.

By R. Blatchford.

May I direct the attention of the woman workers of Britain to certain aspects of the London box-makers' strike?

The employer of these women workers drops their price in one process from a shilling and a penny a thousand to fourpence, and so drops their earnings from twelve shillings a week to four shillings a week. When the women declare that they cannot live on four shillings a week, the answer of their master is: "Take it, or go."

Go? Where are the women to go to? They cannot get other work; they cannot live without money. The master gives the work to children, and the women may starve.

These are the facts. They are the common facts in most strikes or lock-outs.

Plight of the Workless.

There is no power in England, in law or custom, to prevent any master from treating his workers in just that way.

There is no power in England, neither law nor custom, to protect or save the workers in such a case.

It is not incumbent upon the Government, nor upon the public, to provide work for the workless, nor to exact justice from employers.

If, as may happen, the employers in the Lancashire textile trades insist upon a reduction in wages, the workers must take it or go. Their only remedy is a strike; and a strike means suffering and loss, with a probable return to work at reduced wages in the end.

Now, can any woman worker imagine such a thing as the corporation of any town lowering the wages of the women or men in the corporation works eightpence in the shilling? If the corporation of any town offered women four shillings a week as wages, don't you think the majority of the ratepayers in that town would rise up indignantly and put a stop to the iniquity?

If the Lancashire cotton mills belonged to the whole people, do you suppose that they would be so badly managed that sudden reductions of wages would be recurring incidents?

Our Own Masters—

The London box-maker drops wages eightpence in the shilling because he is master, and because the workers have not a united people behind them.

In nearly all industrial affairs the masters consider their own interests, and the mere "hands" are left to shift for themselves.

But if this were a Socialist country the workers would be their own employers and their own masters.

In a Socialist country that box strike would be impossible. The problem of the unemployed would cease to exist. We should no more think of allowing any woman to take four shillings a week or starve than any one of us to-day would think of allowing one of his children to do all the housework and live on bread and water while another feasted in idleness.

The cause of strikes, poverty, and unemployment to-day is the absence of organisation. Only by organising the production and distribution of commodities can we make it possible for the whole people to secure human and safe conditions of life.

Or Outcasts?

While the fate of the workers is left in the hands of a few "masters," those workers can never be safe from the danger of disaster.

The unemployed workman, as things now are, is a foreigner and an outcast in his own country. It is nobody's business to see that his skill is not allowed to be wasted; it is nobody's business to see that he and his wife and children are not reduced to beggary and misery.

The remedy is not a strike; it is Socialism—the public control of the national industries by the people.

These box-makers are our sisters—members of the great British family—and we allow them to be thrown out into the streets by an irresponsible "master" who wants to make money.

This is an object lesson in the results of "private enterprise" which I commend to the attention of the women workers.

How long is this kind of thing to continue? When are the women workers going to stop it?

And how?

LOVE AND AGE.

Love's pleasures are but brief, the elders say—

Sweet flow'rets born to fade
Like early blossoms, which the coaxing May

Do trust and are betrayed.
Alas!

Would this might be gainsaid.
Love's hopes are fleeting dreams, old wisdom cries,

Fair dreams, but false as fair,
As sweet and transient as the gem-winged flies

That wanton in the air.
Alas!

They bid us love forswear.
Love's life is as a tale that's told, they teach,

And ever told in vain;
Love's nectar is a loaded wine, they preach,

Whose sweetness hides a bane.
Alas!

That we the dregs must drain.
O, fie! If autumn boughs are sere, must we

Forsake the woods in June?
What though love's hopes mere idle day-dreams be,

Should dusk precede the noon?
Alas!

We shall awake too soon.
P. GLANVILLE.

A TRUCE TO VICE.

A single gentle rain makes the grass many shades greener. So our prospects brighten on the influx of better thoughts. We should be blessed if we lived in the present always, and took advantage of every accident that befell us, like the grass which confesses the influence of the slightest dew that falls on it, and did not spend our time in atoning for the neglect of past opportunities, which we call doing our duty. We loiter in winter while it is already spring. For a pleasant spring morning all men's sins are forgiven. Such a day is a truce to vice. . . . Through our own recovered innocence we discover the innocence of our neighbours. You may have known your neighbour yesterday for a thief, a drunkard, or a sensualist, and merely pitied or despised him, and despaired of the world; but the sun shines bright and warm this first spring morning, re-creating the world, and you meet him at some serene work, and see how his exhausted and debauched veins expand with still joy and bless the new day, feel the spring influence with the innocence of infancy, and all his faults are forgotten. There is not only an influence of goodwill about him, but even a savour of holiness groping for expression, blindly and ineffectually, perhaps, like a new-born instinct, and for a short hour the south hill-side echoes to no vulgar jest. You see some innocent, fair shoots preparing to burst from his gnarled rind and try another year's life, tender and fresh as the youngest plant. Even he has entered into the joy of his Lord. Why the gaoler does not leave open his prison doors—why the judge does not dismiss his case—why the preacher does not dismiss his congregation! It is because they do not obey the hint which God gives them, nor accept the pardon which he freely offers to all.

H. D. THOREAU.

GENERAL BOOTH ON THE SEXES.

"General" Booth has addressed a "Message to the Army" on "Woman." He says:

"First and foremost, I insist on woman's equality with man. Woman is as important as valuable, as capable, and as necessary to the progress and happiness of the world.

Unfortunately, a large number of people cling to the notions of bygone ages. To many she is little more than a plaything; to others like a piece of property—a slave in everything but name. Oft-times she is treated with less consideration as to health and comfort than horses that run in omnibuses, or beasts that are fattening for slaughter.

"Woman is equal to man in the value of her gifts and the extent of her influence, and I maintain that if she be given a fair chance she will prove it to be so.

"Let the boy," adds Mr. Booth, "be taught from his earliest infancy that his sister is as good as he is, in all that is important to life, except, perhaps, in the physical force which he possesses in common with the brute beasts. Let the girl be made to feel that her value to God and man is as high as it would have been had she been a boy."

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Mary R. Macarthur.

Many of us know that inimitable Twain story of the men who camped on a hillside happily, except that each night a cow dropped through the roof. Once, twice, thrice, the midnight entrance of the cow was borne. At last, even the most patient of the men was raised to protest. "This is getting monotonous," said the patient man.

Now, in Miss Macarthur's world, cows are always dropping through roofs. It is their favourite recreation.

However strong may seem your rafter, however cunning and numerous your cow-traps, harbour no illusions—just as, with utmost abandon, you give yourself to the drowsy night—t-r-r-r-r-r, crash! and there is your bovine, stamping and bellowing and gazing at you with his monstrous, inevitable eyes.

It may be any sort of cow, with six horns or nine eyes, or very like with sparks issuing from its tail; it may be, that is, a strike or several strikes; a threatened libel action, a jeopardising of the Sweated Industries Bill, something the Government has done, or, more likely, something it hasn't. That is detail. The odious fact is this gross avalanche that has tumbled upon you out of the night, and plunged you into chaos and derision.

An Inspired Leader.

Breathlessness is indeed her dominant characteristic. She is always at top speed. She whirls from meeting to meeting, strike to strike, congress to congress: the street shouting behind the dust and rattle of her car.

She loves movement for itself, and deeds for themselves. In her world life is not contemplated or mused over; it is lived: lived in new hurries, acuter emotions, and an ever broadening and intensifying activity.

It is a strike that gives her most congenial theatre for her gifts. She comes to help a huddle of cowed and injured girls, and gives them her own, confident and indomitable spirit. Their "master" is to them a figure of myth and legend: a goblin who eats up those that anger him. But this shining and potent woman laughs at the goblin, tells them he is only a sorry

"Pinafore," "again the cat," or the cow—you cease at last to bother about dimensions.

A Land of Giants.

She has so many interests, and cares for them so ardently, that apprehension finds her a broad target. And when calamity comes, be it ever so little a calamity, she sees in it a bulk that for a moment shuts out the faces of the stars. But it is not only calamity she enlarges.

She has the habit of passing everything through heroic moulds. She shares in historic councils and earth-shaking debates, and sees world movements come to birth.

She is indeed the soul of largeness: largest perhaps in a boundless charity that will pass harsh judgment on none and a fine delight in the success of her friends. She is as much above meanness as a cloud; she has no more spite or malignity than the sea. And, what is unusual, there goes with this amplitude great business ability, native shrewdness, and sound judgment of men.

A Triumphant March.

Her career in the labour movement has been unbroken triumph.

She dreamed of a great destiny when assisting her father in his business in Ayr, and at an earlier period when she studied in Germany.

The messenger of fortune came at last in the shape of John Turner, eloquent leader of shop assistants.

She heard him speak at an organising meeting, and became hot on the wrongs of assistants. In a little while she was a member of the Shop Assistants' executive, and a speaker of repute on Labour questions. She lost zest for commerce, and came to London that she might be nearer to the heart of the agitations that kindled her. A vacancy in the secretaryship of the Women's Trade Union League gave her prompt and splendid opportunity. She was appointed, and at once began that unique career of organising which has made her beloved of all work-girls, successful lecturer in Great Britain and the States, and memorable witness before the Parliamentary Committee on Sweating, and brought her at last, breathless and heavy with laurels, to the editorial chair of THE WOMAN WORKER.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end, To rust unburnished, not to shine in use As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life Were all too little, and of one to me Little remains.

To-morrow she will write more articles, and hatch new schemes and dominate new heaving crowds. To-night let her slumber, for it is late, and the cow on the roof is feeling the chill night air.

J. J. MALLON.

monster, and later beards him triumphantly in his den.

The girls cluster around her platform the while she talks to them in simple metaphor and moving or jocular story. "Keep on, miss!" said a tired Lancashire woman, with a rapt expression, listening to her recently, "it's better than t' seaside."

They concede her magical and immediate authority, and all else must. Once a managing director met her with rough discourtesy, but next morning a thousand fierce faces came about his carriage, and at a word it had gone hard with his directorship.

As Speaker.

The secret of her oratorical success lies in her power to put herself into elemental communion with her audience.

She has in unique degree the power to liberate emotion. Each word she utters is a wave of feeling to which you respond and induce further waves. Sure of you at last, the orator lets herself go: mounts upon a climbing sea of cheers and comes to shore—exhausted, maybe, but quivering and happy with a great experience.

She needs the stimulus of these cheers. Praise is to her like wine. It lightens the weight of the days and clears her memory of all pains and stresses. Tasting applause, all her powers deepen and expand. Her speeches break into rippling felicities of humour and pathos. Her whole being tingles and shines its gladness and content.

Round the Fire.

Such blessed diastole makes possible humorous contemplation of herself. She will come into a frank circle of banter and gibe and enjoy paraphrase of her most moving story. Nay, round the fire she will lead the sport and poke fun at her customary high pretensions. It transpires that she has many collaborators in carrying out reforms.

To-morrow the round, more than ever fiercely, will be resumed. This spirit has the thirst of Ulysses, and will go a-hunt for fresh sensations, wider experiences, keener thrills, until she dies.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end, To rust unburnished, not to shine in use As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life

Were all too little, and of one to me Little remains.

To-morrow she will write more articles, and hatch new schemes and dominate new heaving crowds. To-night let her slumber, for it is late, and the cow on the roof is feeling the chill night air.

J. J. MALLON.

TO ENGLAND.

Is there a corner of land, a furze-fringed rag of a by-way,

Coign of your foam-white cliffs or swirl of your grass-green waves,
Leaf of your peaceful copse, or dust of your strenuous highway,

But in our hearts is sacred, dear as our cradles, our graves?

Is not each bough in your orchards, each cloud in the skies above you,

Is not each byre or homestead, furrow or farm or fold,

Dear as the last dear drops of the blood in the hearts that love you,
Filling those hearts till the love is more than the heart can hold?

E. NESBITT.

PERILS OF LEAD-POISONING.

By William C. Anderson.

The earlier processes of the potter's art are not particularly dangerous, though for every agricultural labourer who dies of consumption four potters succumb to that fell malady.

But, after a shape is baked, the worker dips it in a glaze, which glaze is largely composed of white lead. And thereby hangs a tale—a tale of deadly disease and sore distress. For none of the dangerous trades has built, Timur-fashion, such a ghastly tower of human skulls as those in which lead is used.

Lead is a virulent poison. In the factories that make white lead a cat or a dog cannot live.

Preventable.

It would appear that, for physiological reasons, women are more apt to contract lead-poisoning than men.

Such reasons apart, physical weakness is an important factor, because when strength has ebbed low, lead eats its way into the system more easily. And many women workers are made weak.

In the country through there are some 600 reported cases of lead-poisoning every year; and illness or death may occur without the primary cause being traced.

The great majority of these cases, if not all, could be prevented.

Between 1898 and 1903, a Government inquiry in the potteries ended in a Court of Arbitration, presided over by Lord James of Hereford. The employers were temporarily—and, as it turned out, needlessly—alarmed; they took new pains to adopt precautions, and the number of cases fell from 204 in 1899 to 66 in 1902.

But in its turn the Home Office was scared by the outcry of the master-potters.

How Workers Suffer.

Glance, then, at the price which some of these workers in lead have to pay.

Perhaps they suffer the tortures of colic, and, when carried to bed, twist and turn and cry out in an agony almost past enduring. Perhaps the poison shows itself in disease of the internal organs. Or they may be suddenly seized with paralysis; in the young this is liable to make walking difficult or impossible. Or, again, the mischief causes partial or complete blindness or invades the brain. Frequently the memory becomes defective; sometimes delirium comes on; and insanity is not unknown.

These are not wild exaggerations. They are facts, vouched for by the ablest medical authorities. Professor Oliver writes:

The affection of the nervous system which occurs most frequently in lead-poisoning is "wrist-drop." The muscles of the fingers, hands, and wrists become paralysed, so that the hands hang powerless by the side of the body, and the patient is in a pitiful plight, for he cannot walk, much less feed or even dress himself.

Slaughter of Innocents.

I notice that several bishops, tired of the education controversy, have been

vexing their dear souls about the declining birth-rate. Have these good bishops ever been to Staffordshire? Here is an extract from a report by Miss Paterson and Miss Dean, H.M. Inspectors of Factories:

Out of seventy-seven married women reported as suffering from lead-poisoning, fifteen have been childless and have had no miscarriages; eight have had twenty-one still-born children; thirty-five have had ninety miscarriages; and of these fifteen have had no child born; thirty-six have had 101 living children, of whom sixty-one are still alive. The great majority of the forty who are dead succumbed to convulsions in infancy.

Dr. Constantin Paul investigated very closely the consequences of lead-poisoning, and his conclusions are clear:

Out of 123 pregnancies where father or mother (or both) had worked in lead, there were sixty-four miscarriages, four premature confinements, and five stillbirths. Of the infants born alive, twenty died in the first year.

Commercialism can out-Herod Herod in its slaughter of the innocents. Will the bishops look into this question? Will they speak out if they think that something should be done? Will they? I wonder.

Mr. Gladstone's Responsibility.

Remember that from 2,000 to 3,000 women are employed in dangerous lead processes. Nearly 1,000 are engaged as dippers. Their lives, and the lives of their children, are in grave peril.

And the Home Office—what is the Home Office doing?

It is acting with a masterly inactivity worthy of its worst traditions.

Has Mr. Gladstone forgotten that in 1898 a predecessor in office appointed a committee of experts to suggest what steps could be taken to minimise the lead evil? Will he ransack the archives and study that ten-year-old document written by Conservative professors who had listened to all sides, given the masters a fair hearing, carried out practical experiments?

I recall two of their main recommendations:

(1) That by far the greater amount of earthenware of the class already specified, i.e., white and cream-coloured ware, can be glazed without the use of lead in any form. It has been demonstrated without the slightest doubt that the ware so made is in no respect inferior to that coated with lead glaze. There seems no reason, therefore, why operatives should still continue to be exposed to the evils which the use of lead entails.

(2) The use of raw lead as an ingredient of glazing material, or of colours which have to be subsequently fired, should be absolutely prohibited.

Have these recommendations been embodied in law, Mr. Gladstone? Or did the Home Office hedge and delay until 1903; then issue a few recommendations, weak and compromising, yielding on the main points to employers' pressure?

Before your day at the Home Office, Mr. Gladstone! Yes, I know. But it is your day now.

THE FATES.

Three Fates they say there are who rule our lots,
Imperial reign, and binding like to steel;
In pictures have I seen their faces grim,
One holds and rolls the thread from off a reel,
The thread of life; one stands between, to say
When that behind with scissors grim shall snip
The fragile silk—and stern are all their eyes:
Close as a vice each thin, hard mouth doth clip.

Yet they shall not affright me. As I lay
One summer's day beneath a beech tree's shade,
Half-hid in swaying grasses, with the hum
Of insects round about, resolve I made.
I know not, nor would know, where leads my thread,
Whether my weary feet must climb and climb
Hard, barren hills, or whether they shall rest
Mid fragrant roses whilst the joy-mad chime
Of the sweet nightingale showers all the air
With heavenly numbers, lucid, deep, and strong;
But this I know, where'er my feet shall stray,
I'll ever twine life's cord with love and song.

ETHEL CARNIE.

WIDOW ROONEY.

And has that fine girl altered into the Widow Rooney? Ah! poverty and hardship are sore trials to the body as well as to the mind. Too little is it considered, while we gaze on aristocratic beauty, how much good food, soft lying, warm wrapping, ease of mind, have to do with the attractions which command our admiration. Many a hand moulded by nature to give elegance of form to a kid glove is "stinted of its fair proportion" by grubbing toil. The foot which might have excited the admiration of a ball-room peeping under a flounce of lace, in a satin shoe, and treading the mazy dance, will grow coarse and broad by tramping in its native state over toilsome miles, bearing perchance to a market-town some few eggs, whose whole produce would not purchase the sandal-tie of my lady's slipper; will grow red and rough by standing in wet trenches, and feeling the winter's frost. The neck on which diamonds might have worthily sparkled will look less tempting when the biting winter has hung icicles there for gems. Cheeks formed as fresh for dimpling blushes, eyes as well to sparkle, and lips to smile, as those which shed their brightness and their witchery in the tapestried saloon, will grow pale with want and forget their dimples when smiles are not there to make them; lips become compressed and drawn with anxious thought, and eyes the brightest are quenched of their fires by many tears.

SAMUEL LOVER

PUBLIC WOMEN ON PUBLIC MEN.

MR. BALFOUR.

By Margaret G. Bondfield.

Arthur Balfour was cradled in an atmosphere of culture. His illustrious progenitors had great possessions, and stood high in the favour of kings. His mother was a wise woman, and he received rather more instruction concerning the value of knowledge than is customary for the youth of his Order.

At an early age the Laird of Whittinghame evinced a proper sense of his position as heir to great estates. He patronised the village sports, and gave selected Readings to a rustic audience in the church school-room o' winter nights. Temperamentally, he is a student, philosopher, musician; but—noblesse oblige. He arrived at man's estate in time for the election of 1874; the Borough of Hertford was a Cecil preserve, and at the request of his uncle, Lord Salisbury, he became a politician.

Not at once, however. Secure in the family seat, he straightway travelled round the world. His maiden speech in the House was made two years later—on the subject of bi-metallism!

A "Superior Person."

His earlier speeches betray a deep distrust of Democracy, an utter boredom of politics, and an academic interest in the Established Church as a useful institution to uphold the power and dignity of his Order and keep the masses in subjection.

As Lord Salisbury's private secretary he went to the Berlin Congress of 1878, at which our then Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, involved himself and his colleague in a network of lies, nearly loosed the dogs of war, and brought British diplomacy into disrepute throughout Europe. After this taste of high politics, Arthur Balfour's interest in the game was aroused, and he joined the Fourth Party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill.

When Arthur Balfour is summoned to the Judgment Seat I hope the Recording Angel will remember his share of the work done by those four men.

With cultured insolence they exposed the sham of party politics; they heckled the Gladstone Government, and impartially sniped at their own leaders. He, however, especially distinguished himself by the bitterness of his attack on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Then the leader of this brilliant little group left them, and Balfour tired of the play.

Bought Off.

He was once more absorbed in the official Opposition. When, in 1885, Lord Salisbury was called upon to form a government, every member of the Fourth Party found a place; and Arthur Balfour was Secretary for Scotland, a position which brought him to close grips with realities.

With rare insight, he perceived the true significance of it all. Liberal party? Tory party? Excellent devices for the masses. The real struggle is for the supremacy of the House of Cecil and some others over the blind forces of Democracy.

He witnessed the Crofters' Rising. He diagnosed the situation accurately—a sturdy, wholesome people fighting against poverty, suffering the bitterest privation and misery, turning at last against their oppressors, and demanding the right to work and live. The organised forces of society were at his call; he used them. Then, having quelled the people, he told them that he loved them, and the remedy for their trouble was—emigration!

Soon after this affair, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then Irish Secretary, was broken on the wheel of Irish wrath. Lord Salisbury knew that his nephew had no personal ambition, that his distaste for serious politics had grown; but—noblesse oblige, and Balfour became Irish Secretary.

Dragooning Ireland.

He studied the Irish situation, and knew the root cause of the unrest to be poverty—a people starved in body, cursed by absentee landlordism; a proud, hot-headed people starved in spirit, unwilling subjects of an alien king. His remedy was the only one possible to his Order—the Coercion Acts, the Crimes Acts, the Irish Constabulary. When the Irish leaders in the House had been maddened beyond reason by his cool contempt of their passionate protests he put them in prison. The soul of the people swooned under his inflexible will.

I can picture him returning to his luxurious rooms after a bitter scene in the Commons, and drowning a distasteful memory in the ecstasy of Handel's sonorous chords.

He soothed the lacerated feelings of the Irish people by an improved Drainage Act, a Light Railways Act, and one or two tinkering measures of Land Reform. Then this most popular and beloved of Irish Secretaries made a triumphal tour in Ireland, amidst the plaudits of the crowds. The thought of these cheering crowds scorches the brain.

For His Order.

Balfour rose rapidly to the leadership of his party, and, as a matter of course, when his uncle joined the great majority he became Prime Minister.

Steadily he has followed the traditions of his Order—relentlessly crushing the sparks of independence where possible; giving small charity doles to the spiritless people to stifle their whining; giving large doles to factions too powerful to be ignored; snatching at any and every thing that may stem, if only for a moment, the ever-growing tide of Democracy; seizing the right moment to absorb the virile Liberal Unionist, and so revive the dying Conservative, forces.

Cold-Hearted.

The charming courtesy of generations of good breeding hides a weariness of spirit and a fastidious dislike of the necessity to mix with underbred people.

I vividly recall the scene in the Home Office on November 6, 1905, when wives

of unemployed men faced the Prime Minister, and in their homely way bared their lives to his gaze.

One woman told of a husband in work thirteen weeks only out of fifty-five. Another told of bare cupboard and empty bellies from Saturday to Monday. A third held up her sickly babe—herself too starved to feed it at the breast. A pitiful weekly budget was submitted by a woman from West Ham, showing that, when work came, the pinching must go on for weeks to clear off the dreadful debt to landlord and grocer.

I recall a note of madness, impotent threatenings of bloodshed. I recall, too, a clear, calm warning from a young teacher, that "a large part of our time is spent in alleviating the material sufferings of the children, and if this fact spells humanity, it also spells waste."

Arthur Balfour listened to it all, obviously moved; but when he replied his voice was perfectly under control as in measured phrasing he killed the hope in the hearts of the women, and planted instead bewilderment. Not until we were away from the sight of the dreamy, melancholy eyes, and the sound of the caressing voice, did the full meaning of the outrage penetrate to our very marrows.

Remember!

Wrath could only then express itself in fiery, futile resolutions. Oh, the humiliation of it! Surely, that day, the shades of his ancestors waited on the threshold of Downing Street to greet him airily with, "Well played, Arthur!"

There will be, very soon, another unemployed crisis of a severity unparalleled in this country, and there will be a General Election in two years. Arthur Balfour does not believe in Tariff Reform, but he will play to win on it, because the alternative is the Right to Work—and to admit that principle would be to endanger the supremacy of his Order.

Is he going to win again?

THE MONSTER LONDON.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me.
I should at thee, too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery,
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SEVENTY LOST YEARS.

"As far as my seventy years' experience goes, my impression is that the less one has to do with men the better. I wish I had never seen one.

"I know nothing of their chivalry or 'fair play,' and do not believe it ever existed."—MRS. WELDON.

LOVE IN CHINA.

The thought of China affects me as the presence of Littimer affected David Copperfield: it makes me feel painfully young. Everything in China is so old. Whoever saw a Chinaman who did not look as though he had ages ago forgotten more than any Western barbarian ever knew? Even the Chinese baby is not young: he is only an old, old man in miniature. And, this being so, one would hardly expect, at first thought, to find such things as love and poetry in China.

At first thought, I say, because, on second thoughts, one remembers that, how old soever things Chinese may be, there is one thing older, and that is human nature.

I suppose that the briar and the vine are older than China; perhaps older than the human race. Yet the ruby kindles in the one, and the delicate roses glorify the other. And we may well bethink us how Shakespeare in his wisdom noted that Time's glory is not only "To stamp the seal of time in aged things," but also "To wake the morn and sentinel the night." The moon is older than Adam; but her face, as still and inscrutable as Ah Sin's own, is still fair, and for turning prose into poetry, and suffusing the commonplace with mystery and with glamour, she is as potent now as in the days when the first youth intoxicated himself with the loveliness of the first maid: which was long before THE WOMAN WORKER first, at heaven's command, arose like a dawn star in the East.

Anyhow, paradox or not, the Chinese

make love, and write poetry about it. As to which, let the reader judge:

Don't come in, sir, please!
Don't break my willow trees!
Not that that would very much grieve me,
But, alas-a-day,
What would my parents say?
And love you as I may,
I cannot bear to think what that would be.
Quite modern, and Western. But it is Chinese of 2,500 years ago. And so is this:

If you will love me, dear my lord,
I'll pick up my skirts and cross the ford,
But if from your heart you turn me out . . .
Well, you're not the only man about,
You silly, silly, silliest lout—
while the following is several centuries older:

By the shores of that lagoon,
Where the water-lily lies,
Where the tall valerians rise
Slender as the crescent moon,
Goes Hēa Nan . . . Ah, Hēa Nan,
Sleep brings me no relief:
My heart is full of grief.

By the shores of that lagoon,
Where the drowsy lotus lies,
Where the tall valerians rise
Brighter than the orbéd moon,
Shines Hēa Nan . . . Ah, Hēa Nan,
I turn and turn all night,
And dawn brings no respite.

Pao Chao, who was killed in a rebellion fifteen centuries ago, had a dainty gift of song:

What do these halls of jasper mean,
And shining floor,
Where tapestries of satin screen
Window and door?

A lady on a lonely seat,
Embroidering
Fair flowers which seem to smell as sweet
As buds in spring.

Swallows flit past, a zephyr shakes
The plum blooms down;

She draws the blind, a goblet takes
Her thoughts to drown,
And now she sits in tears, or hums,
Nursing her grief
That in her life joy rarely comes
To bring relief
Oh, for the humble turtle's flight,
My mate and I,
Not the lone crane, far out of sight
Beyond the sky.

Hēa Nan is dead and buried some score and a half of centuries, but her lover's song is as fresh and modern as a cluster of wallflowers in the crevice of a ruined castle. For love, happily, is never old, and poetry outlasts the pyramids. R. P.

DRESS AND MANNERS IN NEW TURKEY.

"Freedom, absolute freedom," were the words used by a Turkish lady when asked what difference the Constitution would make in her life. However, the present dress will only undergo a slight modification. The veil will not be done away with, but a lighter one will be worn, and this will be more often lifted. Gradually, as time goes on, the veil will disappear; at least, this is the present opinion; but now it would not be understood. Instead of the shapeless out-of-door cloak, the Turkish lady can now wear well-fitting dresses, or jackets and skirts, and be as smart and trim as her European sisters; but she must not wear a hat yet, and her head will be entirely enveloped in a sort of hood attached to the neck of her dress or coat, and made of the same material as her costume. —"Daily Telegraph."

CHIVALRY AND CHIFFONS.

By Chas. E. Dawson.

With the "new woman," the serio-comic suffragette, and other music-hall myths, the comic papers have invented the male attitude to feminine attire.

Every sorry jester who scribbles for the ha'penny Press has belaboured a weary joke out of the idea that the items of a lady's toilet, if described as "things" or "mysteries," become humorous. Other men besides journalists have got the habit, until a gaunt ignorance of all that pertains to woman's sartorial welfare becomes a matter of contemptuous boast.

A generation ago women had the same generic term for every part of a bicycle. Handle-bar, pedals, brakes—all were "things." But bicycles were new. The problem of women and their accessories is not. It dates back to Mother Eve, and though ignorance may be bliss in some cases, male ignorance of a woman's aims and needs is never blissful for the woman, be she sister, sweetheart, wife, or mother.

I feel so strongly that the sum of human happiness could be increased by a little masculine knowledge of these matters that, if there were only a few more hours to the working day, I would establish a correspondence course of instruction for men in the Science and Art of Feminine Costume.

A Bear who Didn't Mean It.

Few men know why a woman can't put her hat on or take it off as easily as a "bowler."

A friend of mine once made a life-long enemy of a very charming woman for the lack of a little understanding.

She had come to tea, and out of regard for him and his wife had spent as long as it would take him to read "The Clarion" in preparing her toilet. Her hair was carefully arranged and built up into her chic new hat, so that the curls and waves nestled under the brim, creating a unity of effect that was in itself a pleasing and successful work of art.

Now, my friend, from an over-reaching sense of bonhomie, persistently demanded that she should take her hat off, in order "to look more at home"; and at last, his enthusiasm for "home-ness" getting the better of his manners, he removed both hat-pins and hat by force! Instead of putting her at ease, he, of course, put her into a fuming rage—which was not altogether concealed by her veneer of breeding. Once let a man realise how many deft and fateful manipulations are involved in putting on a hat, and he will not storm around the doorstep making irritating calculations with a stop-watch.

A Cri du Cœur.

A comparatively happy young professional couple, playing small parts in West London theatres, will, I am afraid, soon find themselves drifting on to the rocks of disagreement and still more fatal indifference, unless the young husband sits up and takes notice of the little things which he imagines don't concern him.

We were discussing the costumes and designs for a next season's panto-

mime, when the talk veered round to lace, and a few fine old examples I had lighted upon. Then the young bride described for us some very choice garments she had bought—lovely conceptions of gossamer and sea spray, exquisite in detail and richness of design, and glorious in their wealth of finest cambric foam. The days and nights spent in thinking them out, the salaries of weeks they had cost, the sacrifices she had made to get them, and the months of fine needlecraft bestowed upon their making by the patient nuns of some far-off nunnery, and then—the poignant little note of despair in her voice when she added:

"And, do you know, George has never even so much as noticed them. I don't believe he'd know if I wore red flannel!"

Then a woman has such a different point of view concerning details from a man. It is not often apparent how deep down is her loyalty to little things—the little things that matter to her.

An Amazal Bridogroom.

A short time ago a lady—young, beautiful, and richer than any honest woman worker can hope to be in these days of inequalities—fell desperately in love with a dashing young officer. After many cogitations and heartburnings, the lovers decided, for reasons which I need not consider, to elope.

The Continental express was on the point of starting, when our young officer stood biting his moustache and learning his first lesson in the ways of woman. The girl who loved him so deeply, and was ready to be sacrificed to paragraphs in Society papers and the gossip of her own set, had just been giving a final glance in her dress-basket, and had there discovered the grimmest tragedy her life had yet suffered.

Her maid had omitted to run the blue bébé ribbon into the frilled insertion of some underwear, and her feminine sense of detailed completeness was irrevocably spoiled. With the tears trickling down her veil, she protested that she still loved him and all that, but the situation was hopeless!

One may smile; but she had her baggage transferred to a convenient taxi, whilst the young man went to his club to talk it over with an old warrior—who taught him things.

These may be reckoned extreme instances. They are, nevertheless, true, and, being true, they indicate the depth to which "friperies and fallals" may penetrate a woman's life.

The average woman can work miracles with scissors and a needle and cotton; the average man cannot properly sew on a button. This fumbling inability seems to me the sign and symbol of his utter lack of sympathy or interest in matters feminine.

The great thing is to bring the proud wilfulness of the money-maker under the curb of higher laws.—Richard Whiteing.

CUPBOARD LOVE.

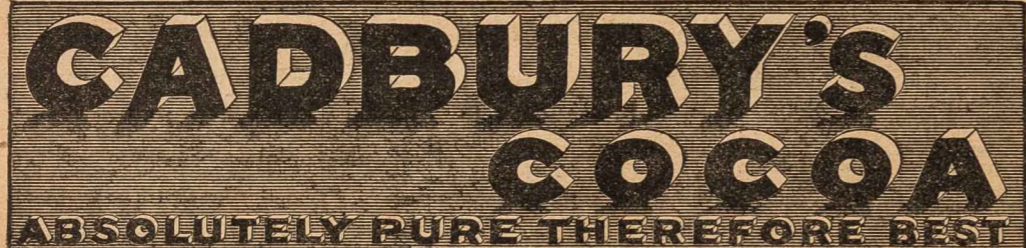
The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon his sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticler himself lay sprawling on his back in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but slowly-sloping roofs built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low, projecting caves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighbouring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use, and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom-cars of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches hung in gay festoons along the wall, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlour where the four-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various coloured birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner-cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A Frankfort slaughter-house employee, named Zinert, is reported to have killed 5,000,000 hogs during the past twenty-seven years. Here, surely, we have the man to deal with our scorching motorists.—"Punch."



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Why Wear Black?

By Ellen Preston.

I am puzzled to know why black should be thought so respectable. No one dreams of denying the respectability of black—unless, of course, it be on someone's face, when it is considered to incline the other way. Indeed, there is a class of people who only feel well-dressed when they are garbed in black from head to foot. Suggest a bit of colour to them, and they are shocked. There are women—one can tell them at a glance—who will wear nothing else while they live.

You may guess the contents of these persons' wardrobes, and name their Sunday garments quite easily. Black dress with bodice trimmed with black silk, beads, or sequins; a little—very little—bit of white at the neck, perhaps. A black silk and lace coat or cape, with more bead or sequin trimming; and a bonnet-like toque or toque-like bonnet.

They are generally of middle age, or elderly, and very respectable indeed—ready to attend funerals at an hour's notice, good supporters of church or chapel, and in many ways to be relied upon.

But never—oh! never—will they wear anything less respectable than black.

Sweetness and Light.

In their case it might be difficult to suggest a suitable change. Drab is impossible, of course.

However, I ask myself with real bewilderment why it should be so important for the bridegroom and the "best man" to don black frock-coats and top-hats as bridal garments. Surely scarlet and fine linen would be more in keeping with the ceremony. Alas! respectability has decreed things with even more strictness in regard to man than to woman.

If a man be a doctor or a lawyer, or belong to any of the higher professions, he shall most particularly observe this custom; even his evening and party dress must be severely black. A large area of stiff white front is all the relief allowed.

Again, I have often wondered why parsons, and ministers of various denominations, should cling with such tenacity to these ugly garments of night. It would seem that those who

profess to be the light-bearers of the world should clothe themselves more in harmony with their calling—should wear something to indicate the colour and glory of their message to mankind.

Not so. A minister may throw aside old dogmas of his creed, may even break away from the long-cherished ideas of atonement and eternal punishment—be an ardent new theologian, an advocate of the higher criticism, and even a rabid Socialist (!)—but nothing so revolutionary would enter his head as to change his black coat and white choker for brighter and lighter garments, even in midsummer.

So strangely inconsistent is our human nature.

Suits of Woe.

All you can say for these dismal habits is that they lessen the sense of hideousness we ought to feel at the sight of "fashionable mourning." But think of that!

Ruskin asked a question that is still unanswered: "Why put on black for the guests of God?"

Inconsistency again. We preach God's great wisdom, mercy, and loving kindness, and own his ways are best; yet when he, the Loving Father, calls for one of his children to return home, we straightway clothe ourselves in the dearest hue.

Crape! Of all horrible inventions in fabrics, crape, to my mind, is the most horrible. And it is even inflicted upon children. So great is the love of colour and the dislike of black in all healthy-minded children, that this amounts to a positive unkindness.

All parade of black is unnatural.

Nature's Livery.

Nature herself is very sparing in her use of black; one sees it only as a note among other colours—a patch on the bright wing of a butterfly or the plumage of a bird.

We speak of the blackbird, and of the black wing of the raven; but they are not really black at all. On closer examination we find them burnished, iridescent with all the colours of the rainbow.

And fancy a black rose! How dread-

ful if, by some mistake on Nature's part, we should awake some fine morning to find, instead of the glowing masses of gold on furze bushes, the warm red of cluster-roses round our doorway, or the stainless white of the lily—all blackness! Suppose the fields were covered with black button-like dots instead of starred with daisies! Would it not be shocking?

To be serious once more: Why should we not dispense with our foolish idea, that black is either respectable or useful.

It is neither.

From Grave to Gay.

Ah, let us live more naturally! Let us cease to make sombre the innocent lives of our little ones, to whom colour is as the sunshine. Let us learn to understand colour in all its life-giving combinations and harmonies. It has a psychic influence.

Surely God knows what is good for us when he paints with lavish hand the lilies of the field, the purple of the hills, and the glory of the sunset sky. Why should we move about like shades from the underworld?

"Give us colour!" cries the painter.

"Give us colour!" cries the poet.

"Give us colour!" cry the children.

"I give you colour, and in abundance," answers Nature.

But "Give us black!" cries Respectability—and we get it.

A SCARED MAN.

It seems that Riza Pasha, the ex-Minister of War, was much alarmed last week by the appearance of a boat-load of Turkish ladies at the landing-stage of his residence on the Bosphorus. He thought they had come, like a vengeful body of Suffragettes in the hour of victory, to haul him back to prison.

In harmony with the peaceful and well-intentioned purpose of the revolution, these ladies were going about seeking alms for the poor. Their numbers, for such an errand, were no doubt formidable—so much so as to constitute a sort of picketing menace, not to say a form of highway robbery—but the novelty of their philanthropic freedom explained this. It is to be assumed, we hope, that Riza Pasha subscribed handsomely.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

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POWDERS

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

Life or Business.*

I have been reading "Mr. Crewe's Career," the latest story from a great American pen, and I lay it down with the conviction that this book—finer even than "Coniston," which I lately mentioned here—is destined to affect the public life of the United States.

"Mr. Crewe's Career" is the novel I would have written if I could. It shows why a nation cannot be run for commercial purposes; why life is not worth living so, because it is not life; why the only enduring wealth is something that men of business can have little or nothing to do with producing.

And it is not dull, or anything like a sermon. It is a triumph of romantic writing, rich with the beauty of the earth and sweet human feeling; of practical writing, too, with an easy grasp of affairs and unflinching humour.

I must try to give you an idea of this great love story. Just a sketch of it; nothing more is possible in the space.

Mr. Crewe does not count for much. Mr. Crewe is a politician, with a vast belief in himself, but no sense of humour or proportion. He makes up his mind to be the governor of his State, and clear it of corruption, and do all sorts of things for the people—make roads, and found libraries, and generally produce what is called good government. But, being a millionaire, and just another materialist fighting a government of railroad bosses, he uses the same sort of dirty tools they use themselves—bribery, paid newspapers, unscrupulous agents—and only makes an ass of himself.

The hero of the book is Austen Vane, a young barrister with a backwoods record, "six foot o' man, clean grit an' human natur", whose father is lawyer and political agent to the Northeastern Railroad. The heroine is Victoria Flint, whose father is the chairman of the road.

Now, the Railroad Board sits upon the neck of the State like the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad's shoulders.

It represents commercial interests dominating all others. It is intolerable. And Austen Vane and Victoria Flint, who are young and have fresh hearts, are estranged from their respective fathers by events, and by their love for each other. But Austen does not dream that he is loved. And as he does respect his hard-mouthed sire and Victoria's, he can neither fight freely for his faith in pure politics, nor hope to marry the daughter of a powerful "boss" of whom he has made an enemy.

All the same, he is suspected of doing both, with all sorts of tragic and bitter consequences.

Well, Mr. Churchill believes that America must look to its women for salvation, and in Victoria Flint he draws a high-spirited and charming girl beginning to find out what is amiss, and valuing, above all the pomp and

* "Mr. Crewe's Career." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan and Co.)

circumstances that surround her, the sincerity and the poetry of a natural life.

How she is distressed to find all the scandals true that her father's political opponents launch at his administration, and how she keeps a pathetic faith in him, believing that he simply does not think, you must please imagine. There comes a time when Mr. Flint is weary, and at his lordly country house among the pine-woods she tries to save him from an empty life of mere domination. I shall quote the passage at length, because it shows how surprising her protest was, coming from a typical young American woman, and why such men as Augustus Flint are unable to take such guidance:

"Do you remember what good times we had in the farmhouse, when you and I used to go off for whole days together?"

"Yes," said Mr. Flint, "yes."

"We don't do that any more," said Victoria. "It's only a little drive and a walk, now and then. And they seem to be growing scarcer."

Mr. Flint moved uneasily, and made an attempt to clear his voice.

"I know it," he said, and further speech seemingly failed him. Victoria had the greater courage of the two.

"Why don't we?" she asked.

"I've often thought of it," he replied, still seeking his words with difficulty. "I find myself with more to do every year, Victoria, instead of less."

"Then why don't you give it up?"

"Why?" he asked, "Why? Sometimes I wish with my whole soul I could give it up. I've always said that you had more sense than most women, but even you could not understand."

"I could understand," said Victoria. He threw at her another glance;—a ring in her words proclaimed their truth in spite of his determined doubt. In her eyes—had he but known it!—was a wisdom that exceeded his.

"You don't realise what you're saying," he exclaimed. "I can't leave the helm."

"Isn't it," she said, "rather the power that is so hard to relinquish?"

To his intimate business friends Mr. Flint was in the habit of speaking of her as his right-hand man, but she was circumscribed by her sex—or rather by Mr. Flint's idea of her sex—and it never occurred to him that she could enter into the larger problems of his life. For this reason he had never asked himself whether such a state of affairs would be desirable. In reality it was her sympathy he craved, and such an interpretation of himself as he chose to present to her.

So her question was a shock. He suddenly beheld his daughter transformed, a new personality who had been thinking.

"The power!" he repeated. "What do you mean by that, Victoria?"

He little guessed the tumult in her breast. "It is natural for men to love power, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Flint, uneasily. "I don't know what you're driving at, Victoria."

"You control the lives and fortunes of a great many people."

"That's just it," answered Mr. Flint, with a dash at this opening. "My responsibilities are tremendous. I can't relinquish them. . . . I don't mean to say I'm the only person in the world who can guard the stockholders' interests in the Northeastern; but I know the road and its problems."

And as for letting the helm go now," he added, with a short laugh tinged with bitterness, "I'd be posted all over the country as a coward."

She takes her courage in both hands, and tells him what people are saying—that the State is controlled for the railroad, and controlled by a sort of

men who are bad citizens; and he answers that she does not understand—he is the trustee for thousands of stockholders, many of whom are widows and orphans.

And Victoria, after a brave fight, is baffled.

Then, one day, in the fiercest hour of a critical election, he finds out that she and Austen Vane, who has refused his bribes and whom he has begun to fear, have come to know each other. There is a tremendous scene which you cannot appreciate without knowing their intimate relations.

Austen, for his part, sees his old father broken in the empty service of his employer.

With this father Austen Vane has tried in vain for years to live on terms of an affectionate truce. But there has been no understanding possible between them. It is Victoria who brings them together in the last pinch, and yet the lover, like many lovers before him, finds her sphynx-like. The charm of this love-story, and the dignity that it takes from such a setting, raise the book to noble rank in literature. It puts in wonderful and unmistakable contrast the things that are worth having with the worthless things, the sordid things men sell their souls for; and it is worked out on a landscape of singular beauty and largeness. I think Mr. Meredith himself has done nothing more important, more vivid and humorous, or more compelling; and certainly he has done nothing with such an effect of naturalness and ease.

I have not chosen to quote love passages. For they are inseparable from the context; and though the story ends in a marriage of true minds, its greatest aspect is that of a chapter in a nation's history. The election is won for the money-bags, but one has watched a great awakening.

The women of America will one day teach America how to live.

KEIGHTLEY SNOWDEN.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

In a book called "A Little Brother of the Rich," just published in the United States, Mr. J. M. Patterson, who is known as the millionaire Socialist, attacks New York society very fearlessly. He may exaggerate; we do not know; but what he says is that most women of fashion in the United States make light of the marriage bond, live chiefly for display, and care nothing as to the way in which their husbands' money or their own is got.

Mr. Patterson's list of definitions is bitter. Here are some of them:

Husband.—A combined pearl fishery and diamond mine; married only for his money.

Wife.—A woman who is ready to buy a position with money, and refuses to be a mother for fear of missing a season or spoiling her figure.

Home.—A marble palace, tenanted by a woman, whose husband knows things about her which would surprise her friends.

Social position.—The chance to go to the garish, vulgar houses of "sure-thing" gamblers, to puzzle yourselves stupid and talk putrid pseudo-sentiment to their empty-pated, doll women.

There is more coarseness than wit in these home-truths.

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXI.—(continued).
A Screen Scene.

"It is very kind of you to think of me," said Barbara, prettily. "I couldn't say I was busy, of course," she pointed out afterwards. "I didn't ask him to sit down."

"Now, that sounds sarcastic," Mr. Varley answered. "But 'pon my honna, Miss West, I've been as busy as a working man at a pound a week, I have indeed. Thought about you every day, dear girl, for all that."

"Please don't be silly," said Barbara, with easy indifference. "You've called for your stick?"

"My stick? By Jove, I've been looking for that stick in every p—everywhere, high and low. I say, I'm awfully obliged to you. It was a present from a lady, you know. Ha, ha! I shall call it a present from Miss B. W. now."

Here Darbyshire, in Enoch's place, would have had his first broad grin.

"Indeed," cried Barbara, "I don't allow you to do anything of the kind, Mr. Varley"; but Enoch, with a burning face, clenched his teeth.

The conceited cad!

"Oh, just as you like, of course," said Mr. Varley, a little surprised; "but, I say, you're rather rough on a fellow. I called to pay my respects, my dear, and to see you all bright and right. Hullo, you've got two rooms. May I peep?"

As Enoch drew back, panic-struck, Barbara's quick answer sounded quite near him. "That is my bedroom," she said.

"Oh, beg pardon?"

Then there was a little silence. "What a jolly arrangement," he commented. Enoch, trembling after that sharp alarm, was moved by extraordinary anger; and to his horror Barbara answered, with the pleasantest accent of her girlish voice, "Do you think so?"

"I think it awfully jolly," said the man-about-town, solemnly; and then she had the wit to change the subject.

She pitched upon the flower in his button-hole: what was it?

"Do you like flowers?" said he.

The question being innocent, she answered carelessly, "I like them very much when they smell nice."

"I'll send you some up," he promptly offered. "We have a greenhouse full."

"Oh, pray don't trouble," said Barbara.

"Shall be simply glad to clear them out, my dear; no trouble at all."

Hearing the last words pronounced rather like a grunt, and then the creak of a chair, Enoch knew that Mr. Varley was making himself at home; and raged against his impudence.

Barbara acknowledged the kindness. "Not at all," he went on. "The governor must do something with his money. I can't spend it all, you know, though quite willing. 'Pon my honna, I think we've got nearly an acre of glass."

"So much?"

"The old boy's quite mad on it. My fancy is a good horse, now. I bought a beauty last week." And skilfully, as if she thought had just occurred to him,

he asked, "May I call for you some day with the dog-cart?"

Barbara was getting nervous. "Oh, I think not, Mr. Varley," she said appealingly.

"Why? I should like to drive with you awfully."

"You see, I am so busy," she made excuse.

"Not too busy for one short drive, Miss West. Fix your own time, you know. Do. It's a spanking turn-out, though I say so."

"You are very good, but really I'd rather not."

"Have I offended you?"

"No. Why should you think so?"

"Then I may hope?"

To this clumsy and persistent coarse persuasion Enoch had listened with his heart in his mouth. Barbara made an effort again to turn the conversation; she did not wish him to be disturbed by it needlessly.

"I've got two more pupils," she was telling him. "so my time is pretty well occupied now." She added: "Of course, I don't charge as much as I ought to, really; but you can't make people understand how expensive music is. They think they're paying such a lot for just one half-hour a week; but I practise and study twenty or thirty hours a week—more, when I'm very good."

"What a deuced shame!" said Mr. Varley.

"Oh, I like it, or else, of course, I shouldn't do it. Still, I mean I ought to be paid well."

Why, raged Enoch, did she talk of her affairs in that way to a stranger? Wasn't he a stranger? It was treating him like an old friend!

"Don't you think so?" she asked.

"My dear, you ought to have as much money as ever you want."

"Well, I have as much as I want."

"Yes, but, hang it all! 't isn't the thing, you know, a pretty girl working like a nigger all day. I don't like it."

He didn't like it!

"Do you know what I should do if I had my way?" he pursued.

"Oh, never mind that, please. You are too sentimental."

"Ah, well," sighed Mr. Varley, in the voice of vain regrets, "perhaps better not."

But Enoch, although he knew nothing of Mr. Prince Varley, divined his meaning by antipathy. Moreover, when he had listened for half an hour to this kind of conversation, it dawned upon him—and his mortification was profound—that Barbara had small regard for his patience. He was to wait there indefinitely, as if his convenience mattered nothing. She wanted an "opinion" of this insufferable snob; he was of so much importance. When Mr. Varley went away, pleasantly dismissed at the garden gate, and Barbara came back to him for sisterly consultation with a smile half roguish, half apologetic, he was ready with the first word.

"You might have left the key of the other door in the lock."

"You are vexed, Con," she said, going up to him quickly. "It is a nuisance,

dear, but you saw how I tried to get rid of him."

"Well!" he gasped. "I couldn't tell him to go," she pointed out; "but I kept snubbing him. I'm awfully sorry, dear. He was very stupid."

He could not let her make so light of it. "I don't understand you, Barbara," he said, choking, and let his arms hang loose instead of taking her hands.

"You are jealous, Con."

"I! Jealous of that lot?"

"You are shouting, dear. . . If you get angry I shall think you don't love me. I know you are jealous, or you wouldn't look like that."

She did not give him her eyes, but stood with a chill face half averted.

"Oh," he said bitterly, "I know I've no right to say anything."

Thereupon, with a little movement of would-be propitiation, she took hold upon the lapels of his coat. "Don't be unkind, dear. I don't like him," she said quietly.

"I can't see why you let him come here! You might have been engaged," he ran on. "A man like that has no right to speak to you. He came of his own accord; you were not obliged to see him."

She listened poutingly, because his voice was getting clamant again, and she did not know what to make of the note of pain in it.

"I can't be rude, Con," she explained; "and, indeed, he is very gentlemanly. . . Why do you look so strange? Oh, I hope you're not jealous like this always. . . I believe I'm going to cry!"

Suddenly she laid her cheek upon his breast, stupefying him with the smooth touch and odour of her hair. He put up his hands to her shoulders, and perhaps a minute went by before he could be sure of his voice.

"Yes, I am jealous," he said then, gently. "But it isn't for myself, Barbara; it's for you—for you." He had begun to stroke back the wavy hair from her temples. "Can't you see? I love you too much to be selfish. I know I shall never get you." With that he had to wait again, a sob having shaken him. "If some day you liked another fellow well enough to marry him—she moved her head beneath his hand, dissenting from this constant fancy—"I'm only saying so to show you—if I knew that he would make you happy—"

"But Mr. Varley isn't a sweetheart; he's only a friend," she interrupted drowsily.

"Ah, let me speak!" he cried, and presently went on: "If I were sure you would be happy, do you think I should complain? I should just go away to some place. . . I should be glad!"

His tears were falling on her forehead. She slipped her arms about his neck, and might have kissed him, but he would not let her raise her face.

"Oh, silly boy, to cry," she said instead.

"It isn't that," he got out. "I can't be sure of a case like that. You are so kind to this awful cad; I can't make it out. Surely you see what a cad he is, what he thinks of you—Oh! . . . But I'll shoot him before it comes to that."

"Con, I forbid you to think of such a thing," she cried, and freed herself, facing him in great alarm. "What dreadful nonsense! You seem to think

I can't take care of myself." She dropped her eyes, reddening painfully. "Oh, should trust me."

"Forgive me, dear," he said, faltering, ashamed. "I do trust you. But you seemed to say—I mean letting him. . . send you flowers, and sit there talking—That about the bedroom."

"Oh, you poor boy, you are crazy about me!"

He suddenly felt her soft palms for an instant press his face between them.

CHAPTER XXII.
Paine's Windfall.

On the following Sunday night Enoch went with Barbara to church, and so, as it were, bowed the knee in the House of Rimmon.

It was not in order to get the better of Mr. Varley. But even for an hour and a half he could not now forego her company. He told her this was the reason frankly.

"Oh, but you should go to church, dear," she admonished.

"I wish I could believe as you do," said he; and she felt a little gush of missionary pleasure.

He had been singularly touched by a discovery made the week before. Once or twice she had left his arms to go into her bedroom, and there had remained awhile. Her silence, and the face of self-control with which she would return, piqued his curiosity, and he peeped at length through the curtain. Then he was greatly ashamed, Barbara stood reading in a pocket Bible which he had seen upon her dressing-table.

By this he knew that she was tempted no less than he, and with this knowledge his admiration of her touched its height.

Her device for getting strength to resist might be a simple one; in his eyes it looked, indeed, equivalent to the use of a rosary, for afterwards he found the book, face downwards open, at a chapter of Judges; but it set him thinking again upon the elementary problems.

When he now considered Mr. Prince Varley, it was to ask uneasily, as he had asked with respect to Paine, why the Creator of this world permitted evil in it.

Why, since He was greater than the Devil—if there was a Devil—why did He let the Devil have his frightful ways at all? Why not have made man proof against wiles and perfectly happy, or chained the Devil up? In view of Barbara's innocence the questions were distracting. That God is, he was not so constituted as to doubt, because life, and the beauty of the world, were greater marvels in his eyes than what perplexed him. He felt the vileness in other men and the defects of his own conduct (ah, distinction that we blindly make!) only as a harsh note in harmony, not as the keynote.

Barbara was the harmony at its sweetest. Hopefully, he worshipped Barbara and gave it up. But he was to see "the wicked flourish like a green bay tree" in the person of Paine.

It happened one grey morning.

In a provincial town, when the night-worker goes home, the chances are that he sees only cats abroad. They take possession of the empty streets. Cats are not always noisy. For the most part they are ghostly silent. The world condemns the whole tribe, as its way is,

for the extravagances of a scandalous few. As light creeps in upon the town, your well-fed cat is discovered in the middle of the road, or on the causeway, more sedate in her solitude than on a hearthrug. Starveling cats, persecuted cats, take alarm at the solitary man who comes their way, and crouch fearfully, or sulkily disappear; she, self-respecting, maintains the ancient seisin of the cat community, and the intruder steps aside. Sometimes he may come upon a little Quakers' meeting of cats, sagely meditating. Even in waste places where no cats are, there is but one more shameful outlaw than the late sub-editor himself—the lost sheep-dog, to wit, travelling darkly down the road at a long trot; if you look at him with attention he swerves, and runs into a side street howling.

Descending one echo-haunted street to go through the pale heart of the town, Darbyshire and Enoch saw a man pitch head foremost across the whole width of it, and collapse against a shop front. At fifty yards' distance the crash he made striking the blue shutters was loud enough to startle them; and then they heard him laugh.

"Good man!" said Darbyshire. "Good hard head!"

But when they went to help him up, behold! it was Paine; and that put another colour on things. He had got upon his hands and knees, and he looked aside at their boots.

"Are you hurt, old man?" cried the gentle Jack, and went to feel at his crown.

Paine slipped into a sitting posture, supporting himself with one hand. He said merrily that it was all right, he had trodden on his hat. He repeated that it was all right, with a manner that gently deprecated fuss. Get a new one when shops opened. To lift him on his feet Enoch was obliged to lend a hand, and Darbyshire bade him prop the reveller up while the hat was rescued. Paine pushed him off, but immediately reached out and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Why 's your young Watson!" he said. "Oh, now—now we'll have some fun. Come along, young Watson, we'll have champagne."

He fell upon Enoch's neck with the weight of a full sack.

"Have champagne and be friends again. No b—no bashful hesitation; I'm now a man of substance. Where's the other fellow? . . . But you'll come. He, he! And when he was yet a great way off," said Paine with a chuckle, "a great way off, his father saw him. Nev' mind the hat. . . Ah, Jack! That you? No; leave the hat. 'S gone flat, consequence bein' trod on."

"Wear it, dear boy," said Darbyshire, putting it on for him. "Protect your head against things. Now we'll see you home."

Paine said it was absurd to go home, and hung back against their arms, explaining that he knew a place where they could get champagne and kill the fatted calf. Jack was too energetic, missed the point, he said; young Watson was dry with eating husks in a famine.

"Push him along," said Darbyshire, and they went off at a round pace up the hill, Paine laughing at the sense of flight this gave him.

His protests continued at intervals.

By the time they were at the top he was crying, "No, no; we're going wrong," and letting his legs trail. They tumbled him down on the step of a monument, and looked at one another anxiously, much blown.

Enoch remembered afterwards what a cool, clean air the morning had, and how at the first touch of dawn the little factory town was beautiful. For one fine moment of a clear daybreak in summer, even Merchanton may vie with Stamboul. Spires and chimney-tops, gables and the glass roofs of weaving sheds are touched by the first thin rays quite suddenly, and redden and gleam in a picture of which all the infinite small detail beside is fairly blue. This blue is like enchantment, a mysterious tone of the air itself; one sees the nearest object purple, the most distant no bluer than forget-me-nots.

Paine was troubled by a recollection. He wanted to go back and talk to a man that knew some riddles. This joker said, Why was a dead man like fourpence-a'penny? Dam funny! The funny thing was the ha'penny. The man would have told him the answer all right, but he, Paine, wanted the door open to think properly, and the silly beggars locked him out. He proposed that Enoch and Darbyshire should go and break the windows. The people would be sure it was he, and when they came out—he wouldn't be there!

"Too thin, dear boy," said Darbyshire. "Why are two dead men like ninepence? Hoist him up, Watson."

A policeman, standing in a doorway so as not to be seen until they reached him, recognised them then, and lent a hand. Never was help more welcome. But they had to take up the burden from the limit of his beat.

"Now, you go quietly home to bed, Mr. Paine," he advised. "You're in very good hands, sir."

Paine insisted on tipping him. "I want speak to this intellectual young officer," said he. "Let go my arms; I'll make him a present, he's been out all night; he's toiled all night and caught nothing. Here, officer, I'll—I'll produce a miraculous tanner."

But he was so long fishing in his pockets that Darbyshire had to work the miracle.

As they moved on, steering heavily, he said that he wouldn't affront Darbyshire by offering to pay him the debt. He would buy him a gold-headed walking-stick, to walk straight with. "Spirit-level in the handle," put in Jack; a joke so unfortunately timed that Paine went down upon his knees to have the laugh out. To Enoch, the duty of the Good Samaritan and his ass began to look formidable. They puffed and considered it.

"This is a caution," Darbyshire owned. "We shall get him home with the milk, about. Queer. Been mostly sober since the widow took him on! As a rule, he carries liquor like an old pirate."

(To be continued.)

The judge of a "Juvenile Court" in America says: "About five months ago the Physical Director of our Y.M.C.A. undertook to provide organised games and athletics for the boys in my district. The business of my court has since decreased 75 per cent."

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, with which stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed, may be directed to THE EDITOR, THE WOMAN WORKER, UTOPIA PRESS, WORSHIP STREET, E.C.

THE WOMAN WORKER, AUGUST 28, 1908.

The Last Word.

Our readers have responded "right royally" to the strike at Summerstown.

On behalf of the girls I thank all our warm-hearted friends—from the generous donor of £50 to the hard-working "mantle hand" whose gift of sixpence must have meant no

small sacrifice. I give thanks, too, for many messages of sympathy and encouragement.

Meantime, the dispute continues. Every evening meetings are held outside the factory. On Saturday the strikers came by train to Waterloo, from whence they marched to Trafalgar Square, undaunted by a heavy down-pour of rain.

They spoke in simple way of their hard lives. Sometimes a sudden sally provoked the crowd to laughter. More often it trembled on the verge of tears.

That gentleman evidently believes in the maxim, "If you have no case, abuse the plaintiff."

policy appears to consist of continually blackening the character of the girls (some of whom have worked for ten and sixteen years with the firm) varied occasionally by extraordinary statements as to their past and present earning capacities.

"If they had liked to £3 a Week for have worked hard they Girl Workers could have made £3 a week at times," he is reported to have said to a representative of a local paper.

"The Borough News" states further that its reporter, in company with Mr. Stevenson, watched a girl who had taken the place of a striker cutting labelled tubes, and that after four days' experience she was able to cut up eight a minute, which, Mr. Stevenson informed him, was "at the rate of 400 (sic) an hour, equal to 4 1/2 d. an hour, or 17s. a week."

A Trifling Mistake of 75 per cent.

The girl evidently referred to has since declined to continue the work. She states that while she was watched by Mr. Stevenson and the reporter she cut only three tubes—one of which was spoilt.

The Cotton Crisis. What is going to happen in the cotton trade? Mr. Marsland, secretary of the Operative Spinners' Amalgamation, states that "if the reduction is pressed it will probably lead to a general stoppage of mills, as the workers believe they are suffering quite enough by the lessened earnings due to short time working, and may be expected to resist any attempt to reduce their standard of wages."

No Case for Reduction. I must say the employers do not appear to have a strong case. It was only at the beginning of the present year that trade began to slacken, and already the workpeople have suffered severely.

Is a Strike Wanted? It is hinted, however, that many employers would rather welcome a strike and the temporary shutting-down of machinery.

Mr. Stevenson's Policy. "If you have no case, abuse the plaintiff." His policy appears to consist of continually blackening the character of the girls.

Readers of THE WOMAN WORKER when in Blackpool can therefore with a clear conscience visit the Clarion Cafe. The directors will, I hope, recommend the waitresses to form the nucleus of a branch of the National Federation of Women Workers.

Wages Board Operation. Some months ago a voluntary Wages Board, suggested by the Sweated Industries Bill, was formed in the Racquet and Eton Fives ball trade. The workers are mainly women home-

sent to be absorbed in other duties and interests than political questions, I am not prepared to place the government of the nation and the Empire in their hands.

Blackpool Clarion Cafe. For some time past I have been receiving complaints as to the conditions under which the waitresses in the Blackpool Clarion Cafe are employed.

Conditions Above the Average. In accordance with your request, I visited the Blackpool Clarion Cafe, and also made general inquiries as to the conditions. I am satisfied that the conditions that obtain are much above the average.

"During the first few weeks the cafe was open, a man was appointed manager, whose work was not satisfactory, and who, unknown at first to the committee, was inclined to apply the ethics of commercialism to the work-girls.

A Union Wanted There. Readers of THE WOMAN WORKER when in Blackpool can therefore with a clear conscience visit the Clarion Cafe.

Wages Board Operation. Some months ago a voluntary Wages Board, suggested by the Sweated Industries Bill, was formed in the Racquet and Eton Fives ball trade. The workers are mainly women home-

workers, and have hitherto earned very low wages.

The Board has now made its first recommendation, and as a result the two principal employers—Messrs. H. J. Malings, Frances Street, Woolwich, and Messrs. Gradidge and Sons, Artillery Place, Woolwich—have agreed to raise the piece-rates of their coverers 25 per cent., the former as from August 10, the latter as from September 1. We shall arrive!

A Black Cloud in the Sky. The annual "Wakes" are at present in progress in many of the Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire towns. But whilst thousands of workers disport themselves and their children for a few days at Blackpool, Morecambe, or Douglas, the black cloud of unemployment and depression is growing bigger in the sky.

A COMPLIMENT?

Our leading journals and magazines are being compelled to adapt themselves to modern requirements in the way of "home" interest, and we are therefore looking forward to the new combination entitled "The Spectator and Girls' Home Journal," with its "Chats with the Chicks, by Uncle Joe"; and to a symposium about to appear in "The Nineteenth Century and Afternoon Tea" on the question: "Do Duchesses make the best Wives?"—Punch.

SITUATION IN LANCASHIRE.

The ballot on the cotton masters' determination to reduce wages by 5 per cent. is proving difficult to take at a holiday season; and, in any case, the reduction came as a surprise to workers who had made large sacrifices in the way of short time.

It is announced that a score or more of manufacturing firms in Manchester and Bolton districts are closing their mills for several weeks in order to get rid of stocks, which have accumulated at a rapid rate during the last two or three months.

YOUNG PRISONERS.

The "Borstal" system, which was introduced into Ireland in 1906, has proved very successful there with prisoners from sixteen to twenty-one years of age.

According to the report of the Prisoners' Board, although 32,240 people were imprisoned in Ireland during 1907—an increase of 375 upon 1906—the practice of committing children under twelve to prison has almost ceased.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CYMRU.—Just right. We are grateful.

J. C. G. and H. P. P.—Arnold, of course! In dust and ashes.

R. S. (Abbey Wood)—We agree; but you are too late.

A. E. B. (Upper Newington)—The occasion has gone by, unfortunately. Thank you.

EMIGRANT.—Apply Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

Thanks for donation, which will be handed to the Treasurer of THE WOMAN WORKER PIONEERS. May we enrol you as a Pioneer?

Mrs. B. BILLAMY.—Thank you. We are seeing what can be done about your suggestion.

P. WALSH (Rutherglen).—Thanks, you are a brick! Your requests are being attended to by our business manager.—GEORGE LEE.

You are also a brick. Business manager is attending to your requests.

W. D. (Stoke-on-Trent).—You dear old man! God bless you. Do you know how to apply for a State pension? You are entitled to 5s. a week from January 1, 1909. Write and tell me if you don't know how to apply, and I will help you.

A. BEAVAN (Cardiff).—Thank you much! I'm writing privately.

Mrs. W. BARBER, Secretary of the Bradford Trades Council, draws our attention to a statement attributed to Miss Anderson, Chief Lady Inspector of Factories, in our issue of August 7.

Miss Anderson is made to say that, in the villages around Bradford, in seven mills, 243 girls under thirteen years of age were working full time. In reality the sentence should read "at thirteen years of age."

The Appeal for Daisy Lord.

Dear Madam.—Mr. Blatchford's article on behalf of Daisy Lord must appeal to the heart of every woman worthy the name, but it is of no use unless it appeals to the head also.

May I ask what women can do to get a free pardon for Daisy Lord?—Yours faithfully, H. E. HOOPER.

Norbury, Aug. 19.

Dear Miss Macarthur.—What can one do to help Daisy Lord? I could get signatures about here—or would try to at any rate—for a petition for her release. Or is there any other way?

Your paper is splendid. Many congratulations.—Yours sincerely, GRETUDE BAILLE WEAVER.

Newport, Essex, Aug. 18.

[If sympathisers will write to THE WOMAN WORKER, 44, Worship Street, E.C., and mark their envelopes "Petition," they will be supplied with forms to be filled up with signatures.—Ed. "W.W."]

Dear Comrade.—Reading the great humanitarian appeal by Robert Blatchford for a poor sister suffering Heaven alone knows what, I cannot imagine any woman doing such a deed who is not insane.

Then who, in the name of common sense, is responsible for the condition of the girl's mind but the man who has betrayed and deserted her?

My whole soul revolts at the injustice of the law which allows such a sentence to be passed on the girl and lets the man go free—perhaps to make more victims. One feels it high time that women had a voice in the making of the law by which they suffer.

As a member of a Board of Guardians, I know something of the suffering of these poor girls, and how hard it is for them to lift their heads again after they have once fallen. To see them try to get some one to

take care of their little mites, so that they may be able to support themselves and the baby, has often made my heart ache. Some are successful and get out; but what about the poor girls who have no friends? They are compelled to spend months shut up in the workhouse, and their one cry is "Cannot you get me out of this place? I shall go mad if I stay much longer!"

We ought not only to do something to release Daisy Lord, but to educate public opinion to realise the injustice of such a sentence.—Yours in the struggle, Mrs. GRIFFITHS.

Coventry, Aug. 18.

Dear Editor.—I am sure that you have enthusiastic readers in every town in Great Britain who would be willing to take a petition. I have very little liberty, but I would be willing to give my help to such a cause.

Dear Editor, if something is not done soon to protect our women from men's heartlessness we are not going to have many left free from stain.

Being in service, it seems to me as if betrayal were more frequent among domestic servants than in any other class of women workers. I have had but one place, yet they have just lost a maid for that reason, and two more cases came to my ears only the last time I was at liberty, cases of fellow-servants I knew.

The trouble is not just the event of childbirth, but that afterwards, when they try to get a situation, this follows them in nine cases out of ten. Some then seem to lose all hope and self-respect, and so become prostitutes. I know this to be true. I could tell you some heart-rending tales.

Dear Editor, it's because of these things I both hear and see around me every day that I write to you. I wish I did not want food and clothes to live; then I could give my whole time and energy to this subject—and work till I had made England so ashamed of itself as to alter the conditions.

It is the conditions, not the people, that we have to blame. I am only young, and I live in hopes that I shall see working women something better than the drudges and bottom dogs of the labour market.

Rise up, women! you have been patient too long.—Sincerely, DOMESTIC.

Chapelton, Leeds, Aug. 18.

Dear Miss Macarthur.—I heard the clock strike 3, 4, 5, and 6, and Daisy Lord was in my mind.

I wondered what we are, and whither we are going. We and those who suffer might be all of different blood instead of one stream flowing through all of us. I would rather die in a battle than live in the world as it is to-day.

Success to the "Clarion" and WOMAN WORKER. All hail to Robert Blatchford and Mary Macarthur for work done and still doing.—Yours, M. WHITFIELD, Hessele, E. Yorks.

The Suffrage.

Dear Madam.—People are apt to forget that the fundamental principle of the women's movement is not merely the "vote," but the removal of sex-disability. If the present Bill were passed I myself should not, at present, have a vote, but it would not be on account of being a woman, but because I should not fulfil certain conditions, common to men and women, and, therefore, I should feel no indignity.

As for increasing the property vote, well, after all, women who own property have as much right to vote as men who own property.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." But I am convinced that the Bill would not do this to the alarming extent that the Adult Suffragists would have us believe. The majority of women voters would be those who already have the vote at municipal elections, and a high percentage of these earn their own living. In addition, there would be a large army of workers—teachers, clerks, &c.—who would qualify under the lodger franchise.

As a Socialist, I am in favour of Adult Suffrage eventually, and I believe the surest and quickest way to obtain it is for women to unite in doing all they can towards bringing about the passing of the present Bill, and not allow themselves to be deluded by the

opponents' "red herrings."—Yours faithfully, FRANCES E. THOMAS, Southfields, S.W., Aug. 18.

"Devil Take the Hindmost."

Dear Editress.—Discussing WOMAN WORKER topics, a friend incidentally mentioned a despicable practice which is in vogue at a well-known Liverpool factory (I enclose the name) at which she is employed.

Periodic competitions are organised for piece-workers, and prizes to the value of £1, 10s., and 5s. are offered to three girls accomplishing a given amount of work in the shortest times. The subsequent procedure is to lower the pay according to the speed of the winner. Workers who are naturally slow find it exceedingly difficult to eke out an existence, as the pay of the quicker ones is barely sufficient.

I am at one with Victor Grayson, who says "Women are looked upon as so many cubic feet of labour power and treated as such."

If the majority of girls would read THE WOMAN WORKER instead of perusing the erotic meanderings in penny novelettes, we need have no qualms for the future.

MAUD W. GASKELL, Walton, Liverpool.

Working Women as Inspectors.

Dear Madam.—Whilst I very heartily agree with the idea that workers are best fitted to protect the interests of workers, I would go one step further and suggest that factory workers are best fitted to protect the interests of those who are employed in factories.

There are many capable and intelligent women who have practical experience of the conditions under which our young people pursue their daily work, and who know where to look for the wrongs that need to be righted. It seems to me that this personal knowledge should be the first qualification of a factory inspector.

If these women workers are disqualified through lack of educational ability, then I suggest that intending candidates, in addition to passing the examination now necessary, be required to serve some time as ordinary hands.

By this means alone can inspectors come in touch with all the small details of factory life. These do not thrust themselves upon the notice of a casual visitor, and are possibly only known to those "inside."—Yours sincerely, A. C. S., Bermondsey, Aug. 22.

The Burden of Rent.

Dear Sister.—I hope you realise that all your working, talking, and writing will not permanently better the conditions of industrial women unless you free their homes from the curse of landlordism.

It is hard enough for us unmarried women to bear; but a woman with a baby in her arms and a landlord on her back must soon endure the insults of charity or pauperism. Socialists should give all their spare strength, spare time, and spare cash to this one object.

For the last twenty-one years I have been paying 4s. a week for one room—£218 for that miserable accommodation—and when health fails there is only the workhouse. I am thankful to say that I have kept single; and no child of mine shall ever have to choose between poverty and charity. If the world cannot treat mothers with justice, our only remedy is to cease to become mothers.

ANTI-CANT.

Mrs. Despard Mobb'd at Folkestone.

After a Suffragist meeting held at Folkestone on Monday night a riotous scene occurred. Mrs. Despard and her followers were mobbed by a crowd of 500 people, and took refuge at the house of a tradesman, in Tontine Street, until the police arrived. The Suffragist party is travelling the country by caravan.

Mrs. Weldon makes a suggestion to avoid the rough crushing that takes place on the Tooting tramcars. Let employers ordain that men should work from 8.30 to 6.30, women from 9.30 till 7.30. "Women would then have a chance of getting to business without having their clothes torn off their backs."

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Heroes.

OUR FAVOURITES.

We are told that hero-worship is wrong; well, perhaps so. Perhaps we should not stand a man upon a pedestal and do homage before him because he has had the luck to be born to better things than the average human creature.

So far as the pedestal and the incense-perfumed worship is concerned, we feel but little enthusiasm; but for all that we cannot part with our heroes. Life without heroes would prove but a dreary dry-as-dust existence.

Who would part with Nelson or Hamlet, Sir Francis Drake or—Jingle? The last-mentioned is a rogue and a sorry scamp, but we could not spare him, and we would not exchange him for all the good young men in literature.

AND YOURS.

What say you? Of all the heroes you have met in fiction, which to you is the most heroic or the most charming? In fact, who is your ideal fictional hero? And why is he your hero? Is he a "most intense young man, an every-day young man," or does he out-hero all heroes? Tell us, please, exactly your opinion of him in 200 words, and the best hero shall be rewarded one guinea.

Address your letters to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., and let us have them no later than Wednesday next.

BOOK REVIEWING.

This evidently comes as easily and happily to our readers as swimming comes to ducks—or should we say ducks to swimming? We have received many criticisms on "News from Nowhere," the best of which we print. One guinea is awarded to Mimi for:

THE PRIZE LETTER.

"If I could but see a day of it," said the visionary to himself; "if I could but see it!" and straightway, so strong was the desire in his heart; for the accomplishment of his dreams, that in falling asleep, he saw a beautiful vision, the radiance of which must lift the reader instantaneously into fairyland, however unimaginative the individual might be.

Concerning THE WOMAN WORKER more especially, William Morris, in his great book, "News from Nowhere," gives us in strong, graphic, forcible, vivid language the most fascinating delineations of the ideal girl, ideal sweetheart, ideal maiden, ideal wife, ideal mother, ideal friend, ideal house-keeper, &c.—in fact, all phases of humanity, beginning with the ideal child and ending with the ideal grandparent.

Here in these absorbingly interesting pages we have—written down in simple words—a guide showing us how we are to strive along the path which leads to perfection.

I say to my chum in the workshop: "It is very hard, but we can at least try." Tess answers, "Not 'arf," which shows we have a long road to travel before we shall be ready to inherit the Utopian Kingdom of William Morris, even in our wildest dreams.

MIMI.

Our Ideals.

William Morris, in "News from Nowhere," shows us what we hope for, and live for, and strive for—shows us what our England may be under Socialism.

And, while we read it, we live that happier, freer, fuller life, and return with reluctance to the present time; but with the vision clear before us, seeing ahead the England of "News from Nowhere." We strive and work yet harder and with greater courage, and hope for the day when the dream shall be realised and the work accomplished—when England shall be the Merrie England of William Morris's great prophetic work.

"Facts are chieftains that winna ding," statistics and figures are splendid, knowledge of many subjects is necessary for the Socialist worker; but more than all we need the faith, the hope, and the ideal before us, and where can we get all these so well as in "News from Nowhere"?

(Mrs.) L. S. MOSEN,

South Harrow.

Perfect Women.

It is the glory and the privilege of idealists and dreamers to point the way. William Morris was an idealist and a dreamer, in a manner so pure and so pregnant of results that he surely stands first on the list of those whose ideas have directed the work of British Socialists.

In his "News from Nowhere" he shows us an England which is a "Merrie" England in an incomparably finer sense than is usually understood by that term. The atmosphere of the book makes the blood run quickly and joyously, and perhaps nowhere in literature do we get so noble and perfect a picture of woman as she may, and will, become.

The story has been criticised as impracticable, in that it does not explain how so many things have happened, or how so many people do just what others wish them to do, instead of just the reverse; in short, that his England is merely a beautiful garden of dreams. But this criticism misses the true purpose of the book, which is to hold aloft a great and noble ideal of what England may become. It is for us to decide by what means we shall make her so.

LILY SIMPSON,

South Harrow.

Without Passion.

After reading this delightful book I felt reluctant to come back to our method of life. I had actually been taking part in the

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

EVA GORE-BOOTH:

Poet and Agitator.

By J. J. MALLON.

THE NEXT STEP:

A Problem for Women Workers.

By G. MAIDSTONE.

THE SHAME OF LIFE.

By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

scenes depicted by William Morris, and an utter loneliness crept over me when I realised it was only as yet in book form that I could enjoy work and pleasures. Then I began to think such reading should stimulate, not depress, us of the Socialist cause.

The haymaking was delightful—how all took a keen interest and pleasure in lending a hand. Everyone seems to know and admire Nature; trees and flowers are cultivated for love of them, not wages.

How money degrades everything and everybody!

The perfect friendship between the sexes, the beauty and health of the women, the picturesque dress of the men, the guest houses, all combine to make an ideal for us.

I think it must stand second to "The Sorcery Shop" for one thing, that is, after a generation or two of life under Socialism, passion will, I think, be stamped out, and there will be no such thing as murder, not even when love is the provocation.

AMY WOOLLEY,

Manchester.

Marriage Customs.

Criticise "News from Nowhere"? As well criticise a rose, a seabreeze, a smile, a sunbeam. "News from Nowhere" is like all these, bracing, cheering, strengthening, and heartening us in the long, dreary work of making this "Nowhere"—Here.

How we draw long breaths at Morris's picture of London, clean, beautiful, full of homes nestled in gardens. What pictures he gives us; vivid, clean-cut; we see his waitresses of 10 years looking like 20. How we laugh, with a tender feeling in our hearts, when we see his jovial "golden dustman" enter! We journey with him to the harvest-working holiday, and oh, that delightful country cottage on the way thither, in which are all the delights of a rural life with culture and refinement! We see quite plainly the house-builders, and sympathise with the young woman who is so in love with her wood-carving for the house beautiful that she does not want a holiday at all.

And the shops! And the Manure Market (Parliament House)! But the marriage customs! Oh, dear, our marriage laws are imperfect! But—? My sisters, if you have not read "News from Nowhere," get it.

(Mrs.) ELIZABETH S. PORTER,

Bradford.

Healthy.

"News from Nowhere" could only have been brought to us by a healthy man. The visions of William Morris, as of Walt Whitman, are visions of health.

He saw freedom born of light and air. In a true state of nature, and so of grace, his characters live, move, and have their being. He requires nothing of his children save growth. He would supply them with little beside the stimulus of example and aids to development. Ideas being as valuable as experience, youth is not crammed with age.

No tyranny of sex or class, and so no man or woman warped by a sense of injustice. Sorrows? Mistakes? Of course; but nothing morbid or tortuous about them.

The centuries have fought and jostled their way into the open, where man recognises his brother man. Poverty and crime-producing systems have had their day. Turbulence and unrest no longer cast up scum and froth. From life at peace rises the smooth, rich cream.

What the heart of man may conceive it is possible for Humanity to realise. Socialism relies upon the best in man, and is destined to reap the reward of faith.

(Miss) KATE KILBURN,

Meltham, near Huddersfield.

FOR WIGAN.

Madame Albani has written to the Mayor of Wigan, stating that if a performance is organised in aid of the mining relief fund she will be delighted to give her services and do all she can to assure success.

The fund now amounts to over £2,740.

The Tomboy.

By Mabel Adeline Turner.

Sadie was a year younger than her brother Dick. They were generally thought to be twins, somewhat to the displeasure of Dick, who took the error to mean that he resembled Sadie, rather than the other way about; but Sadie had no misgiving, she knew that it meant she was like a boy—like Dick.

The plain truth was that the mistake was of Nature's making.

Sadie was a boy in everything but form, and even there, if her mother hadn't remained adamant in the matter of knickerbockers, it would have been a hard matter to decide positively.

Dick, on the contrary, while scorning intensely the species girl, was streaked through and through with his mother. When his undercurrent of softness and timidity would have left him quiescent and indifferent, Sadie's Spartan spirit urged him and herself to conflict.

It was she who thought of climbing all the trees in the square one after the other, that Sunday morning when the householders were at church, getting beached at last in the oak in front of the Roper's.

It was she who woke Dick in the dead of night and instigated the burglar search; and it was a sheer piece of selfishness that led her to take second place in the progress through the dark passages, thrilled as she was with the idea of catching the burglar and then exhibiting him to father.

It was she who crept out of their grandmother's house to visit the haunted grange at midnight.

It was she who dreamed the waking dreams of finding coral islands in far-off seas, of forests and wild beasts, of treasure hunts and hairbreadth escapes.

Her father's reiterated admonition to Dick, "Don't be a silly girl; be a man," bore fruit in her; it was so obviously a disgrace to be a girl. In vain for Miss Whitehouse, their governess, to endeavour to instil the antidote. Sadie inverted the old saw: with her it was sauce for the gander, sauce for the goose.

She could bowl Dick at cricket ten times to his five; swifter at football, better shot at the goal, sure aim at the target.

Her superior prowess in the boy's province decided Mr. and Mrs. Frank, after lengthy cogitations, to send Dick to school. Sadie was left to old Whitehouse. Then, unforeseen, began the emulation of lessons. When Dick walked home with Latin and Euclid, poor Miss Whitehouse had to burn the midnight oil, brushing up her scanty stock of Latin and still greater paucity of Euclid.

Dick at school had the ill-luck to be singled out for sport by an embryonic bully. Had he been all his mother, his tormentor would have left him in peace; but the highly pugnacious instruction and counsel he had imbibed from his father unfitted him to wear down by indifference and good temper the tyranny of might over right. He confided the trouble to his mother, who deemed it essentially a question for a man to solve.

Then Dick received his first lesson in the noble art of self-defence, Sadie standing by quivering with excitement.

"Warn him once, Dick," said his father, "and if that doesn't frighten him hit out hard; he'll leave you alone after that."

That day Dick came home with a black eye, covered with glory, sympathisers and backers to the right and left of him. The dramatic recounting of the victory to an admiring father and mother! What an honour it was to be even the sister of such an hero!

The fear of falling behind Dick's standard, the high standard of a junior boys' school, intensified the indomitable energy of Sadie. After she had rushed down to the station one evening to meet her father, and proudly showed him a bruise extending from knee to ankle, breathlessly eloquent on the subject of "ruger," Mr. Finch, entirely unaware that the fruit was from seed of his own planting, came definitely to the conclusion that Sadie was totally lacking in the feminine qualities and virtues—a deficiency that had to be supplied by enrolling her in the most select scholastic establishment for young ladies to be found in the neighbourhood.

There, too, was Sadie initiated into the tortuous shibboleths of school life. She was soon at loggerheads with the Beauty of the school. She had found her one day copying from another girl's exercise; she waited until the recess and taxed her with it.

"Dear me, pray go and tell Miss Perkins," said the Beauty.

Sadie's lip curled. "I'm not a —" she began; then stopped. It was sorrowfully true, she was a girl. "I'm not a sneak," she said quietly.

She had made an enemy of the Beauty.

It was easy for a spiteful, cattish personality to harass a simple child like Sadie. But Sadie said nothing to her mother or father. It was not necessary. One afternoon, as the girls trooped out of school, she walked calmly up to the Beauty.

"Phyllis Le Marchant," she began, with a delicious gravity, "you have been telling lies about me. I must ask you to apologise."

"Apologise? To you?"

"I give you one more chance," said Sadie, with ominous quietness. "Will you apologise?"

"I wonder however you got into this school, you're nothing but a gutter-snipe."

Like lightning, out flashed Sadie's little fist with deadly aim. Crack!—down went the Beauty.

The yelling and screaming brought out the teachers. The Beauty lay prostrate, red blood staining her blue linen gown and bravery of white laces.

"It's only your nose bleeding, get up," said Sadie contemptuously.

The principal marched to the Finches with the sturdy, defiant figure of Sadie by her side, crowing inwardly over the coming discomfiture of Miss Perkins. But before the day was ended Sadie

discovered that what made the hero made far otherwise of the heroine.

Expulsion was Miss Perkins's fiat, a long, serious homily from her father, a sermon from her mother on the text of what girls must be and should be.

Sadie had a bitter hour by herself in the garden.

"I shall never be happy again," she said—with the finality of childhood.

JILTED.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue

Which once my love sat knotting in!

At least I thought so at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen.

—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form, this pallid hue,

This blood my veins is clotting in;

My years are many—they were few

When first I entered at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen.

—niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift ye flew,

Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view,

Forlorn I languished at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen.

—niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,

Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my tu—

—tor, law professor at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen.

—niversity of Gottingen.

GEORGE CANNING.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

The trouble with the hoe-man is too much hoe—it is hoe-congestion.

The hoe is all right, and all men should hoe.

If all men hoed a little, no man would have to hoe all the time.

To hoe all the time slants the brow.

Never to hoe tends to hydrocephalus and nervous prostration.

Many men never hoe, because they say, "I don't have to." It is a fool's answer.

Then very many men are not allowed to hoe—the land is needed for game preserves. And in a country called Italy, where the true type of hoe-man is found most abundantly, there is an army of 250,000 fighting men who have to be fed with the things the hoe-man digs out of the ground.

Wherever there are many soldiers there are also many hoe-men.

Some one must hoe.

All food and all wealth are hoed out of the ground.

If you never hoe, and yet eat, you are slanting the forehead of the hoe-man and adding to that stolid look of God-forsaken hopelessness. If you help the hoe-man to hoe, he will then have time to think, and gradually the shape of his head will change, his eye will brighten, the coarse mouth will become expressive, and at times he will take his dumb gaze from the earth and look up at the stars.

Let us all hoe—a little.

GILBERT HUBBARD.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Holidays.

I hope the reason why I received so few essays on "A Country Holiday" was that you were all having such splendid times that you never wanted to look at a paper, nor to write a letter.

In which case you must have so much to talk of now you are once more "settled down," that I think you shall have another opportunity of relating your adventures—the joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, of the weeks when Council schools were closed, when teachers ceased from troubling, and inspectors were at rest.

Pills in the Jam.

Do you wonder that I speak of "sorrows" and "pains" in connection with holidays? Well! I have known holiday-makers to find pills in the jam, my dears, and thorns with the roses. The wild creatures of field and wood often show (in very painful ways) their disapproval of strangers who seek to be friendly without having been "introduced."

Did you ever try to "stroke" a hedgehog, as did a wee girlie I knew? He stiffened at once—just like the lady to whom my dear French Genevieve, unaware of English custom, spoke pleasantly in a railway carriage—and shot out quills like needles into the little caressing hand.

A small boy of my acquaintance—a future Stanley or Nansen—spent all his holiday time exploring, poking his nose—and his fingers—into everything he came across. He traversed every inch of the farm land, and pushed his way through bushes and tangled undergrowth to parts of the forest which even the natives knew not, finding all kinds of wonderful and beautiful and interesting things, which he carried home triumphantly.

His sisters rejoiced when his latest treasure was nothing worse than a green beetle or a velvety, hairy caterpillar. They did object to having wriggly polliwogs dropped down the back of their blouses, and found somewhat nerve-shattering the sudden apparition of a jumpy frog or a crawling lizard on book or needlework, as they sat quietly in the garden.

Antics.

But one day the adventurous gentleman explored a wasps' nest.

Wasps are very exclusive, my dears, and do not welcome uninvited guests; and they express their indignation very pointedly. One may not always see the point of a wasp's remonstrance, but one must be exceptionally thick-skinned not to feel it—as our explorer did, in several places.

And once he sat on an ant-hill, and the ants told him in biting fashion what they thought of such clumsy giants. Another time he jumped over a wall without first inspecting the other side, and rolled in a bed of nettles.

He went back to town with the story of his summer holidays written on his—cuticle. That sounds much more learned and scientific than skin, my dears. And you children love long or unusual words, and will fit them in somewhere when writing to me. I shall require a new dictionary soon.

A Nest and a Prison.

The boy had a sister, who one day took an interesting book to the top of a high hay-stack in a field behind the orchard, some distance from the house. Hidden there she thought she might read in peace, undisturbed by bawling boys or bothering babies. She hollowed out a nest and snoozed down, that she might not be seen from below.

But, being unseen, she could not see, and, absorbed in her book, did not hear when Tom, the farm man, marched off with the ladder.

And when she wished to descend she had not, as the French people say, "a bad quarter of an hour" only, but a much longer bad time before she was discovered and rescued. Nestling in the fragrant hay with an exciting book for company is a pleasant way of spending a sunny afternoon. But when one wants one's tea—and goes on wanting until sunset shows that it is nearly supper-time—one does not find pleasant the prospect of spending the night rather like St. Simon Stylites, who attained to sainthood by living many years on the top of a high pillar.

Rats or Angels.

And the little girl was not a saint, and had no desire for martyrdom. I do not think any of you would like to risk falling out of bed from a hay mountain, with the creepy screeching of "Jinny Hoolet" from the wood for lullaby, and real leathery-winged bats flitting around, instead of feathery-winged dream-angels.

But my few essayists on "A Country Holiday" tell only of experiences that were pleasant, with the exception of the prize-winner (Ellen Mabel Abbey, aged 12, of Selby, Yorkshire), who had an encounter with a very ungallant gander, which I am compelled to omit. You will all write at such length, my dears.

Lambkins.

Marjorie writes of a holiday spent at her uncle's farm:

My little cousin had a pet lamb, named Nellie, whose mother had died, so uncle had to give her some milk. When she was tiny she used to have her milk out of a real babies' bottle.

Auntie gave us some maize, and we went out in the yard to feed the chickens. After breakfast we took the cows on the common. Their names were Jersey Bluebell, Minnie, and Taff. Then we picked violets, and sometimes after dinner Uncle Alf would take us a drive to Waltham Abbey. Auntie Amy made her own butter, and gave us a little pat each, and let us use the roller to mark our own butter with flowers.

And as I want your experiences, my dears—whether in town or country, working or playing—I offer a prize (a book costing not more than 5s.) for the best essay, not exceeding 300 words, on "How I Spent the Holiday Month." Time limit, September 9.

Will Miss Abbey tell me what book she chooses?

PEG.

BEAUTY FOR ALL.

Mr. W. R. Titterton asks the readers of the "Daily News" why we should not have our children trained to dance as beautifully as the charming pupils of Miss Isadora Duncan, many of whom come from Berlin slums. We, in our turn, ask why. Imagine our own slum fairies tossing blossoms and playing butterflies in Epping Forest, instead of dancing cake-walks in Mile End to the tune of the barrel-organ. The writer tells us a little about the training of those German children:

"The school goes out into the woods and listens to and watches the wind among the leaves. 'How does the wind go?' says the teacher, and the children give their various impressions of the wind among the leaves. The child acts a hundred of these impressions, and as it acts them the power of expressing feeling by the movements of its body grows.

"I do not want this done in a corner by extraordinary people. If it is so done it will become a mere cult."

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Marjorie writes of a holiday spent at her uncle's farm:

My little cousin had a pet lamb, named Nellie, whose mother had died, so uncle had to give her some milk. When she was tiny she used to have her milk out of a real babies' bottle.

Auntie gave us some maize, and we went out in the yard to feed the chickens. After breakfast we took the cows on the common. Their names were Jersey Bluebell, Minnie, and Taff. Then we picked violets, and sometimes after dinner Uncle Alf would take us a drive to Waltham Abbey. Auntie Amy made her own butter, and gave us a little pat each, and let us use the roller to mark our own butter with flowers.

And as I want your experiences, my dears—whether in town or country, working or playing—I offer a prize (a book costing not more than 5s.) for the best essay, not exceeding 300 words, on "How I Spent the Holiday Month." Time limit, September 9.

Will Miss Abbey tell me what book she chooses?

PEG.

BEAUTY FOR ALL.

Mr. W. R. Titterton asks the readers of the "Daily News" why we should not have our children trained to dance as beautifully as the charming pupils of Miss Isadora Duncan, many of whom come from Berlin slums. We, in our turn, ask why. Imagine our own slum fairies tossing blossoms and playing butterflies in Epping Forest, instead of dancing cake-walks in Mile End to the tune of the barrel-organ. The writer tells us a little about the training of those German children:

"The school goes out into the woods and listens to and watches the wind among the leaves. 'How does the wind go?' says the teacher, and the children give their various impressions of the wind among the leaves. The child acts a hundred of these impressions, and as it acts them the power of expressing feeling by the movements of its body grows.

"I do not want this done in a corner by extraordinary people. If it is so done it will become a mere cult."

River and Wood.

After having fine fun for more than an hour, we wended our way down to the river, where grandma told us we should find a boat used for crossing. Into it we scrambled, and sailed up the river round the bend to an old willow.

They took off their shoes (they were not wearing stockings), and sat on a bough with their feet in the water.

Next, carrying their refreshment from the boat, they went through long lanes to the wood.

For sunshades we have large coltsfoot leaves. The hedges are covered just now with bramble and convolvulus flowers, which make them look very pretty. On the outskirts of the wood we saw a whole family of rabbits enjoying themselves immensely; but the moment they became aware of our presence they retired very quickly to their little home underneath a holly-tree.

It was delightful and cool in the wood. Eva and I decorated ourselves with flowers, and when we had finished we looked like veritable woodland queens. Our tea-table was a moss-grown stone, made to look prettier still with flowers and the first new nuts of the year.

We returned home after tea and related our adventures to grandma, who said, "Ay, dearies, but ye have been having some rare fun." When grandpa returned he said, "Now, my little honeys, and where have you been to-day?" So we produced our new nuts and gaily-trimmed hats, and he guessed at once.

Mab concludes dolorously, "Tomorrow our fortnight's holiday ends—all too quickly."

Dear little Marjorie Thornton, who is only seven and a half, deserves a prize, as does also Gifford Hale for a very interesting account of a day at Portreath, in Cornwall.

HIGH POLITICS.

"I wish," after a pause, said Lady Gorgon—"I wish, dear Mr. Crampton, you would not use that odious title, 'my ladyship,' you know it always makes me melancholy."

"Melancholy, my dear Lady Gorgon, and why?"

"Because it makes me think of another title that ought to have been mine—ours (I speak for Sir George's and my darling boy's sake, heaven knows, not mine). What a sad disappointment it has been to my husband, that after all his services, all the promises he has had, they have never given him his peerage. As for me, you know—"

Mr. Crampton now assumed an air of much solemnity.

"My dear Lady Gorgon," said he, "will you let me be frank with you, and will you promise solemnly that what I am going to tell you shall never be repeated to a single soul?"

Lady Gorgon promised.

"Well, then, since the truth you must know, you yourselves have been in part the cause of the delay of which you complain. You gave us two votes five years ago, you now only give us one. If Sir George were to go up to the Peers, we should lose even that one vote; and would it be common sense in us to incur such a loss? Mr. Scully, the Liberal, would return another Member of his own way of thinking."

"Oh, that horrid man!" said Lady

Gorgon, beginning to play a rapid tattoo with her feet.

"Nonsense, my dear Lady Gorgon—pardon the phrase, but I am a plain old man, and call things by their names. Now, will you let me whisper in your ear one word of truth? You have exerted yourself to maintain your influence in every way, except the right one, and that is—"

"What, in heaven's name?"

"Conciliation. We know your situation in the borough. Mr. Scully's whole history, and pardon me for saying so (but we men in office know everything), yours."

Lady Gorgon's ears and cheeks assumed the hottest hue of crimson. She thought of her former passages with Scully, and of the days when—but never mind when: for she suffered her veil to fall, and buried her head in the folds of her handkerchief. Vain folds! The wily little Mr. Crampton could see all that passed behind the cambric, and continued:

"Yes, madam, we know the absurd hopes that were formed by a certain attorney twenty years since. We know how, up to this moment, he boasts of certain walks—"

"With the governess—we were always with the governess!" shrieked out Lady Gorgon, clasping her hands.

"With the governess, of course," said Mr. Crampton, firmly. "Do you suppose that any man dare breathe a syllable against your spotless reputation? Never, my dear madam; but what I would urge is this—you have treated your disappointed admirer too cruelly."

"What! the traitor who has robbed us of our rights?"

"Think what made him a traitor, Lady Gorgon; look in your glass, and say if there be not some excuse for him? Think of the feelings of the man who saw beauty such as yours—I am a plain man and must speak—virtue such as yours in the possession of a rival. By heavens, madam, I think he was *right* to hate Sir George Gorgon! Would you have him allow such a prize to be ravished from him without a pang on his part?"

"He was, I believe, very much attached to me," said Lady Gorgon. THACKERAY.

"SCOTCH GODLINESS."

"If cleanliness be next to godliness, then heaven preserve us from Scottish godliness!" So writes Lydia Mayhew in "Cassell's Saturday Journal," and then she tells us her reasons for so writing. Women, she says, are constantly employed in laundries in Scotland for fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen hours at a stretch, and cases are known where they have been kept working nineteen, twenty-four, and thirty-seven and a half hours. The mischief is that so-called "domestic laundries" are exempt from the Factory Act.

The teaching of evolution is that each of us is many, yet that all of us are still one with each other.—Lafcadio Hearn.

HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

Pity, now, for a poor potato. If, as some scientists allege, plants can feel things—have, in fact, most of the functions hitherto exclusively called human (and animal)—then we must pity a certain poor thing, and perhaps start a Woman Workers' Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to—Potatoes! That's the worst of a new paper. One never knows to what lengths it may lead us. It brings out new ideas by the hundred million thousand—almost, and as each one crops up one doesn't know whether to look glad or sorry, or merely surprised.

If a photographer had been handy when I was reading a lady's letter about

Ancient & Modern Potatoes, he'd have been kept busy enough with different expressions. But I tried *not* to look surprised, as that is an old-fashioned thing to do. To look surprised is as though one never learns. Better look eager and interested, and the world will like you the more.

The letter is from Mrs. Margaret Kidd, 106, Stuart Road, Walton, Liverpool, on *How to Obtain New Potatoes in Winter*. She isn't "kidding" us, really, for she solemnly relates that we must procure some old potatoes—those of the preceding year are best, but they must be quite sound—place them half-deep in soil, with a free way round each one, and keep in a perfectly dark place.

In a few weeks the new potatoes may be picked off. The old ones will continue to bear until there is hardly anything left but skin. If the new are boiled rather more quickly than ordinary new potatoes they will be found delicious.

September is the best time to start them. So now's your time, ladies and gentlemen!

It seems to me, I must confess, a most heartless proceeding. The worst dream a potato could have is that it be dug up,

Boiled, and Eaten.

Not one, in its wildest nightmare, conceives a future state of bearing endless babies in a black cellar till it has nothing left but skin—not even a single bone to console its last moments. O dear! O dear!

Still, if by this means we can cheer the drear days of October and November by dishes of steaming hot new potatoes, sprinkled on top with grass-green parsley, and gilded at bottom with golden butter all beautifully melted, why, who shall say us nay?

Not the potato, for sure. Like others of the exploited, the down-trodden, and oppressed, it lacks, up to now, the organ of speech. Or if it has such an organ, it never uses it to voice its own wrongs, but bears them in silence in the cellar, steeped half-way up in dirt. Well, we give the

Prize of 5s.

to Mrs. Kidd, gladly and graciously, and now—will somebody tell us how to make new boots of old ones? That,

alas! will be useful, to me especially, for the limestone which does abound about Buxton has made sad havoc of shoes of mine which once were new. Any use putting them in the cellar?

Then, too, if we could make new dresses out of old ones! Put our old coats of last winter in the cellar, with their worn sleeves, saggy backs, and baggy collars, fish them up in a month or so, and find them with families of new ones. If, *if*, if!

But dress, happily, isn't in my department. A genius of the other sex manages that for THE WOMAN WORKER, and Mary Macarthur never made a more brilliant hit.

I wish C. E. Dawson would repeat in his columns some time a lecture he once gave me on the futility of trying to make long dresses short and short dresses long. Because that might save many over-thrifty women weary hours' work with the needle.

I also wish he would lecture us a bit on following the fashion, and tell us how much more graceful and dignified we'd look if we didn't, but just got gowns *good* and pretty, and made them last.

Doubtless he will, some day. For he once sauced me on the sins of certain of my own embroideries (done by my own hands, too), and a man who can do that has courage for anything.

Lately I spent some days in a place where

Native Costumes

are still respected. Some women were wearing gowns—with wondrous velvet sleeves and silk aprons—which had been their "best" ever since they grew up. They looked—well, they looked *gentlewomen* side by side with those who gloried in the latest gew-gaws. Their modest caps of real lace which crowned, but not covered, their heads of glossy black hair looked, by the side of flower-gardens and farm-yards of feathers which surmounted other frowled and towzled heads, sweet as the contrast between a green lane and a dusty, gusty highway.

Now here is a

Hint for Mothers.

which sounds most sensible:

When baby is cutting teeth and is overheated and cross, try a soothing bandage instead of syrups or teething powders. Have a long strip of cotton, broad enough to cover stomach and bowels, and long enough to go about four times round baby's body. Wet in cold water enough to go once round, then wrap the dry portion on the top, not too tight. A good plan is to sew long tapes at the end to keep bandage in position. If it is applied at bed-time a good night's rest will be the result. It acts as a gentle purgative also.—Mrs. POWNLEY, Blackburn.

Peccavi! A thousand pardons to my water-lily artichoke, which I misnamed "Jerusalem." I had my doubts at the time of writing. But as we English speak of artichokes as "Globe" and "Jerusalem"—in my inmost mind I have called the round-root kind globe, and the green flowers Jerusalem. Instead of which Enid M. Harding

reminds me that the Jerusalem are tubers, and the others, the real artichokes, which the French call artichaut, are the thistle buds. Well, I would not have insulted them for worlds had I known, bless their dear hearts.

Mrs. Harding also has a good suggestion for children in the

Creeper Crawly Stage.

She puts them, boys or girls, into grey flannel coats and trousers of very plain, rather wide pattern. For going out in winter they wear long coats; and in summer they discard the grey flannel coats for blue and white overalls. Girls don't need skirts at all, she says, except for party wear. Her eldest girl of five has worn nothing but flannel "suits" since she was ten months old, and when she goes out nobody takes any notice. Everything she has on can be washed once a fortnight, except her suspenders, and the coat and trousers once a week. The saving in pinafores (horribly weary things) is great, and she never has to be "careful"—the thought of clothes never spoils her play at all.

This same mother gets the

Girlie's Stockings.

knitted with only one side of the toe diminished, thus giving room for the great toe. A good deal of the benefit of sandals and sandal-shaped shoes is lost by shapeless stockings.

There's collective wisdom for you!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. VAISEY (Swindon).—Thanks so much for your kindly offer to distribute copies of THE WOMAN WORKER at factory gates and place them on your I.L.P. literature stall. This is real, practical help.

Mrs. A. B.—Glad the mysterious pudding was so great a success. Tell your colonial male friend who first introduced our paper to you to go on doing it! Shall use your other idea.

MRS. PHILLIPS.—So THE WOMAN WORKER is the first paper which has interested you in Socialism. Bravo! "The Clarion" must look to its laurels, we think.

RECIPES.

CRAB APPLES.—Crabs are very plentiful this year. It is a great pity that they should be wasted, as the crab apple is capable of being made into an appetising and wholesome confection, viz., crab jelly. The crabs may be had for the mere trouble (or pleasure) of gathering them, and the method of making into jelly is as follows:—Take 6lb of crabs (not peeled), wash, put into large stew jar, cover with water, stew until in a pulp, strain (through muslin bag). This should produce 6 pints of liquor, to which add 6lb of lump sugar, and boil together about one hour, when the liquor should turn into a nice red fluid, which on cooling sets a beautifully clear jelly. It has very few equals as an appetiser for tea or an adjunct to various meats.—Mrs. BERTHA HOLME, Derby.

COLD MEAT.—A very useful way of using cold meat up. Mince 2lb cold meat, 2lb bread crumbs; mix 2 eggs, and add a little time and parsley; mix all together with milk, and roll in small balls in flour. Fry in dripping. Serve with hot potatoes. A very savoury dish.—N. W., Birmingham.

A Prize of 5s.

is awarded each week for the best Home Hint sent to Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, 44, Worship Street, London, E.C.

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Talks with the Doctor.

The mysteries of "teething" are almost beyond the possibility of fathoming. Not "teething" in the baby's mouth, but "teething" in the mother's mind. For in that one word multitudes of mothers appear to find cause, explanation, and justification of every ailment the human baby is subjected to.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that "teething" does not account for a baby having bronchitis, pneumonia, diarrhæa, and convulsions. If a baby frets much over its teething, it is, in all probability, a sign that something else is wrong which is upsetting the teeth. Quite healthy children suffer very little or not at all.

"Teething" is most often the disguise assumed either by some upset of digestion or some foolishness of the mother.

How many of my readers, I wonder, wrap their babies up in rolls of stiff binder-cloth "to support the back"? And how many huddle their babies up in five, six, or seven layers of flanellette clothing during the hot weather? And then refer to the results of semi-stifling and Turkish bathing as "teething."

We live in a "rummy" world, and I pen my modest warning in the hope that, before using the mystic explanation again, a mother here and there may sit down and seriously consider whether the cause of her baby's irritability and crying may not be either some definite illness or upset of digestion, or some removeable discomfort caused by clothing.

X. Y. Z.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. S. (Manchester).—It is very difficult to advise you from a distance, and the matter wants looking at from other than the purely cash side of the question. You don't appear to realise all the factors in the problem; I am replying by post.

MOTHER.—The first attack of inflammation of the breast was evidently followed by chronic inflammation, producing the hard lumps you speak of now. The present condition is almost certainly a development of that trouble, and will certainly be relieved by ordinary medical treatment, which you had best obtain by consulting your local medical man (or woman).

SABA.—Bathe the skin of the scalp and other affected parts in hot water every night for a week, until, in fact, it is almost super-naturally clean and free from any scales, and rub in each night a little dilute nitrate of mercury ointment, diluted again, half and half with vaseline.

ENGINEER.—Your flattering remarks would make THE WOMAN WORKER turn pink if that were possible, and I must respond by saying that you seem to have managed your wife's health very well. Considering the circumstances, your wife's recovery is quite as rapid as could have been expected, and will no doubt continue, as you are going on right lines. Suckling a baby is always a severe drain on a woman, a pint and a half of milk, in addition to the ordinary diet, and made up in any palatable way, would do good. On a vegetarian dietary, cheese or eggs, or both, are a necessity. The calculations as to the amount of nitrogenous (proteid) matter in vegetables are often eminently fallacious. If you can digest nuts, they form a valuable addition to the dietary. Your food sounds monotonous, try more variety. Some eminently useful vegetarian recipes, as well as some interesting statistics will be found in the Report of the Bradford Feeding of Children Experiment, which I expect the Town Clerk will send you if you ask him nicely.

Complaints & the Law.

The irony of calling payments under the Workmen's Compensation Act, in the case of very low wages, "compensation" is frequently impressed upon one.

A correspondent, who has been duly receiving the five shillings a week to which she is entitled, writes to ask if she ought not to have some "compensation" for her accident. Five shillings a week is certainly not much consolation, and the best that can be said of it is that it is better than nothing.

Indeed, many worse cases could be quoted. The Act fixes a maximum of compensation, but unfortunately no minimum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S. (Oakhams) should refer to his bankers the amount they handed to him on the cheque and sue the man to whom he supplied the goods, for the amount due in payment. The case seems, on the facts given, quite straightforward, as under the circumstances the cheque partakes of the nature of a promissory note, so that H. S. can sue on the cheque on its own merits.

SHOP-WORKER.—There is no law to enforce good ventilation in shops, but a great deal can sometimes be effected by a tactful inspector in respect of matters which do not strictly come under the law. So I am reporting the complaint to the local sanitary inspectors. I shall be glad to hear whether any improvement takes place.

KATE.—If the blood-poisoning arose from an "accident" (i.e., after a cut or some such injury) you ought to have had compensation from the first under the Workmen's Compensation Act; that is to say, half-wages (or if you are under twenty-one, full wages up to 10s. a week) each week after the accident. If the injury was caused by a slower process (e.g., by a blister being formed in the course of your work) the case is not quite so clear, but probably it would come under the Act. Please send full details.

S. R. G.—The Workmen's Compensation Act only entitles you to what you are already receiving. There is no additional "compensation" in such cases as yours. If the accident arose through some negligence on the part of your employer you might have sued for damages at Common Law or under the Employers' Liability Act, but now you have accepted payments under the Workmen's Compensation Act, such proceedings are precluded, as the remedies are alternative.

ESPERANTIST.—The general rule is, when an orphan brother dies without children and without making a will, for his property to be divided equally among his surviving sisters and brothers. As far as I can see there is nothing to prevent this rule coming into operation in your case. You might go and ask the Registrar at the court into which the money was paid, whether there were any circumstances in connection with the transaction which would prevent you from distributing your brother's share in accordance with the usual rule.

PORTIA.

It is heaven's way not to have any favourites.—Laotze.

At the Folkestone Beauty Show medals were awarded to those competitors who did not win prizes—as testimony, we suppose, to their pluck in entering.—"Punch."

Women are reading more of Ruskin, Crane, and Morris, and beginning to see that to wear elaborate furs, jewellery, and stiff silks merely to indicate riches is as bad taste as to go dirty and unkempt.—"Co-operative News."

A VOLUBLE LADY.

Supper is announced. The move began, and Miss Bates might be heard from that moment without interruption, till her being seated at table and taking up her spoon.

"Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you? Here is your tippet. Mrs. Weston begs you to put on your tippet. She says she is afraid there will be draughts in the passage, though everything has been done—one door nailed up, quantities of matting—my dear Jane, indeed you must. Mr. Churchill, oh, you are too obliging! How well you put it on—so gratified. Excellent dancing, indeed! Yes, my dear, I ran home as I said I should, to help grandamma to bed, and then got back again, and nobody missed me. I set off without saying a word, just as I told you. Grandamma was quite well; had a charming evening with Mr. Woodhouse, a vast deal of chat and backgammon. Tea was made downstairs; biscuits and baked apples and wine before she came away; amazing luck in some of her throws, and she inquired a great deal about you; how you were amused, and who were your partners. 'Oh!' said I, 'I shall not forestall Jane; I left her dancing with Mr. George Otway; she will love to tell you all about it herself to-morrow. Her first partner was Mr. Elton; I do not know who will ask her next, perhaps Mr. William Cox.' My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there nobody else you would not rather?—I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm and me on the other! Stop, stop; let us stand a little back. Mrs. Elton is going—dear Mrs. Elton, how elegant she looks? Beautiful lace! Now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening! Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps—Jane, take care of the two steps. Oh, no, there is but one. How very odd! I was convinced there were two, and there is but one. I never saw anything equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. I was telling you of your grandamma, Jane; there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits excellent in their way, you know; but there was a delicate fricassée of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it all out again. Now, there is nothing grandamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus, so she was rather disappointed; but we agreed we would not speak of it to anybody, for fear of its getting round to dear Miss Woodhouse. Well, this is brilliant! I am all amazement!—could not have supposed anything—such elegance and profusion! I have seen nothing like it since. Well, where shall we sit; where shall we sit! Anywhere so that Jane is not in a draught. Where I sit is of no consequence. Oh, do you recommend this side? Well, I am sure, Mr. Churchill—only it seems too good; but just as you please. What you direct in this house cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we recollect half the dishes for grandamma? Soup, too! Bless me! It should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent, and I cannot help beginning."

"Emma": JANE AUSTEN.

STRIKERS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

By One of Them.

When we got to Waterloo it was raining. My word, it *did* rain! We marched three a line over Waterloo Bridge and along the Embankment. The rain soaked through and through us. It got into your bones, so to speak—as Polly said.

And the mud. It was slush up to our ankles, but we felt real gay all the same. Annie said the God of Battle had warmed our blood and given us new courage. She's a bit poetical sometimes, is Annie.

My! the big p'leeecemen were worth seeing.

P'leeecemen in front of us, p'leeecemen each side of us, and p'leeecemen behind us, as the poet puts it. "It's clearing up, for sartin," said one big Bobby. "You'll see the sun shining in the Square." (Sounds like a chorus, don't it?)

And so we went on, clinking our collecting boxes.

You know these WOMAN WORKER bills, yellow and brown, with "Box-makers at Bay" on 'em? Well, we had all pinned these to the front of our frocks. Most of the folk cheered when they saw 'em; but the cabbies, they jeered 'em.

We waited for a bit under the archway, till all at once it cleared. Polly started to sing,

If you can't do no good, don't do no harm.

(She's a fine contraltr, is Polly.) We were still all singing when we marched into the Square, and all at once the sun started shining, and the big crowd started cheering, and the camera men all stood in a row up beside the lions, and pointed at us with their little machines.

Mary and Annie and Polly and Alice climbed up with our friends on to the plinth, as it's called, and the rest of us mixed in the crowd with our boxes, and, of course, plenty of WOMAN WORKERS.

We started with a song, and after that Miss Macarthur told the people all about the goings on at the Corriganza Works. Then she asked Alice to speak up and tell the people all about everything.

Alice is what they call a fine girl. She's the big dark one what does the heavy work. Her as Mr. Stevenson calls the "Battersea Bruiser." Well, Alice began, and some of us thought she would never leave off. She told 'em how we had been cut down so as we couldn't earn nothing, and how she stood up to Mr. Stevenson and the Galloping Major (what Miss Macarthur says is a commissioner), and how she got the sack, and she said, "Man alive, you must be mad!"

Then didn't the people cheer?—Not 'arf!

Then Polly up and spoke. Pretty Polly, we call her, she is more gentle nor Alice. She told the folk how heavy the work was, and what hard times we had been having before the prices were cut down. They clapped no end.

Then it was Annie's turn. Annie always looks haunted like. Big, mournful-like eyes, she's got, and a teary kind

of voices. It gets you in your throat, so to speak.

Annie told them as how she had lost her mother before she was a year old, and her father when she was seven. She has always kept respectable, has Annie, though she has had an awful struggle. Some of the people in the Square started crying—it's a fact—when she told them about it.

"I have always kept strite up to now," Annie said. "Gawd 'elping me, I will still."

Then Mary came on. Mary is our forewoman, you know. She stuck up for us, though they weren't going to dock *her* wages. Mary didn't say much on Saturday, but the crowd cheered tremenous, and one man that spoke afterwards, with a Trilby hat, said as how she was a second Florence Nightingale.

All the speeches were fine. Miss Margaret Bondfield and Mr. Frank Smith spoke up for us grand, and Mr. Victor Grayson, who looked a very young boy to be a member of Parlyment, was spiffin'.

We liked Mr. Herbert Burrows, and we hope as how he will get in next time.

When the speaking come to an end the crowd flung no end of money up to us. Not only pennies, but half-crowns and half-sovereigns, too. We took nearly £10. Wasn't that great! Then we all went to tea. My! it was a rare tea. You bet!

And now I want to thank all you kind friends, and I am speaking for the other girls as well as myself. It is not your fault if we don't win, and it isn't ours.

But we are going to win. You wait and see.

ALICE'S SPEECH.

"Now, kind friends, I'm the young woman he called the Battersea Bruiser."

With hands on hips and head thrust defiantly forward, she introduced herself to a sympathetic crowd. Her homely satire met with roars of delight, and her vehement denunciations were vigorously cheered. Other speakers there were—an M.P., a County Councillor, well-known women—all experts in the art of public denunciation. But none was more warmly received than the woman with the dingy sealskin jacket, the black hat with the inevitable feather, and the Cockney accent.

"There he was, walking up and down his office, frightened to come near me. I says, 'You might tell me what I got the sack for.' He says, 'I would not tell anyone, however high up he was.' I says, 'You'll have to tell me. If you don't I says, 'then I'll sit here till you do tell me.'—"Weekly Dispatch."

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS.

Dear Editor.—Please find enclosed 1s. P.O. for box makers' strike. Sorry I cannot send more, but am only a working girl myself. Will try and send again next week.

A MANTLE HAND.

Dear Madam.—I sympathise greatly with the girls at Tooting Corriganza Factory, and hope they will win in the strike for better wages.

I enclose 12s. P.O.'s as a small subscription towards funds—10s. from myself and 2s. from my friend, and am only sorry I cannot give more, being only a worker myself, but I will write to friends whom I think will subscribe to help on the cause for freedom for women and the bettering of their place in this country. And may good luck go with you all is the earnest wish of

OLIVE PALMER.

Dear Editor.—Reading of your noble work in regard to the girls' strike at Tooting, and knowing of your strenuous endeavours to form a trades union society among the stay factory workers of this town, I cannot let this opportunity slip by without sending my little mite to aid you in this splendid fight against such iniquitous conditions.

Living and working with the workers of this town, I know only too well the temptations by which young girls are assailed in order to increase their miserable pittance sufficiently to enable them to live in comfort. And I hope and trust that you will obtain sufficient funds to enable the girls to "keep out" until these cruel conditions are cancelled and arrangements are made which will enable them to earn a living wage, not a mere fifteen shillings a week. Regretting that I cannot send more.—Yours sincerely,

T. E. H.

After reading of the girls' strike in Summerstown I felt I must give my mite to help them, and hope others will come forward and help them to get their rights.

My memory went back some thirty-five years, when I was a factory girl working in Birmingham. I went through the same trouble, and there was no Miss Mary Macarthur to help us. I, as a girl of thirteen, had to be at work from six o'clock in the morning till six at night. Our manager was a very hard man at times. He was an immoral man, too, and it is hard to keep straight among such surroundings. I know from experience, and there is no teacher like it, what girls have to go through.

I am glad the women of England are working together to make things better. I, as a member of the W.S.P.U., am trying to do my little bit. I often wish I could do more, but if each does their best God will surely bless every effort.—Hoping success will attend your efforts, yours truly,

M. A. J.

Sir W. Robson on Votes for Women.

The Attorney-General, Sir William Robson, replying to a resolution of the South Shields branch of the Social Democratic Federation, says:—

"I am unable to agree with the resolution so far as it urges that the vote should be conferred on every adult woman. I agree that if it is to be given to women at all it should be given to all women, for I know of no fair or reasonable means of discriminating between those who should have it and those who should not; but so long as the vast majority of women continue as at present absorbed in other duties and interests than political questions, I am not prepared to place the Government of the nation and the empire in their hands."

"As to the State payment of Members I have steadily worked for it, but I observe that among the leaders of the Labour Party there are said to be some who seem to be changing their views on this subject. I do not know whether this is the fact or not, but the point is worthy of investigation. I also agree that some system of second ballot or alternate vote is advisable."

THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

By Mary R. Macarthur.

The Corruganza Dispute.

Something about the Summerstown strike will be found on another page. It has kept us busy all the week. Miss Hedges asks me to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the strike fund received since the last issue of THE WOMAN WORKER:

Already acknowledged, £35 7s. 5d.

Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy, £5; E. H. Griffiths, 10s.; M. Taylor, 5s.; Mrs. Faulkner Armitage, 10s.; Mrs. Farren, 10s.; Miss M. Schutzer, £2; J. A. Schutzer, £5; Magdalena Ponsonby, £2; Mrs. Emmott, £1 1s.; Miss Paterson Nicholls, £2; Miss Joyce, £5; K. C. J., 5s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Masfield, £1; P. W. W., 10s.; J. D., 5d.; A. W. Clayton, 2s.; C. H. P., 2s. 6d.; Dundee Jute Workers, £3; S.L.S. French Polishers, 5s.; M. A. J., 2s.; Richard Robinson, Esq., £1; Miss Helen E. Brown, 5s.; Mrs. Lamb, £50; Clapham I.L.P., 5s. 11d.; Miss Webb 2s., a friend 1s.; 3s.; E. L., 5s.; Herbert Burrows, 5s.; M. E. Phillips, 5s.; Mrs. M. Millar, 5s.; Miss Coralie Glyn, £1 1s.; Two Friends, 1s. 6d.; Mr. G. A. Rigby, 6d.; Thank Offering (Essex), 2s. 6d.; Miss Cicely MacLeod, £1; Miss T. E. Hickey, 2s. 6d.; I.L.P., Willesden Branch, 5s.; Oxford Federation, Building Labourers, 10s.; Miss Lettice Arnold, £1 10s.; Mrs. Bassett, 12s. 6d.; Anonymous, 1s.; Rev. Sinclair-Carolin, M.A., 5s.; Miss E. M. L. Atkinson, 2s. 6d.; Friend of the Workers (Glam.), 1s.; Mr. B. Sugden, 5s.; M. S., 2s.; Cotton Weaver, Burnley, 2s. 6d.; Miss Ellen E. Smith, £1; J. B. Hanna, 10s.; Miss S. E. Pope, £1; M. C. Scott Good cheer, comrades! 2s. 6d.; I.L.P., Watford Branch, 2s. 6d.; Collection at Earlfield, £4 0s. 3d.; Collection at Trafalgar Square, £9 1s. 3d.; Mr. W. H. Fletcher, 2s.; Anonymous, 10s.; A Mantle Hand, 1s.; Misses C. and M. Townley, £2; A. S. Operative Lace Makers, £1 1s.; N.E.W.W. (Whitechapel Branch), £2 2s.; Happier Conditions, 2s. 6d.; James Heaton, Esq., 5s.; Miss F. Hillyard, 5s.; Olive Palmer, 12s.; H. C. E., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Seymour Hare, 2s.; Pore Bill, 1s. 6d.; N. M., 5s.; George, 5s.; A. M. and fellow-workers, 5s.; Misses A. and E. Marshall, £8; K. C. J., 1s.; A Friend, £5; C. Phillips, 2s. Grand total, £159 16s. 11d.

Tea Packers Help.

Special reference ought to be made to the donation from the C.W.S. tea packers in Whitechapel. These girls, remembering their own trouble some years ago, held a special meeting, and voted the sum of two guineas to the strikers from their own branch funds. Bravo!

The Norwich Dispute.

The dispute at Norwich shows no sign of settlement. The twenty-six tailoresses affected have joined the local branch of the National Federation of Women Workers, and Miss Ellen Smyth, our Birmingham organiser, visited the district last week, when she spoke to a crowded and enthusiastic meeting.

Sweated Government Work.

The girls, as I mentioned last week, are employed by a Government contractor in making soldiers khaki trousers, for which they were formerly paid 4d. a pair. At the old price even the quickest girl, if fully employed, could not earn 12s. a week. Since Whitehead twelve of the girls have not been able to earn more than 5s. a week, and some have earned as little as 2s. 6d.

Appeal to War Office.

As if such a state of affairs were not bad enough, the employers announced that instead of 4d. the tailoresses would in future receive only 3d. per pair of khaki trousers. When the girls remonstrated their employer coolly informed them that he didn't want

the work done at all, and was only putting it in hand to oblige them.

The facts of the case have been brought to the notice of the War Office, whose intervention is now awaited.

Trouble Up North.

And now news of trouble comes from Melston, a pleasant upland village near Paisley. Over 180 winders, employed by Messrs. R. F. and J. Alexander, Limited, of the English Sewing Cotton Syndicate, have gone on strike against a reduction of about 30 per cent. in wages, and 600 workers in other departments have been locked out. Since the beginning of the year trade has been very quiet, short time and weeks off being frequent.

Then one of the quickest girls was put "on time," and the work was, according to the strikers, "shoved into her." This was a preliminary to a revised price list, which meant a reduction of 6s. and 7s. a week. And now the mill is closed down, and over 700 girl workers are on the streets without funds or organisation.

The Lighter Side.

A Colchester correspondent sends the following account of the social activities of the branch:

"On Saturday, August 22, the members of our branch had, despite the rain, a most enjoyable afternoon at the kind invitation of Mrs. Hunt, of Crouched Friars. After doing justice to the splendid tea provided, a move was made to St. Mary's Parish Room near by, where games and competitions were much enjoyed. Mrs. Hunt gave a short but stirring address, stating it was essential to combine in order to maintain a fair wage. Miss Clary followed in quite a little speech, proposing a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Miss L. Perry, and carried amidst hearty applause.

of escaping steam at a pit near by made for distraction. Several men told me that this constant noise prevents some of the people from sleeping, but that most of them 'get used to it.'

Dismal Lives.

"As I write, I am in the colliery village of Trimdon, also in Durham county. The surrounding country is beautiful with fields and trees and pleasant lanes, but the houses and environment are most depressing. Some houses are built so that the front of one street looks on to the back of the next. There are no yards, no privacy, and all water must be carried in buckets from a common tap. The men and the women have 'got used to it,' and so they toil on; and the women are never done if they try to keep their houses nice. Great heaps of pit refuse loom over some of the 'homes,' and here and there little children are playing among the dust and dirt. Public-houses are provided at several corners, but at no place do I see any other means of recreation.

"There are men and women who work hard, and have little change. They could not keep on if they also were not 'used to it.' Our mission is to disturb this deadly apathy, and to rouse these men and women to a sense of their own value and dignity.

A Socialist Vicar.

"The vicar, the Rev. S. Davison, took the chair at our meeting here last night, and I rejoice to know that in this parish, where so much needs to be done, is a clergyman who gladly hails the gospel of Socialism, and is ready to associate himself with our movement.

"Three meetings here this week-end, and the distribution of leaflets broadcast, will, I trust, do some little good, and prepare the way for future operations."

New Branch at Benwell.

On Wednesday, August 19, a well-attended women's meeting was held at Benwell.

Mrs. Watson, of Newcastle, ably presided, and expressed her views on the need of organised help by women workers in electioneering. The real good work of elections must be done beforehand, and she urged the women to consider well the formation of a League.

Mrs. Gibbon moved that a branch be formed. The women and girls who worked in factories in that district were quite unorganised, and needed help to make better conditions of labour possible.

After our organiser had explained our aims and objects, and answered very many questions, the motion was carried unanimously, and over twenty members were enrolled. Mrs. Beck, 119, Ethel Street, Benwell, Newcastle, was appointed secretary, and all in sympathy are invited to attend the next meeting on September 2, at 7.30, at 115, Adelaide Terrace.

Encouragement.

Mrs. Simm further reports that on the invitation of Byker and Heaton I.L.P. she attended that branch on August 17, and after a very interesting discussion the men trooped out and left the case in the hands of the women present.

Most of these were in favour of the W.L.L., but felt that a larger attendance should be obtained before taking further steps, so another meeting must be arranged in "the sweet bye and bye." A comrade who had been to Lancaster bore an encouraging message from the W.L.L. there, and told us that one of the Lancaster I.L. Peers, who had feared the League would draw women away from Socialist work, now saw that it would be a means of strength.

At Mining Villages.
"On August 14 I visited Croxdale, a mining village between Durham and Ferryhill. Here I gave out copies of THE WOMAN WORKER and some W.L.L. leaflets. A few Socialists in this place are endeavouring to rouse the workers. What a task!

"We held a meeting near the houses, and got a large crowd of men and children. The women stood afar off, but the constant roar of Mrs. Ann Gatus, who has died at Scarborough, aged 100, went into service when 9 years old.

The Curse of Sweating.

Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., and Half-Time.

Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., opened a discussion on Sweated Industries at the Co-operative Congress last week.

He said there was great hope of the Government seeing their way to introduce a Bill on sweating in the autumn session. But, for that purpose, he would define sweating as any condition of labour that prevents the worker from keeping physically fit.

"That national disgrace, the half-timer," Mr. Money added, might be regarded as a unit well on the way to swell the sweating labour market. The half-timer must go; the child must be saved from that parental greed which so often sprang from the underpayment of labour.

He was thankful to say that the report of the Select Committee just presented to Parliament adopted the great principle of interference with the rate of wages. It was a great thing that the principle of the minimum wage had been recognised unanimously by a Commons Select Committee representative of all political parties.

Sweating was but a phase of the great public problem of poverty, which could be solved only by the principle of co-operation.

Women's Co-operative Guild.

In his presidential address to the Co-operative Congress, Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., spoke with strong approval of the work of the Women's Co-operative Guild; it was changing the whole outlook of women.

Women, he added, should take an intelligent interest in all that was going on; there would be less tittle-tattle. (Laughter.) But women were not the only "tittle-tattlers"; far more common sense was talked over backyard walls than in the corner of the bar-parlour. (Cheers.)

Referring to the "sweated" exhibits, Mr. Shackleton felt that to talk of trade unionism was impossible; the State must step in.

One of the exhibits was a coat and skirt made for 1s. 1d. and sold for 2s. 11d.

Child Actresses.

Mr. Robert J. Parr, director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, writes in the "Dispatch" about child actresses:

"The treatment of these little people is most excellent. I think they become pets of the company, and I know the arrangements made for their education and entertainment show great thought and kindness.

"Take the children who are engaged at Drury Lane during the pantomime. They have their special school, and at the end of the season they produce a pantomime of their own which is a source of delight to the young performers and their friends.

"There are few warmer-hearted people than theatrical performers."

Labour M.P.'s at Berlin.

Next month the Inter-Parliamentary Council will meet in Berlin—a conference of popular representative from all Europe. Such an event is new in the world's history. An address to the German working classes is thereupon being drawn up by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. It will be in the hands of a deputation, of which Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P. (chairman of the committee), Mr. W. C. Steadman (secretary), Mr. A. H. Gill, M.P., Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., Mr. W. Crooks, M.P., and others will be members.

It will be presented to the leaders of the German working-class movement, and will contain the warmest assurances of friendship on the part of British workers for their fellows in Germany.

Shop Girls' Lives.

Most male assistants seem to have a notion that shop girls are mere playthings to be flattered or bullied as their whims and moods dictate.

I have met one man, and I shall never forget him. In a certain place a shopwalker was particularly obnoxious to the girls, coarse in his general behaviour, and very offensive when no one was near. One day, in the course of one of his outbursts, a young shopman protested against his insults to the girls, and told him:

"If you treated a sister of mine in that way, I should thrash you within an inch of your life."

The young man found that it does not pay to be manly in the shop. He was summarily dismissed without wages in lieu of notice for "interfering with the shopwalker in the performance of his duties."

"Discipline," said the head of the firm, "must be maintained in the establishment at all costs."

There would be many thrashings in shop life if the young men sometimes gave a thought to their own sisters.—P. Spencer Jones in the "Penny Magazine."

A Mockery.

There may be a great deal in a name. It is the manner in which it has been named, for example, which is drawing sharp criticism on what is called "The Palace of Woman's Work" at the Franco-British Exhibition.

The title is grandiose, and it is not descriptive. None of the trades, and hardly any of the arts and crafts, are shown at all. An adequate representation of women's occupations would not be in the least attractive to persons in search of pleasure.

If the building had been called "The Palace of Delightful Employments" not a word would have been said. To a large extent it is representative of the ways of Jane Austen's ladies.—"Sussex Daily News."

£50 for a Dog Bite.

At Bournemouth County Court to-day Clara Bryant, a domestic servant, obtained from her mistress, Augusta Padmore, a boarding-house keeper, £50 damages for a dog bite which disfigures her face.

In Paris, last week, a poor woman who lit a charcoal fire and sealed her room up was saved from suffocation by her cat, which mewed at the door so pitiously that neighbours broke it open.

While men looked on at a drowning child at Gravesend, a girl of fourteen named Ethel Winget plunged in with all her clothes on and brought the little thing to shore.

Wreaths from all over East Anglia were sent last week to the funeral of Anna Barber, "mother" of the caravan dwellers who travel with shows to the country fairs.

From Gaol in Triumph.

Mrs. Leigh and Miss New Feted.

When Miss Edith New and Mrs. Leigh were released from Holloway Gaol on Saturday, 500 people met them in a drizzling rain.

Bouquets and affectionate greetings were showered upon them. Led to a brougham in waiting, they were then drawn away in triumph to the Queen's Hall by a team of ladies, with Miss Moxen on the box holding the ribbons, and a band playing the "Marseillaise."

At the Queen's Hall there was a reception breakfast marked by great enthusiasm.

Miss Pankhurst, in a militant speech, said the released prisoners had shown high devotion, and had been treated worse than any others. Times like stone-throwing times were the whitest and purest moments of their lives. (Applause.)

Mrs. Leigh seemed to find the applause overwhelming, and said she half expected that before very long Mr. Asquith would say, "Sigh no more, ladies; the vote is yours." (Loud laughter.)

Miss New remarked that next time they might earn their imprisonment better. They might get more for their money, so to speak. While in prison she had induced the librarian to let her have a copy of Shakespeare, and chosen this motto for the movement: "Out of the nettle, danger, we pluck the flower, safety." (Cheers.)

3,000 Per Cent.!

In the most wretched quarters of Liverpool women lend money unregistered, and the charge is often 2d. in a shilling from Saturday to Monday. The poor borrowers do not know that this works out at the rate of 3,000 per cent. per annum.

Last week two of these illicit moneylenders were fined £10 and costs, and a third £5. One was a beerhouse-keeper. The police stated that others borrowed from pawnbrokers to lend.

They often supply edibles of inferior quality at two or three times their value, or expect part of the loan to be spent in beer.

When the borrowers fail to pay, or cease to borrow, they are subjected to the continuous abuse of the moneylenders and their touts. Their moral characters are besmirched, their furniture broken up, and they themselves assaulted—or even stabbed.

Fortune for Servants.

An exceptional will has just been proved—that of Mr. Charles William Jones, of Gwynfryn, Carmarthen, a county and borough magistrate, and a former Mayor of Carmarthen. Mr. Jones left to his servant, Elizabeth Owens, "in recognition of twenty-five years' service," £3,500, his field "Parkynol," two cottages thereon, and certain furniture; to his servant, Martha Owens, £500; and to his servant, James Davies, £200, with two houses.

The United Weavers' Association connected with the Co-operative Society of Ghent are to be the first co-operators in the world to start a cotton factory.

Two English girl-swimmers, Miss Lily Smith and Miss Withe, won the principal women's races at Joinville-le-Pont on Sunday.

The birth-rate of France, where the wife is so often the head of the family and the chief bread-winner, was last year so much lower than the death-rate that the population fell by 20,000 below that of 1906.

A heroine of the Franco-Prussian war, who carried despatches disguised as a man, has been found at Le Mans in dire poverty. The Government has contributed to a fund for her relief.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD

to be unwell. If you are a man it means time lost from work, and if you are a woman it means "everything upset." No one would ever be ill from choice, yet people often become seriously ill in consequence of their own neglect. Symptoms are disregarded, Nature's warnings are treated as "nothing much," and so trifling ailments grow into graver maladies. A wise engineer does not wait until his machinery entirely breaks down before attending to it, and so a wise man or woman will note unhealthy bodily symptoms and take a proper remedy. In BEECHAM'S PILLS will be found an excellent general corrective and tonic aperient.

TO BE WITHOUT

sick headache, biliousness, heartburn, pains after eating, indigestion, constipation, "liverishness," &c., take BEECHAM'S PILLS. There is nothing better for the relief and remedy of all functional disorders of the stomach, bowels, liver, and kidneys. If you would keep those important organs in regular action and free from sluggishness, BEECHAM'S PILLS will be found most efficacious. Thousands of people take no other medicine. "Prevention is better than cure," and it is far wiser to ward off some ailment instead of first suffering from it and then treating it. An occasional dose of this world-famous medicine will work wonders in keeping you "fit" and up to the mark. No home should ever be without

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