

The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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OUR WIVES.

By Robert Blatchford.

My wife has been away for a fortnight in the north of England. She came home looking white and tired after her two-hundred mile ride, and with a bad cold in her head, and her hat on one side. She was hungry, too, for she had tasted no food since breakfast, and it was near eight when she arrived.

What did she do? Did she rush into my arms and say: "Darling, I have missed you"? No. Did she sink into a chair and say, "Oh, I am so tired. Do get me a cup of tea"? No. She is not built like that.

She walked into the front room, and as she entered and we rose to greet her she said: "Well! I do not believe anybody has dusted that corner behind the piano since I left this house." Then she submitted, with an abstracted air, to a kiss from one daughter, but before the other could bring a gun to bear, she sailed into the kitchen, asked whether the green quilt had been washed, remarked that there was a screw loose in the knife-cleaner, and said the charwoman could come on Thursday.

"Take your things off and have some supper," said I.

My wife unhooked her boa, pulled a pin out of her hat, glanced at the mirror, patted her hair, and said to me in a tone of maternal severity, "Have you any clean socks to go away with?"

And yet there are men who think women ought not to have votes.

Votes! I beg to propose an amendment.

I beg to propose that in view of the fact that women manage our houses, our families, and ourselves with such skill, such precision and success, we should do well to turn every man out of the House of Commons and fill the benches with women members of Parliament.

Do you mean to tell me, oh, ungallant and foolish men, that women who can manage a house and a family, feed and advise and admonish a husband, dress themselves and their children, and buy more goods for fifteen shillings than a man could buy for a guinea, are not better qualified to govern this country and to economise the national revenue than the six hundred and seventy wambaling, chattering, lollicking male persons who cannot feed the children, nor protect the women, nor find employment for the men? Go to, I say. Go to; or even more.

What we want is a Parliament of British matrons.

Besides.

Besides, a woman does not work so much by formula and logic as a man.

She gives her wits a chance. She fetches down a problem as a sportsman fetches down a bird; shooting by instinct rather than by aim.

You set a Parliament of women to deal with the problem of the unemployed; or to find the money for feeding school children. They will not know as much about economics as the men; they will be blandly and contemptuously ignorant of Ricardo, and Jevons, and Mill. They will know as little and care as little about the Roman law or the Conquest of Peru, as we know or care about lemon marmalade or chiffon mantles; but they will be quite clear and quite firm on some essential points; they will be entirely satisfied that the children are unhappy and neglected, that it is a downright wicked shame; and that they are not going to stand it.

They will talk, they will fuss, they will contradict themselves; but in less time than it takes our present House of Commons to decide that the daughter of a Wesleyan Methodist need not attend a Roman Catholic chapel against her wish a woman's Parliament will have all the children in England washed and brushed, filled up with bread and milk, and marched off to school in clean pinafores and dry boots.

Why should men bother to go to Parliament? We do not trouble ourselves about washing day, and the bedroom hearthrug, and the bill from the baker. We should only make a mess of domestic management if we tried it. We have always made a mess of Parliamentary management. Look at the Government to-day. Look at Mr. Asquith, at Mr. Lloyd George, at Mr. Gladstone, at Mr. John Burns! What is the use of them? Their favourite word is impossible. Our wives would turn all their impossibles into accomplished facts in one session.

Talk about the corner behind the piano. There are corners of the Constitution that have been accumulating dust for centuries.

How long would it take our wives to clean out the House of Lords?

"I should like," said Mrs. Blank, one day, when a party of mere men were arguing as to whether or not Victor Grayson had done right, "I should just like to have a few words with the House of Commons myself."

Oh, Mrs. Poyser; oh, Madame Defarge; may I be there to hear.

NOW.

SWIFT as chariot wheels we fly
To the minute we must die;
You, who love me, now I live,
Give me what you have to give;
Let Elysium be my care
When the gods shall send me there.
J. OLDMIXON.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE Promised Land Society.

Special "Woman Worker" Report.

Our last account of the deliberations of the Promised Land Society left Mr. Keighley Snowden in mid-air.

Continuing his remarks at this altitude, Mr. Snowden, in a dirge-like tone, announced that the gift of prophecy had descended upon him, and that he saw the world become so brotherly that no one would go anywhere unless the rest of the human race accompanied him.

Adding that H. M. Hyndman would go into a monastery and Victor Grayson join the Life Guards, Mr. Snowden reached his climax and went through the roof.

Lofty Tumbling.

In moving a vote of congratulation to Mr. Snowden on his spirited exit, Mr. George Bernard Shaw said that only in a similar policy could the Labour Party hope to save itself from utter annihilation. To walk about as other men would reveal their similarity to the older Parties, and mystify voters at election times.

Mr. Shaw said Mr. Plimsoll had been able to establish a load-line by a simple demonstration in the House of Commons. Politics were, however, a progressive science, and in our time he could only effect the same result by throwing a triple somersault and alighting on the Speaker's neck. The Super-member, when he came, would, of course, do something still more striking.

Continuing, Mr. Shaw said that flights so extended as that of Mr. Snowden could only be expected from Fabians, but they were justified in asking that the Labour Party should at least make the most of such eccentricity as it possessed.

As showing what was immediately possible, Mr. Shaw concluded by giving his well-known performance entitled: "In the Air," Mr. Sidney Webb playing a flageolet accompaniment.

The Servant Question.

Julia Dawson, who asked to be allowed to continue making a batter pudding, said that the matters discussed by Mr. Shaw were doubtless of moment, but she did not see how they modified the servant girl problem. Though a Socialist, she admitted that she was in favour of servants having occasional evenings in: otherwise how could their mistresses learn to treat them deferentially? She knew that the ideal was a condition of things in which the servant would call for her wages each Monday and retire after making a disturbance; but this was a period of transition. For the present, therefore, she thought that maids ought not to expect to entertain in the drawing-room except by arrangement.

Ending amid growing disapprobation Julia said she knew her frank declaration might cost her her place in the movement, but she was compelled to make it. "Let it be at least remembered to my credit," concluded the speaker, warmly, "that I have always opposed the wretched policy of maids for some women."

The real democratic cry was "Maids for all women," and unless that demand

was conceded, Mrs. Dawson threatened to write "Women's Columns" in several additional papers.

An Accident.

Resuming her seat amid much hooting and uproar, she unfortunately upset the batter pudding, and retired in much confusion.

Miss Eva Gore-Booth said the immediate thing was to resist the machinations that were on foot to protect servants from overwork. This was the tendency that, unless they fought it tooth and nail, would make the life of many a working girl a bed of roses. (Cries of "Shame!") The friends of that girl, however, were on the alert, and as the result of their activity Miss Booth hoped soon to announce that many of their emancipated fellow-women were working all night.

Replying to questions, the speaker said "housemaid's knee" was a wicked male invention that had already displaced hundreds of thousands of parlour maids. In the large West End hotels there was hardly a kitchen girl who was not a man.

At the end of Miss Booth's stirring address, promises of support were handed in by the Longer Day Association and the Society for the Suppression of Rest.

Business and the Home.

Sir Christopher Furness, who spoke in his shirt sleeves, said Miss Booth's brilliant speech was the finest plea for co-partnership to which he had ever listened. Why had we not more trade union workers like her?

Proceeding to submit a scheme of co-partnership for servants, Sir Christopher said that a feeling of ownership was what they wanted to create, and he did not see why the servants should not for a small weekly payment become the owners of the kitchen crockery.

That, he pointed out, would save dispute when breakages occurred.

In a rollicking peroration, Sir Christopher urged the servants to roll up their sleeves, destroy their curling pins, and abjure all followers. He added that in order that the new scheme might have a chance of making a good start, he would be pleased in future to take an additional two courses at each of his meals.

The V.A.F. Object.

Subsequent to Sir Christopher's speech the chairwoman announced that under the impression that it was their member who had gone through the roof, the Colne Valley I.L.P. had wired congratulations, and the manager of the Huddersfield Hippodrome had offered Mr. Grayson a lengthy engagement at his own terms.

As Mr. Joe O'Gorman and Mr. Monty Bailey, of the Variety Artists' Federation, both protested vigorously against the acceptance of this offer, it was resolved to make no recommendation.

Mrs. Montefiore, who wore a plaid shawl and coarse apron, and looked as though she had been washing clothes, recurred to the speeches of Julia Dawson and Miss Gore-Booth. As the result of

arduous training the speaker said she now claimed to belong to the proletariat, and wanted to know when these middle-class women were going to get off her back.

This expression was greeted by tremendous cheering, the Countess of Warwick and the other titled members of the S.D.P. leading applause that was repeatedly renewed.

Answering a question from Mr. Harry Quelch, Mrs. Montefiore said that, despite her loathing for these women, she was not prepared to refuse their contributions in relief of existing privation.

Commenting that that was just what he had expected, Mr. Quelch warned Comrade Montefiore that humanitarian slop was all right for the exploiting class, but would not do for them. She would be telling them next that "her religion was love."

The Only Way.

As managing director of the proletariat he had kept the show going for a number of years without snivelling, and he was not going to alter now.

The simple duty of a revolutionist, pursued Mr. Quelch, is to put his whole energy into the only cry upon which a brighter and happier civilisation can come into existence. "Curse your charity."

Mr. Quelch having commenced to curse it, many members, led by Mr. Bruce Glasier, protested. Finally the Standing Orders Committee secured Mr. Quelch a private room in which, when the meeting ended, he was still continuing his remarks.

J. J. MALLON.

A WINDY DAY.

WHEN the wild west wind is blowing
Through the leafless wood,

When the turbid stream is flowing
In an angry mood,

To the steep cliff I would hie,
Where the seagulls wailing fly,

When the wild west wind is blowing
Through the leafless wood.

Nature's face is veiled in anger,
Skies are darkly grey,

Gone the summer's dreamy languor,
Riot rules to-day!

And the leaves whirl thro' the air,
In their dun-hued death-despair,

Nature's face is veiled in anger,
Skies are darkly grey.

But the glorious joy of living
On a day like this!

When to mortals heaven is giving
Her sweet thrilling kiss.

Drinking in the strong pure breeze
Does away with idle ease,

Oh! the glorious joy of living
On a day like this.

Come from streets where germs are
Lurking

To the wind-swept hill.

You will have new life for working
When your lungs you fill.

Let the wind lash face and hair,
Breathe it in, 'tis health most fair,

Come from streets where germs are
Lurking

To the wind-swept hill!

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked, and trodden underfoot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in new light, as a discovered diamond?—Mrs. Stowe.

THE CAUSERIE.

By Julia Dawson.

THE question—always a burning one amongst women—is how to keep from quarrelling. How to hold 28,000 fiery, untamed steeds, with power to add to their number each week, steady in harness.

We must find this out, quickly. But yesterday I was talking to a friend who had spent a delightful week or two at the

Fabian Summer Guest House

in Wild Wales. He asked me why I never went there. "Why, indeed?" said I, opening my eyes as wide as they would go.

"What do you think would happen if I went, as is my frequent wont, to Wales for a quiet rest, to find twenty-four eyes of twelve comrades boring into me like gimlets ready to debate and argue about my economic basis, when I wanted to be quiet and lazy?" Did not Bernard Shaw take a house some miles away? And was not he once supposed to be lost in the mountains, and found after all to have been in bed asleep whilst the eager comrades were hounding him down? Putting two and two together, I do not think the Fabian Guest House is the place for me.

"Oh, but," he said, "that's just where you're wrong. If you get bored there you've only got to say so, sharp and short. I've never heard such plain speaking as they indulge in; and after one comrade's well-nigh bitten the other's head off, he invites him to tennis or a mountain climb, or a drink. And they go."

Which is the only possible way we can conduct this causerie. We must be allowed to say just what we like. To bite each other's heads off if need be, and be always ready to go out and play after the sterner duty is done.

There is a

Mere Man Reader

who objects to holidays. By my halidom, or, as Mistress Blatchford would say, "Well, I never did"—he does! A Scotsman, too, who should be noted for generosity. Listen.

Dear Julia Dawson,—I am writing to ask you if you think it is in good taste and an evidence of the spirit which should animate those who profess and call themselves Socialists to be frequently drawing attention to the fact that some of us, more fortunately placed than the majority of our comrades, are enjoying privileges and comforts from which our fellow men and women in the intervals of rest from the drudgery of daily toil, as you are well aware, fall rarely to the lot of the workers, and it seems to some of us that the constant reminders in the "Woman's Column" in the "Clarion" of the differences in condition come very near the boundary of heartless cynicism.

Also, your invitation to Clarionettes to send queries for reply in the "Clarion" columns seems a trifle insincere when you admit, as you did in last week's issue, that a very large number of letters are destroyed because "there is no space for replies."

For Heaven's sake, do not admit the commercial spirit into the columns of THE WOMAN WORKER.—I am, yours fraternally,
FRED FARRINGTON.

P.S.—It may be worth while to say that I have been a "Clarion" reader from its first publication.

Is the commercial spirit a Scotch joke? And pray, who would benefit if I refrained from a holiday when one was due? Suppose nobody had holidays!

I welcome that letter, however. It opens up a question the width of which I would like to wear like a new silken gown, as best for weeks and weeks.

Only he would grudge me a silk gown, and there would be more trouble. I know he would. I can read it in the point of his pen. He would grudge

Grayson a Dinner

even. I can see that in the very colour of his ink. So I might as well bite his head off at once and tell him that in this page of THE WOMAN WORKER we are not going to preach self-sacrifice ever, since none of us are gluttons, and only practise it when dire necessity compels.

This doing without such simple and necessary things as holidays and silk gowns is the undoing of England. If those who have not these things now would have the courage to say "We must have them, and will get them," they would have them. And why should the Scotsman object?

More fortunate than the majority of my comrades, am I? Well, to go into details would be too personal for a page of public interest. But, supposing I were? Would that be anything to be ashamed of? Suppose, on the other hand, I were not—would that be anything to brag about? Suppose the whole Staff of this paper, from Mary MacArthur downwards, were composed of the Bottom Dogs, whose every ideal had been lost in the struggle to gnaw a bone, would THE WOMAN WORKER be more inspiring?

Go to. Is storm always to bar the harbour and snow keep the pass in the

Blue Mountains?

Those are a few questions to go on with, and there are heaps more where they came from. I am ready to answer any and every question of yours also. But I will not lose sight of the Blue Mountains, nor be content till you can ALL find them.

Next a woman writes

In the Purple.

That is to say, she uses purple ink. And I like purple ink. It seems to suggest old love-letters breathing sweetness and desire.

Will I let her into this page, she asks, feeling specially eligible, as she has always been dubbed a "queer 'un"? Of course we will let her in. There is nobody we will not let in; and as she confesses to being a Rebel, she is doubly and trebly welcome. For if we do not rebel against things in the way, why do we live?

She met a girl going to work. But here are her own words:

By her downcast expression I knew that she was anticipating hardship, and after a sympathetic inquiry I found out that it was the old story of a tyrannical master, plus rules and regulations, interspersed with no end of "nagging."

"It is nothing else but jaw, jaw, jaw!" said my companion bitterly. "If I try to do my best I am in the wrong; if I don't try I'm in the wrong, and whatever I do I'm still in the wrong. At the end of the day I'm almost

too tired to crawl home. I am sick of my life, that's what I am."

"Cheer up, Sophy," I said. "You'll soon be married."

"And a jolly good job, too!" was Sophy's remark, as she ran into her shop to receive her customary "nagging."

Now, after all this, if you have got so far, dear friend, you will wonder what you can do for us. Well, I think you can teach us how to fall into line and value the strength that comradeship and fellowship would give to us working women. Sometimes I think we fail there more than needs be, but I will close, hoping that you will make us in the meanwhile into a powerful sisterly Council.

M.M.

She could not have hammered the nail more roundly on the head if she had read THE WOMAN WORKER for years instead of months. The Editor's whole life, ever since she was able to "run about the braes and pu' the gowans fine," at any rate, has been spent in bringing

Workers Into Line.

If that girl is still downcast, still unhappy, and still subject to "nagging," then Mary MacArthur will tell her straight away that even notwithstanding the wicked way in which most industries are conducted where women work, that girl need neither be nagged nor miserable for another week.

The reason why she is nagged and miserable is because she has not fallen into line with her comrades.

O, O! And there is still another letter which gives joy. You remember the

Sun Worshipper

in a Leeds slum? The woman who wanted to see the stars and the beauty of beetles' wings? Well, a reader of THE WOMAN WORKER is going to give her a chance. He is poor, like herself, as most workers are poor, thanks to the upside downness of our industrial system. But he has a soul. He has actually purchased a microscope at a cost of £20, and does not, of course, want to trust it in the hands of an amateur who might injure it. So, he offers to go to Leeds. He will take his microscope there and show her all sorts of lovely things. He will lend her books on astronomy, and do anything else he can, with pleasure. I have lost her address. But his is Sam Detheridge, 11, Melbourne Grove, Horwich, near Bolton. Will she write him?

O, and O, O, again, and still another O. He says he is only like a lot more, and has

Nunquam to Thank

for what he learned of the Beautiful. Nunquam lifted the scales off his eyes and made a better man of him, and the best thing he can do in return is to be of service to others.

Bravo, Sam. Well spoken. If we only all told what we owe to Nunquam. . . . But that is another story, and will have to wait doubtless till that dread day when he cannot hear.

Why is it, tell me why, that though we are apt to be only too ready to say unkind things of the living, we keep the kind things till they are dead? It is not playing the game. And I for one rejoice that

Neil Lyons' Monograph

of the Man Blatchford is coming out in THE WOMAN WORKER, while the Editor of the "Clarion" has still a long and useful life before him.

(For Answers to Correspondents, see page 652.)

AN HOUR IN LONDON.

By Winifrid Blatchford.

WHAT a comic city it is—and weird, too!

We found it comic, the Kid and I, as we strolled down Regent Street. The weirdness came later, in Piccadilly.

Why we laughed I hardly know. Perhaps we "felt like it": and when one is in such a mood one finds fun and merriment in a cobblestone or the House of Peers. The Kid declared she could giggle all day, and giggle she did; but then she has a cheerful mind, and nothing her dismays.

Yes, Regent Street is a delightful playground for a happy woman. Such shops, such luxury, such beauty. I believe with a hundred pounds in her purse any woman might be happy there. Look at the satins and the velvets, lying in costly heaps before our eyes, the laces and the furs enticing us with their richness, the diamonds winking at us, the rubies glowing and burning in blood-red splashes. See how the bright winter sunlight burnishes the hair of the sweet and gentle women as they step from their cosy carriages and motor cars. What handsome women they are, too! One can understand the love and reverence a man may feel for them: what joy it is to him, the mere taking care of so delicate and gracious a lady as the one who passed just now—her bright eyes dancing, her red lips smiling! We smile ourselves, the Kid and I: we cannot help it. The world is such a wonderful place; life is so full of fun and joy, and people are so amusing.

We toddle along, giggling and chattering. We decide that the time is near when the all-important question of Christmas presents must have our serious attention. We will spend a lot of money this year—all our money, in fact. In the meantime, the air grows somewhat "nippy." We have visions of cosy club rooms, and hot scones with the butter softly melting. We make for Piccadilly, and, though we know it not, for tragedy.

She is such a little woman: such a frail grey little woman; and her baby is so heavy, and the street so crowded, one can scarcely pick one's way. A happy, bustling crowd it is, intent on shopping and tea—too bustling for the grey-faced woman who sways giddily along, her baby clasped feebly in her arms.

A friendly constable comes, apparently from nowhere. He speaks to her gently and offers to put her on the way home and to pay her fare. But grey-faced exhausted women are apt to mistrust the arm of the law, and she shrinks away and shakes her head.

"He ought to take her in charge," says one compassionate British matron to another compassionate ditto, compressing her lips into a thin pink line. "He ought to take her in charge."

Perhaps the grey little mother will have more confidence in another woman than in a policeman, kindly though he be. Perhaps one cannot expect a swaying, tottering little person to see the light of sympathy in a constable's eyes: perhaps she dare not look.

She turned wonderingly towards me. She had no sight in one eye; her face was the colour of grey stone, and her baby patted her cheek with a podge of a hand.

I should help her very much, she said, if I would take her across the road and put her into a 'bus. She whispered this fearfully to me. She was afraid, she said, that if she trusted herself to the policeman he would take her to the station, and then they would send her to hospital: because she had a diseased heart and because of the bad place in her neck. And how could she go to hospital when she had her baby and her little girl? And her husband only gone to the asylum last week! "It can't be done, miss," she assured me, feebly.

We had our tea, much to the superior amusement of the lady-waitress, who had to be snubbed before she would attend to us.

It is a weirdly comic situation. The superior lady at starvation wages waiting condescendingly on her little grey sister, who found the cup so heavy to hold; and the Kid, her keen eyes round and awestruck, her satirical smile taking an unaccustomed curve; and the baby, clutching tightly to its mother, whose heart was diseased and whose neck was bad.

She felt better now, she said, the coffee was so "comfortable," and she had eaten nothing that day. No, she must not go home in a cab: her landlady would say if she could go home in a cab she could pay her rent. She would go in a 'bus if I did not mind; indeed, she would rather.

We helped her along; she walked better now, her face was not quite so stone-grey, her voice not so feeble. We put her in a 'bus, and she and her baby, both looking somewhat bewildered and wondering, were swallowed up by the great dragon of wealthy London, and we returned to the cheerful, hustling crowd, and gazed rather hostilely at the gay flags and bunting hung out in honour of the distinguished Royal strangers who were at that moment being welcomed by a loyal British nation.

I fear we did not feel loyally disposed ourselves. I fear we cared less for all the crowned heads in Europe than for the little grey-faced mother, whose rent was owing and whose heart was diseased. It seemed to us a shameful thing that strangers should be feasted and cheered when in our streets our own flesh and blood, our mothers and sisters, were starving, went in terror of the law, and were amazed when a sister-woman spoke to them. We did not find the city comic any longer; we found it weird and awful. The delicately-cared for, well-loved ladies, in their velvets and their furs, no longer looked beautiful in our eyes: they also had become weird and awful. In all that wonderful throng of fellow-beings, we felt kindly disposed to only three: a grey-faced woman, her baby, and a policeman.

What could we do? we asked ourselves. What could we do more than we had done? Why did we feel sore and bruised, instead of comforted, when we had helped as well as we might? "Be kind to one

another, and you will be happy," we are told. Ah! *Why* should it be necessary for us to be kind to one another? Why should any woman in this city of plenty be dependent upon the "kindness" of a casual stranger? Perhaps that is why we felt bruised and sore, perhaps that is why we hated the bright streets, the happy faces, and the flags in honour of a Royal stranger.

As I said before, it is a weird city, but I have lost the funny side, and—I wonder what has become of the tottering, swaying mother and her baby!

LAW AND JUSTICE.

Hearts must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;

No, Corday, no;
Else Justice had not crown'd in heaven thy head

Profaned below.

Three women France hath borne, each greater far

Than all her men;
And greater many were than any are
At sword or pen.

W. S. LANDOR.

UNTHINKING LOVE.

Love for ever completes the world; for it is no future of higher achievement, no expectation of greater joy. It lives for ever in a present made perfect by itself. Love can dream of no greater blessedness than itself, of no heaven but its own. . . . You philosophers who go searching for the meaning of life, thinkers reading so sadly, and let us hope so wrongly, the riddle of the world—life has but one meaning, the riddle but one answer, which is love. To love is to put yourself in harmony with the spherul music of creation, to stand in the centre of the Universe and see it good and whole as it appears in the eye of God.

Even Death himself, the great and terrible king of kings, though he may break the heart of Love with agonies and anguish and slow tortures of separation, may not break his faith. No one who has loved will dream even death too terrible a price to pay for the revelation of love. For that revelation, once made, can never be recalled. As a little sprig of lavender will perfume a queen's wardrobe, so will a short year of love keep sweet a long life.

R. LE GALLIENNE.

Though you assume the face of a saint, a hero, or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unpriced smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice, or a brother's tears.—MAETRLINCK.

A HAPPY SEASIDE HOME

Together with a sound general education, including conversational French and German, offered to a few children under twelve. Closer care and more effective tuition for backward or delicate children than in large schools. Home comforts and perfect family life. Plenty of outdoor exercise in a climate strongly recommended by doctors. Entire charge of children from abroad. Terms moderate. References to parents of former and present pupils; also to the "Clarion" Board.—Miss C. M. THOMPSON, Lightburne Avenue, St. Annes-on-Sea, near Blackpool.

MUNICIPAL MATERNITY HOMES.

By Harry Beswick.

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Verily, it is time for plain speaking. There is no reason why the pain and misery of "this scourge among the working classes" should not be almost immediately abolished. Puerperal fever is a preventable disease, and nothing stands in the way of its banishment but

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His radical change consists in the building and equipment of municipal maternity homes on a modest scale. No palatial hospital buildings would be required.

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trained hospital nurses who had passed the examination of the Central Midwives Board, and the municipal maternity home would be complete. The number of such cottage hospitals would ultimately depend upon the demand, but when the larger areas were filled up no professional visit would be inconvenient because of the distance of the patient from the doctor's residence.

As to the cost of removing this incubus of death and suffering from the community, Sir William observes:

The municipal maternity home would fill up the gap between the public lying-in hospital, at present poorly supported by voluntary contributions, and the nursing home or private hospital, which is beyond the reach of the great majority. The private patient sent in by the doctor would pay as a rule her own way, for the expense would not be so great as at the first glance it might appear.

There can be no two opinions about the desirability—the crying need—of scotching what the "Lancet" calls "a lasting disgrace to our boasted twentieth-century civilisation."

I am in perfect accord with Sir William in his contention that the "time is ripe for a great and beneficial social and medical reform, and Manchester, which has done so much already in pioneer work of this kind, ought to show an example to England."

THE SONG OF THE HOUSE.

With patience threadbare worn,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
A member sat in the Commons' House
When he ought to have been in bed.
Sit! sit! sit!
In dog-days, small hours, and frowse,
And as his place he couldn't quit,
He sang the Song of the House. . . .

Talk! talk! talk!
Till the painted windows swim;
Talk! talk! talk!
Till the lights in the roof wax dim!
Clause and section and line—
Line and section and clause—
Till on the benches we fall asleep,
And dream of making laws. . . .

Sit! sit! sit!
From weary chime to chime;
Sit! sit! sit!
And to miss a division's a crime.
Amend, divide, and report—
Report, divide, and amend—
Till each section's a riddle, the Act a maze,
And a muddle from end to end.
"Punch."

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife!—a mother!—two magical words, comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity. There is a reign of beauty, of love, of reason,—always a reign! A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live; and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.—AIME MARTIN.

In morals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness; in religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism. Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil.—MRS. JAMESON.

AN HOUR IN LONDON.

By Winifrid Blatchford.

WHAT a comic city it is—and weird, too! We found it comic, the Kid and I, as we strolled down Regent Street. The weirdness came later, in Piccadilly. Why we laughed I hardly know. Perhaps we "felt like it": and when one is in such a mood one finds fun and merriment in a cobblestone or the House of Peers. The Kid declared she could giggle all day, and giggle she did; but then she has a cheerful mind, and nothing her dismays.

Yes, Regent Street is a delightful playground for a happy woman. Such shops, such luxury, such beauty. I believe with a hundred pounds in her purse any woman might be happy there. Look at the satins and the velvets, lying in costly heaps before our eyes, the laces and the furs enticing us with their richness, the diamonds winking at us, the rubies glowing and burning in blood-red splashes. See how the bright winter sunlight burnishes the hair of the sweet and gentle women as they step from their cosy carriages and motor cars. What handsome women they are, too! One can understand the love and reverence a man may feel for them: what joy it is to him, the mere taking care of so delicate and gracious a lady as the one who passed just now—her bright eyes dancing, her red lips smiling! We smile ourselves, the Kid and I: we cannot help it. The world is such a wonderful place; life is so full of fun and joy, and people are so amusing.

We toddle along, giggling and chattering. We decide that the time is near when the all-important question of Christmas presents must have our serious attention. We will spend a lot of money this year—all our money, in fact. In the meantime, the air grows somewhat "nippy." We have visions of cosy club rooms, and hot scones with the butter softly melting. We make for Piccadilly, and, though we know it not, for tragedy.

She is such a little woman: such a frail grey little woman; and her baby is so heavy, and the street so crowded, one can scarcely pick one's way. A happy, bustling crowd it is, intent on shopping and tea—too bustling for the grey-faced woman who sways giddily along, her baby clasped feebly in her arms.

A friendly constable comes, apparently from nowhere. He speaks to her gently and offers to put her on the way home and to pay her fare. But grey-faced exhausted women are apt to mistrust the arm of the law, and she shrinks away and shakes her head.

"He ought to take her in charge," says one compassionate British matron to another compassionate ditto, compressing her lips into a thin pink line. "He ought to take her in charge."

Perhaps the grey little mother will have more confidence in another woman than in a policeman, kindly though he be. Perhaps one cannot expect a swaying, tottering little person to see the light of sympathy in a constable's eyes: perhaps she dare not look.

She turned wonderingly towards me. She had no sight in one eye; her face was the colour of grey stone, and her baby patted her cheek with a pudge of a hand.

I should help her very much, she said, if I would take her across the road and put her into a 'bus. She whispered this fearfully to me. She was afraid, she said, that if she trusted herself to the policeman he would take her to the station, and then they would send her to hospital: because she had a diseased heart and because of the bad place in her neck. And how could she go to hospital when she had her baby and her little girl? And her husband only gone to the asylum last week! "It can't be done, miss," she assured me, feebly.

We had our tea, much to the superior amusement of the lady-waitress, who had to be snubbed before she would attend to us.

It is a weirdly comic situation. The superior lady at starvation wages waiting condescendingly on her little grey sister, who found the cup so heavy to hold; and the Kid, her keen eyes round and awestruck, her satirical smile taking an unaccustomed curve; and the baby, clutching tightly to its mother, whose heart was diseased and whose neck was bad.

She felt better now, she said, the coffee was so "comfortable," and she had eaten nothing that day. No, she must not go home in a cab: her landlady would say if she could go home in a cab she could pay her rent. She would go in a 'bus if I did not mind; indeed, she would rather.

We helped her along; she walked better now, her face was not quite so stone-grey, her voice not so feeble. We put her in a 'bus, and she and her baby, both looking somewhat bewildered and wondering, were swallowed up by the great dragon of wealthy London, and we returned to the cheerful, hustling crowd, and gazed rather hostilely at the gay flags and bunting hung out in honour of the distinguished Royal strangers who were at that moment being welcomed by a loyal British nation.

I fear we did not feel loyally disposed ourselves. I fear we cared less for all the crowned heads in Europe than for the little grey-faced mother, whose rent was owing and whose heart was diseased. It seemed to us a shameful thing that strangers should be feasted and cheered when in our streets our own flesh and blood, our mothers and sisters, were starving, went in terror of the law, and were amazed when a sister-woman spoke to them.

We did not find the city comic any longer; we found it weird and awful. The delicately-cared for, well-loved ladies, in their velvets and their furs, no longer looked beautiful in our eyes: they also had become weird and awful. In all that wonderful throng of fellow-beings, we felt kindly disposed to only three: a grey-faced woman, her baby, and a policeman.

What could we do? We asked ourselves. What could we do more than we had done? Why did we feel sore and bruised, instead of comforted, when we had helped as well as we might? "Be kind to one

another, and you will be happy," we are told. Ah! Why should it be necessary for us to be kind to one another? Why should any woman in this city of plenty be dependent upon the "kindness" of a casual stranger? Perhaps that is why we felt bruised and sore, perhaps that is why we hated the bright streets, the happy faces, and the flags in honour of a Royal stranger.

As I said before, it is a weird city, but I have lost the funny side, and—I wonder what has become of the tottering, swaying mother and her baby!

LAW AND JUSTICE.

Hearts must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;

No, Corday, no; Else Justice had not crown'd in heaven thy head Profaned below.

Three women France hath borne, each greater far

Than all her men; And greater many were than any are At sword or pen.

W. S. LANDOR.

UNTHINKING LOVE.

Love for ever completes the world; for it is no future of higher achievement, no expectation of greater joy. It lives for ever in a present made perfect by itself. Love can dream of no greater blessedness than itself, of no heaven but its own. . . . You philosophers who go searching for the meaning of life, thinkers reading so sadly, and let us hope so wrongly, the riddle of the world—life has but one meaning, the riddle but one answer, which is love. To love is to put yourself in harmony with the spherulic music of creation, to stand in the centre of the Universe and see it good and whole as it appears in the eye of God.

Even Death himself, the great and terrible king of kings, though he may break the heart of Love with agonies and anguish and slow tortures of separation, may not break his faith. No one who has loved will dream even death too terrible a price to pay for the revelation of love. For that revelation, once made, can never be recalled. As a little sprig of lavender will perfume a queen's wardrobe, so will a short year of love keep sweet a long life.

R. LE GALLIENNE.

Though you assume the face of a saint, a hero, or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unpriced smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice, or a brother's tears.—MAETERLINCK.

A HAPPY SEASIDE HOME

Together with a sound general education, including conversational French and German, offered to a few children under twelve. Closer care and more effective tuition for backward or delicate children than in large schools. Home comforts and perfect family life. Plenty of outdoor exercise in a climate strongly recommended by doctors. Entire charge of children from abroad. Terms moderate. References to parents of former and present pupils; also to the "Clarion" Board.—Miss C. M. THOMPSON, Lightburne Avenue, St. Annes-on-Sea, near Blackpool.

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SOMETIMES.

It seems so hard sometimes to stand and wait
For Freedom's coming; for men suffer much
And hearts there are that silent, silent bleed,
Waiting the healing garment's hem to touch;
Yet will she come—these faces dull shall glow
With the bright light Intelligence doth lume;
Then shall the seed unwearied hands have sown
Fill all the earth with beautifying bloom!
Only it seems so hard—
Sometimes!

It seems so hard to hear the children's wail
Accusingly ascend the helpless skies.
Our bards have sung their innocence and charms,
Sweet ballads of the glory of their eyes;
Called them our "living poems"—fairest things
About the patter of their feet have said;
But yet our flowers to weeds turn in the courts,
Men stop their ears against the cry for bread.
Our hearts feel very tired—
Sometimes.

We know that we can only fling the seed
And leave the rest to Time; the sun and rain
Will lure them into being. Yet sometimes
The courage faints before that cry of pain.

No hasty wild rebellion such as swum
The streets with blood in Paris, long ago,
Will free us; we must wait with patient hearts
And trust the seeds will sure if slowly grow.
And yet the time seems long—
Sometimes.

Courage! the light of morn doth surely grow,
The earth is broken by thin blades of green,
Mists of indifference the hot sun drinks;
Comrades, old, young, and all who stand between,
Drink the pure drops Hope in her snowy hand
Lifts from the flowing ever-living stream
Poured from the hearts of all the heroes past—
The weariness, the languor, was a dream.
Patience! for we shall win—
Some time.

ETHEL CARNIE.

FEELING AND PRINCIPLE.

FEELING is in its very nature transient.
It is at best the meteor's blaze,
shedding strong but momentary day;
while principle, the true principle,
be it faint at first, as the star
whose ray hath newly reached our earth,
is yet the living light of a higher heaven,
which never more will leave us in utter
darkness, but lend a steady beam to
guide our path.—JANE AUSTEN.

We are true turners of the world upside
down; for money is first and virtue last.
—WILLIAM PENN.

A FALSE GOD.

Your god, your great Bel, your fish-tailed
Dagon, rises before me as a demon. You,
and such as you, have raised him to a
throne, put on him a crown, given him a
sceptre. Behold how hideously he
governs! See him busied at the work he
likes best—making marriages. He binds
the young to the old, the strong to the
imbecile. He stretches out the arm of
Mezentius, and fetters the dead to the
living. In his realm there is hatred—
secret hatred: there is disgust—unspoken
disgust: there is treachery—family
treachery: there is vice—deep, deadly,
domestic vice. In his dominions, children
grow unloving between parents who have
never loved; infants are nursed in de-
ception from their very birth; they are
reared in an atmosphere corrupt with
lies. Your god rules at the bridal of
kings—look at your royal dynasties! your
deity is the deity of foreign aristocracies
—analyse the blue blood of Spain! Your
god is the Hymen of France—what is
French domestic life? All that surrounds
him hastens to decay: all declines and de-
generates under his sceptre. Your god is
a masked Death!—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Poets are liberating gods. They unlock
our chains.—EMERSON.

Every human soul has the germ of some
flowers within; and they would open,
if they could only find sunshine and free air
to expand in. I always told you that not
having enough of sunshine was what ailed
the world. Make people happy, and
there will not be half the quarrelling, or
a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—
MRS. CHILD.

THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Conducted by Pandora.

DRESS BUDGETS.

A LONDON high school teacher writes to
me as follows:

"I have been much interested in your
article on 'Dress for the Woman Worker,'
and thought perhaps you would like to
know how I spend my dress allowance.

"I am earning a salary of £140, and
therefore think I am justified in spending
£25 on my dress. I think dress is a very
important matter for the London teacher,
for London children are horribly critical,
and one loses much prestige and influence
if one is careless and dowdy in dress. So
I always try to look as well dressed as
possible, and my friends say I am success-
ful in my attempts.

"I have kept my accounts very care-
fully during the last three years, and this
is my average expenditure. I make my
evening dress, with adaptations, last three
years, and as I find this costs me about
£6 (with alterations) I have put down
the annual expense as £2. Here is my
last year's account, which comes well
within the allotted £25. It must be re-
membered, of course, that dresses, hats,
and boots from the year before are avail-
able for the next year, so that one always
starts the year with a stock in hand.

"I am unfortunately unable to make
any of my own clothes, so that dress-
makers' bills absorb a good deal of my
dress money. I always buy good material
—generally Ruskin homespun—and have
my dresses made very simple":

Evening dress	£2 0	Boots and shoes	£2 0
Best dress	3 0	Ribbon, lace,	
Everyday dress	2 0	veils	1 10
Summer dress	1 10	Renovations	2 0
Jacket	2 0	Gloves	0 15
Hats	1 10	Stockings	0 10
Waterproof or		Underclothing	2 0
cloak	1 0		
Six blouses	2 0	Total	£23 15

The Clerk's Dress Bill.

M. K. writes from South London to say
she is a typist earning 25s. weekly, upon
which she has to live. Hence she cannot
spend much on her dress, never more than
£8 yearly. She is able to make her own
dresses, and devotes Sunday mornings to
this work. She finds shoe leather, water-
proofs, and umbrellas the most expensive
items in her account, and she sadly con-
fesses that her dress is "not beautiful,
but I am always perfectly neat and clean,
which is saying a good deal when you re-
member my work is in a London office,
and I have to go out in all weathers."

This is the modest little budget which
does honour to the sensible young woman
who is making the most of a very small
income obtained by long hours of hard
work:

Coat and skirt	£2 0	Two hats	£0 12
Best dress	1 0	Gloves	0 10
Boots and shoes	1 10	Three blouses	0 8
Underclothing	1 0		
Waterproof	0 15		£7 15

The Candid Critic!

A Woman Worker writes to me in some-
what indignant strain. "Why," she
asks, "should you tell us what we are to
wear? Why shouldn't we wear 'trailing
skirts,' and 'silk blouses,' if we like so
to do?"

I can only reply that my business here
is to give useful advice, and I feel it is
of the very highest importance that we
should bring no discredit on our fellow-
workers by dressing unsuitably. This is,
of course, a free country, and anyone may
dress as she likes; but just as there is a
time for everything, so there is a dress for
each occasion, and I feel sure that all
sensible women agree with me in deplor-
ing the wearing of cheap finery and so-
called fashionable attire for daily work.
Dress should be indicative of work and
character, as in the case of the nurse.

I would not for the world lay down any
rules for my correspondent, but let her
seriously consider the question of dress,
and I believe that a woman so sensible as
most of her letter shows her to be will no
longer be indignant with me.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROSPECTS IN JOURNALISM (D. P.).—Frankly,
I think success in journalism is largely a
matter of chance. If you are quick, and ener-
getic, and adaptable, it is quite possible you
might get on without any great amount of
"learning." I advise you, however, to try to
make a speciality of one subject, and write as
much on it as you possibly can. Then you
must study very carefully the newspapers and
magazines, and send your articles to suitable
places. Do not ask the editor of the "Nine-
teenth Century" to take a chatty article on
"How to Dress Well on £25 a Year"! There
is an excellent little book called "Press Work
for Women," by Frances H. Low, price 1s.,
which you would find very useful.

CERTIFICATE AS COOKERY TEACHER (M. WARD).
—To teach in an elementary or evening con-
tinuation school you must hold a diploma or
certificate of some training school recognised
by the Board of Education. I do not know if
the technical school where you have learnt
cookery is a "recognised" school. You must
inquire about this from your head master. As
a rule, the period for training for a cookery
diploma is not less than twelve months. I do
not reply by post unless a matter is urgent.

SWEET-MAKING (MRS. W.).—Your letter,
quite wrongly addressed, has at last reached
me! Large profits cannot be obtained from
sweet-making, but if you can afford to wait
and work up a connection, a livelihood can be
earned. I know of three sisters who make a
comfortable little income by making sweets
and selling them in a small shop. You ought
to go to a school of cookery, or have lessons
from a first-rate sweet-maker before you
attempt to set up on your own account. I do
not think books would be of any use for
your purpose. If there is a school of cookery
in your town, I advise you to go there, or it is
possible the leading confectioner might be
willing to take a pupil. There is a school of
cookery at Harlow Moor Drive, Harrogate;
principal, Miss Everard.

TYPEWRITING (K. W.).—At several of the
evening continuation schools and polytechnics,
typewriting may be learnt at a very small fee.
I do not think you would be taken in any
office without paying a small premium for
learning the work. Pitman's School, in
Southampton Row, W.C., and Clark's College,
Chancery Lane, E.C., are, as a rule, successful
in getting work for their pupils, and their fees
are moderate. You ought to continue your
general education, as otherwise you will only
get a very poor post. The clerical market is
overstocked at present. If you also learnt
bookkeeping, you would be able to take work
as a cashier.

PROSPECTS IN NEW ZEALAND (J. F.).—I am
making inquiries concerning the subject of
your letter, and will let you know in this
column as soon as I hear from you. Thank
you for saying you think our paper "first-
rate." Tell all your friends about it.

OFFER OF FREE LODGING IN BEAUTIFUL DIS-

TRICT (MRS. L.).—I have not space to answer
your letter here, but when I get a little time
I will send reply by post. Meanwhile, I state
here that you would like to receive an active,
progressive woman for the Christmas holidays,
to whom you will only charge a small sum for
board. I do hope you will soon find an outlet
for your activity.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION (YOUTHFUL).—
No, I do not think it at all a "bother." I
love young people, and I am only too glad
that my own long experience of breadwinning
should be of use to others who are beginning
the battle of life. In this, as in all other
battles, you must be well equipped, so will you
tell me quite frankly what you can afford to
pay for training? Then I can give you some
useful advice, I think. I liked your nice,
frank letter. You need never "fear" to write
to me.

ADDRESS WANTED (MRS. M.).—The address
is: Association of Trained Charwomen, 9,
John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

Will correspondents please note that
Pandora cannot reply by post?

A SPINSTER'S VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

I AM ugly—there's no denying that; I
feature my father's family. But law! I
don't mind, do you? The pretty uns do
for flycatchers—they keep the men off us.
I've no opinion of the men—I don't know
what you have. And as for fretting and
stewing about what they'll think of you
from morning to night, and making your
life uneasy about what they're doing when
they're out of your sight—as I tell Nancy,
it's a folly no woman need be guilty of, if
she's got a good father and a good home;
let her leave it to them as have got no
fortin, and can't help themselves. As I
say, Mr. Have-your-own-way is the best
husband, and the only one I'd ever
promise to obey. I know it isn't pleasant,
when you've been living in a big way, and
managing hogsheads and all that, to go
and put your nose in by somebody else's
fireside, or to sit down by yourself to a
scrag or a knuckle; but, thank God! my
father's a sober man and likely to live;
and if you've got a man by the chimney
corner it doesn't matter if he's childish—
the business needn't be broken up.

GEORGE ELIOT.

SPEAKING AND SINGING.

LITTLE or no attention is paid to the
tone in which children speak; conse-
quently they too often contract bad habits
of intonation from the earliest age;
and, as they grow up, what is mere habi-
tual tone is mistaken for their natural
voice. From this inattention to intona-
tion in early years proceeds much diffi-
culty in the voice for singing; and it is
not unfrequently the cause of diseases of
the throat and chest. It is but a part of
this evil system that a most injurious
habit prevails among the young ladies of
the present day, of speaking in a subdued
muffled tone, or what might be called a
semi-falsetto, in consequence of which
very few natural voices are heard. It
must be understood, I speak more particu-
larly of English ladies, as foreigners
generally speak in the natural tone of
their voice. I have no hesitation in say-
ing that hundreds of young ladies bring
upon themselves serious chest-affections
from a bad habit of speaking and sing-
ing.—SIGNORA FERRARI.

The soul of a woman is whatever beauti-
ful we find in her.

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Conversation With a Prospective Bride.

By A. Neil Lyons.

YOUNG BEGGE is apprenticed to the Blowfield architect. I am prepared to learn that apprenticeship is not the word which Mr. Begge himself would employ to describe his honourable association with the Blowfield architect; but it is a good word, and will serve. Frank Begge is a heavy, good-humoured youth, profoundly conscientious, but otherwise unpossessed of any vital characteristic. He believes, as he expresses it, in the King; he believes in manliness and womanliness; he believes in chaps who believe as he believes. He has never been rude enough to define his beliefs.

Mr. Begge is acquainted with the Topp-Holeses, of Hampstead, and since I, too, am fortunate enough to enjoy the friendship of this rich and cultured family, Mr. Begge is so kind as to treat me with extreme and peculiar regard, as one having unusual claims upon his confidence. She isn't exactly fair and she isn't exactly dark; and he doesn't know whether I would call her exactly pretty, but there is something awfully striking in her walk. I might not even call her clever—having such extreme views on the subject—but, at any rate, she can always hold her own in argument with him. Her name is Knobb. She derives from patent varnish (wholesale), but Mr. Begge is of opinion that after all a thing of that sort does not really matter nowadays, if you really love a person. "And after all," reflected Mr. Begge, "the Pater used to be an auctioneer himself before he bought 'The Larches' and retired. So, after all, why should he mind? Why should anybody mind?"

"Why, indeed!" I cried, with cordiality. "And after all," pursued my young friend, "it isn't of such tremendous importance who I choose to marry."

"Whom," Franky," I said, avoiding the pitfall. "Now, yesterday, I happened to be in London and I happened, further, to be taking tea with the Topp-Holeses (beer is the source of their greatness, but I have observed with some dissatisfaction that this beverage is never mentioned in their house, not even at lunch time). I happened, I say, to be taking tea with the Topp-Holeses when who should be announced but—Miss Knobb. An aquiline young lady with a meagre bosom."

I explained to our hostess my reasons for desiring to be presented to Miss Knobb; and when, presently, we were conducted to adjacent chairs, I found that my claims to her consideration had been duly placed before the notice of that young lady. She said:

"How delightful! I hear that you come from Frank's county."

I said: "Yes; I do live in the same part of Sussex."

"Oh," observed Miss Knobb, "that is nice. Awful good huntin' round Blowfield, isn't there?"

"A great deal of hunting seems to be practised round Blowfield," I replied. "I am sometimes grateful when tea time comes and the horn leaves off."

"You hunt, of course?" inquired Miss Knobb, raising her eyebrows ever so slightly.

"Never!" I replied with firmness. "Oh, . . ." replied Miss Knobb, with something of disgust in her tone. "I thought that everybody hunted in Sussex."

"Quite so," I assented hastily—"everybody—excepting me and the middle classes, and the tradespeople, and the working people, and the old people, and the paupers, and the children, and—Frank."

"And Frank!" echoed Miss Knobb—"why, Frank's most fearfully keen on huntin'. It's one of the things I like about him. He's such a frightfully good all-round sportsman. What makes you think that Frank doesn't hunt?"

What made me think it was my knowledge that Frank's exemplary father was not retired from auctioneering for nothing. Frank enjoys an annual allowance of £52, on which to dress and be a perfect gentleman. Frank's father's gardener succeeds in dressing and being a husband, father, and householder on the same stipend; but the annual income of a gardener's family will not keep a hunter. I saw, however, that I had said a trivial and uncharitable thing. I remembered, too, that I had once seen Frank at the tail of the Hunt, seated upon a hired hack, and looking (to his credit be it said) exceedingly unlike a sportsman. I therefore did my best to put things right for Frank. I said to Miss Knobb:

"Frank hunts still, then, does he? I thought he had given it up."

"Rather not!" exclaimed Miss Knobb. "Frank and I are goin' to have some rippin' days behind hounds when I go down to stay with his people at Christmas. What sort of people are his people? I haven't met them yet, you know. In fact, our engagement is a sort of—ah—secret—at present. Are they—ah—stuffy people?"

"On the contrary," I assured her, "they are what one would describe as rather breezy people." I had visions as I spoke of Frank's Papa addressing himself to the proletariat on the subject of trespass.

"Well," said Miss Knobb, again, "I expect that Frank and I will manage to put in a jolly day or two behind hounds."

"Taking any horses down with you?" I inquired, nonchalantly.

"No," said Miss Knobb, "Frank will fit me out."

I had further visions and suppressed a smile. "What a pity you don't hunt!" pursued Miss Knobb. "It's a rippin' sport. . . . I believe. Otter's pretty plentiful this year?"

The truth was thus revealed me. "Ah, er, by the way, Miss Knobb," I gently murmured, "do you—have you hunted many seasons?"

"Not many," replied Miss Knobb, becoming less self-coloured. "Well, hardly any; in fact, scarcely at all. You see, we live in Ealing."

"Quite so," I murmured, with a helpful smile. "In that case, perhaps, you wouldn't know that in Sussex we worry otters on foot."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Knobb.

"Indeed . . . oh . . . As a matter of fact I—I didn't know that. I—I suppose that the country is too steep for horses?"

"I suppose so," I said.

I said, also, this: "Do you know that when a mother-otter has been successfully ambushed by ten couple of dogs, or rather hounds, and has had all the breath and otter-hood worried out of her, they tear her to pieces?"

"Of course," said Miss Knobb. "She bleeds, you know, when they do that. Her blood gets all over your boots if you aren't very careful."

"Naturally!" observed Miss Knobb. "It must be rippin' to see a kill."

"And come back blood-stained and muddy, with your hair all tangled and your face all sweaty and wearing a general look as of having satisfied a lust?"

"Oh!" said Miss Knobb. . . . "I don't think I quite understand you."

I said it again. "That's what girls look like when they go otter-hunting," I said.

"Don't you approve of otter-hunting?" inquired Miss Knobb, with evident wonder.

"I am merely stating," I replied, "what otter-hunting is and what girls look like when they do it. Have you ever seen an otter?"

"Well," replied Miss Knobb, "I've seen a lot of pictures."

"I wonder what you will think of a really dead otter when you see one?"

"You are amusing," said Miss Knobb. "I'm simply longing to see a kill."

"And get some blood on your boots," I suggested. "And dance the same evening with the same feet?"

"What queer ideas you have!" exclaimed Miss Knobb. "But I'm told you are an author."

"I wonder what you'll look like with your hair all tangled and your face all sweaty, and—"

"You are amusing," repeated Miss Knobb.

LOVE'S MUSIC.

LOVE took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands; Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

LOVE took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

TENNYSON.

However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men.—MRS. POYSER.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

By a Thinker.*

LET me commend John Galsworthy to all who grow impatient for the golden age. (He is good, too, for those who think the age of gold imperishable; but never say so. I think they are not to know that we admire him.)

What Galsworthy understands more than most people is that the world is ruled by fixed ideas, not by systems. Systems are only an expression of such ideas, helping to fix them harder; and, for this reason, a democratic system can neither endure nor come into force without ideas fixed in the minds of the majority.

As they say in America, we are up against that fact.

Unfixed ideas are the ocean, fixed ideas the cliffs; and this should never seem a too discouraging image. After all, the ocean has been the same since the world began; it is the land that changes.

In his latest book, named after the first of a series of parables and studies, "A Commentary," Galsworthy shows the strength of certain fixed ideas that hold on sturdily in this barbarous land of ours, and make a revolution at present impossible.

He does not write essays, which few would read, and all who did read would try to answer. He writes things that many read and none can answer.

He chooses types of people, and quietly and thoughtfully describes them. They are common types. People who are like them make the mass of the nation. And, as he sketches in their characteristics—shows us how their thoughts work, and what are their strong stupidities, their petty aims, their instincts and sincerities—we feel the authority and force of the old bad environment that has produced them. We have to change the environment; and how can we do it without changing them—how change them without changing the environment?

We can change neither, very much; and it is just as well to know that. But there is Death, and there is Birth. These are our friendly and giant helpers. These change both.

What an appalling figure this author makes of the public man whose conception of God is power, and of man a creature prone to evil! A very dull, plain, useless fellow, one of the countless fools, but a servant of the State: this man, having imagined a God like himself, goes into his closet daily to pray to him. Galsworthy translates the prayer:

O great image that put me here, knowing as thou must the failings of my fellow-beings, give me power to see that they do right; let me provide for them the moral and social diet they require. For, since I have been here, I have daily, hourly, humbly, felt more certain of what it is they really want; more assured that, through thy help, I am the person who can give it them. O great image, before thou didst put me here, I was not quite certain about anything, but now, thanks be to thee, everything is daily clearer and more definite; and I am less and less harassed by my

spirit. Let this go on, great image, till my spirit is utterly at rest, and I am cold and still and changeless.

Men of this type, thank goodness, are not so common as they once were. But don't you see how dull mistrust remains? We have to fight the old idea that life tends to be evil, whatever its conditions.

Then look at the sketch entitled "Comfort." It is a picture of a young middle-class couple, who lived in a flat and avoided all unpleasant things: "Kindly folk, good to each other, very healthy, doing their duty in the state to which they had been called." We are shown their Utopian little daily life.

Every now and then they would come home indignant or distressed, having seen a lost dog, or a horse dead from heat or overwork. They were peculiarly affected by the sufferings of animals; and, darning her pink ears, she would cry, "Oh, Dick! how horrible!" or he would say: "Damn! don't rub it in, old girl!"

If they had seen any human being in distress, they rarely mentioned or indeed remembered it, partly because it was a common sight, partly because their instincts reasoned thus: "If I once begin to see what is happening before my eyes all day and every day, I shall either feel uncomfortable, and be compelled to give time and sympathy and money, and do harm into the bargain, destroying people's independence; or I shall become cynical, which is repulsive. But if I stay in my own garden—as it were—and never look outside, I shall not see what is happening, and, if I do not see, it will be as if there were nothing there to see."

They read, of course, a safe newspaper, which told them what books and plays to avoid.

But when—seldom, luckily—their journal was at fault, and they found themselves confronted with a play subversive of their comfort, their faces, at first attentive, would grow a little puzzled, then hurt, and lastly angry; and they would turn to each other, as though by exchanging anger they could minimise the harm they were suffering. She would say in a loud whisper, "I think it's a perfectly disgusting play!" and he would answer, "So dull—that's what I complain of."

After a play like this they talked a good deal in the cab on the way home, of anything except the play, as though sending it to Coventry; but every now and then a queer silence would fall between them. He would break it by clucking his tongue against his palate, remarking, "Confound that beastly play!" And she, with her arms folded on her breast, would give herself a little hug of comfort.

Before going to their room they would steal into the nursery—she in advance, he following, as if it were queer of him—and, standing side by side, watch their little daughters sleeping. The pallid radiance of the night-light fell on the little beds, and on those small forms so confidently quiet; and . . . showed his face, above the whiteness of his shirt-front, ruddy, almost shining, craning forward with a little puzzled grin, which seemed to say, "They're rather sweet; how the devil did I come to have them?"

Hopeless people. Ordinary English people. Yes, but you may see an angel at the bed's head, with grave eyes: an angel who knows what things must happen to shake this comfortable life, and change its notions; knows, too, that new ideas are the only healers.

* "A Commentary" by John Galsworthy, 6s. London: Grant Richards.

Galsworthy is "grim." In a public

park there is a crooning pigeon, and the park is a beautiful place—to the poet a "murmurous haunt of doves." But there is also a starved boy, sitting with a dispirited father and mother on a park seat; and in the silence the little chap says, "Ark at that bloody bird!"

It is a perfectly disgusting remark, and it is followed by a shocking laugh.

Suddenly he laughed. That laugh was a little hard noise, like the clapping of two boards—there was not a single drop of blood in it, not the faintest sound of music; so might a marionette have laughed—a figure made of wood and wire!

The healthy, loving, comfortable young middle-class couple in their Utopia would have shuddered, as all of us do to read of it; and they would be very angry to see it in print. But Galsworthy studies the little chap with a kind man's honesty, and sees how he came into the world, what his childhood has so far been, and just why he felt like that when he heard the soft note fill the summer air.

Grim, we call such a writer. But it is the facts that are grim.

So much thought is seldom packed into a modern book as you may find in "A Commentary." Fashion, sport, the divorce from Nature, the prison system, the marriage law, caution, order, fear, forms of philistinism, "progress," wealth, old age, motherhood—about all these there is a large, wise word.

I do not know how hopeful Mr. Galsworthy is. I only know that he is resolved to look at life clearly. His roadmender is not that of Michael Fairless, but the man who holds a flag before the steam roller.

"What's your opinion? I'll tell you my experience: a lot o' them that's workin' on road jobs like this . . . you can't do nothing with them. That great thing"—he pointed to the roller—"that great thing goes on, and on, and on—it's gone over them! Life nowadays has got no more feelin' for a man than for a beetle."

Can we stop the steam roller? he seems to ask. And, if not, what is our hope? KEIGLEY SNOWDEN.

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BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXXVI. Friends in Need.

Do you know what you would feel if you had fired a gun unaware of its being loaded, and heard a dear victim cry out alarmed at you, as well as hurt? Enoch felt just so as Barbara implored him to leave her.

She begged him frantically to leave her bleeding, and he could only go.

How she had been hurt, what incredible wound there was, he so little understood at the moment that his own stupefaction of thwarted love was all. He stood in the passage deprived of sense by it, feeling the house reel empty about him, and bore his heart-ache like a stab that has gone to the bone.

Mrs. Shuttlewell spoke in a low voice at his elbow. "What do yo' think of her, Mr. Watson?"

He stung himself to say, "There is some doctor she said you knew," and thereupon the woman touched him by quietly beginning to cry. She seemed bewildered.

"Yes, there's Dr. Partington, i' Halifax Road," she said, and after a fluttering pause asked him into her living-room. "You must excuse me not being fine," she said, after shutting the door; "but eh! I'm fain ye com', fain I am;" and he saw that she was flushed and nervous.

Poor Mrs. Shuttlewell dusted a chair with her apron, checked herself at the thought that she could not expect him to stay and talk, and stood with a wistful face.

"What do yo' think of her?"

"I can't say," he shook his head. "Why has she never had a doctor?"

The nervous flush deepened.

"Nay, she wouldn't hear on't! Nay, I wanted her to, I talked that way, but I think she fully thought o' mending. See yo', Mr. Watson, I've never had my sleep sin', for thinkin' on't. Like as I worn't doin' my duty by t'young lady; an' I feel"—her voice rose, welling—"I feel for her like one o' my awn, for all she com' to me so grand. I lig wakken (lie awake) cannot an hour, freatin'. One like me cannot say her. Eh, I'm fain yo' con'; ye can say her. I thought yo'd come. 'She'll lippen,' I thought, 'to one of her awn mak' o' folk, if she willn't to me,' I thought. Ye see, she says her mother willn't hae nought to do wi' her. I niver heard o' sich wark! What do yo' think yoursel'? Do yo' know her?"

He said he had never seen her.

"Why, but I think she s'ould know," the good soul flamed. "It's not reight natural. I could like to gie her a bit o' my mind; ay, an' I wod do if I knew where to find her. I wod that. I'd tell her what—a reight saint that is, pinin' away wi' nob'dy to stand up for her; a reight saint, if iver there wor one. As patient, an' niver plainin', an' talkin' o' what she'll do an' that; it'll hae to be in a better world, I judge—an' eh, deary! I think sometimes it cannot be long."

She ceased with a trembling lip, and turned aside to wipe her eyes.

His own breast labouring, Enoch spoke to her as if he had to comfort a certain aunt of his own, in whom a sense of in-

justice or unkindness would rouse her timidity to shows of boldness; a woman very quick to feel for others. Mrs. Shuttlewell had her ways. The voice, too, was not unlike, being reedily sweet and deep—a beautiful voice in a plain countrywoman, vibrant with her bosom's amplitude of love and sorrow.

"I know you've done what you could; everything," he said.

"Eh, do yo' think so?" she cried. "Nay, I do not say to myseln that. I lack skill to do what I wod. But she gets no good o' what she can tak', poor doy; it's a decline, a reight decline it is. . . . But then, he's a fearful clever doctor."

He asked more particularly where the doctor lived, and she was at pains to direct him.

"Ye mun say it's at Mrs. Robert Shuttlewell's," she said as he was going; "an' tell him I hev'n't forgotten what he did for me; no, nor niver sall do."

She spoke of this with a brightness again upon her haggard face. "An' what think yo' that wor? He tended my husband for fifteen month, an' he wo'dn't tak' a penny piece, 'cause he thought 'at Roberts' maister s'ould 'a paid it. He wo'dn't. An' I think I're niver so taen tul (taken to, surprised) i' my life, as when he telled me to keep that brass 'at I'd been savin' out o' Robert' club money. Now, he's a gentleman! Ay, an' called i' every week, he did, an' niver seemed to thoil us of his time, for all he could do nought but change bandages."

She broke off this praise of Dr. Partington to offer Enoch tea; but he was anxious to be gone.

"Well, I hope he can do some'at," she urred. "I telled her what mak' o' gentleman he wor; but yo' see"—she sank her voice—"a lady like her cannot be hehoden to a stranger. An' I'm reight proud o' what she's letten me do; proud, I am. Nay, but when she com' at first, I thought she're a deal too fine for my huse; I hardly knew what way to cut an' butter bread for her, she made me that nervous. So she just com' in an' did for hersel', poor doy, like as she'd been born tul't! I couldn't let some do so, whatever they knew; an' I—didn't reight like it, nawther; but she spake so nice an' hed sich a young mistress way wi' her—afore I could think, she'd planned all out an' done't! She hed; an' better pleased nor if I'd done it for her. Eh, well! She's been oined rarely."

He got away.

But the word "oined" points at heartless ill-treatment. It had been dropped without intention, and perhaps with no reference but to a heartless mother; yet as the simple woman met his eyes, her mouth had come open with a queer look of being at his mercy. She had paled, looked down about her with a fluttering glance, and made a show of turning to her slopstone.

He tried to think that he had only confused her by offering his hand just then; but Barbara's cry of anguish echoed from dire caverns. What had it meant? In a miserable hurry he came to the doctor's door, putting off conjectures.

Dr. Partington was an imposing, com-

fortable man in his fifties, a general practitioner of the old school. His greatest qualifications were his manner, some common sense, a good heart, and his experience. Abundant flowing hair and a beard lent him picturesqueness. In moments of dignity he might be said to wear a mane; but the little black and twinkling eyes under his bushy brows were not lion-like. With a very red nose and face, he had a look of Father Christmas rather. He was only iron-grey as yet, and in place of the red gown lined with ermine he stood in a long and loose frock coat; but the resemblance was further suggested by a grave ceremonial urbanity, suitable to rare appearances.

When he appeared to Enoch, it was with a sort of obeisance; and the reporter recognised the president of the Yorkshire Folklore Society.

Dr. Partington awoke in him an anxiously mingled trust and awe, such as may be imagined in one who goes with trouble to a ghostly confessor.

"I want you to see a patient, sir—Miss West—at Mrs. Robert Shuttlewell's, in Villa Grove; No. 13," said Enoch brokenly.

Dr. Partington thought the young man a little hysterical. He said in a smooth voice of ordinary volume, "Ah, yes, Mrs. Shuttlewell;" waved him to a chair; and took a seat himself in the midst of the room, by a table on which there lay a brass inkstand and a great ledger. With a leisurely air he drew his long coat laps over portly thighs, brushed a speck of dust from his knee, and leaned a consultative elbow upon the table's edge, beginning to stroke his beard. Enoch's second impression of him was that the face (among so much mane) looked small.

"Is the illness—er—recent?" he asked.

"No," said Enoch; "I'm afraid it must be serious. Miss West has been ill since March. She is very weak, in bed."

Dr. Partington leaned back in the chair, frowning at his handful of beard. But the good man's habit was to inspire if possible a little cheerfulness. He asked a question or two about symptoms, and when he rose, paternally beaming, and announced his intention of seeing the patient that evening, Enoch said gratefully, "Thank you very much, sir. And will you send the bill to me?"

Dr. Partington bowed again. "May I have your—er—name, sir?"

"Watson—at the 'Chronicle' Office."

"Dear me, dear me; I beg your pardon," he twinkled. "Of course! You once—er—reported an address of mine. Allow me to take the opportunity of thanking you for that service. Er—and Miss West—?"

"Miss West is a friend of mine," Enoch blushed. "But I—she is in lodgings, and—"

He had the notion that he ought to explain why he took the expense upon himself, but the doctor cut him short.

"With Mrs. Shuttlewell. Quite so. In excellent hands, I am sure. Most thoughtful on your part, Mr. Watson; if an old man may be indulged in a compliment."

And he managed to convey some sense of added esteem in a last salaam.

Enoch instantly forgot him.

The incredible shame that seemed to have been hinted had to be made away with. What was he thinking of? He stiffened under a revulsion of self-reproach and threw it under him, feeling his imaginations foul as Vulcan's stithy.

Something there was, but not that,

which he had conjured up from odious depths. *What, then?* Her distress had been vivid; something not less than terrible, unknown to him, had looked out quickly like the imp from the Devil's bottle.

Oh! poor Barbara! It was not a time to mistake her afresh.

His heart cried "Lost," in a flood of bitterness, and for a while he asked himself no questions. In the park close by, it was quiet. There, as he sat alone, his mind went back to the bedside; and his first more tranquil thought was one of wonder, very thankfully felt, that while talking to her again he had been able to simulate hope so easily.

What could the meaning be? The cause of her distress? Conjecture failed as if he had been required to think evil of the dew when it glitters, cavil at sweet music, suspect the violet; and yet he knew her to be human, and had passionately desired in that astonishing knowledge to shield her from every breath that blows.

Enoch Watson's love was acknowledged now, when hope could hardly live. Ah, what bitterness! If she died, how should he forgive himself?

And if she lived?

Until evening, he sat in his lodgings or walked the streets in a chill bewilderment, feeling his hurt although he would not own it. He had to think much upon the sweet days gone, the tenderest moments; but he could not endure such memories in any public place, and he clung to a grim thought of playing the man, and summoned all his forces to be as one of the crowd unmoved about him.

Their faces were natural. He caught at small distractions, the crack of a whip, the peculiar cries of hawkers, street urchins noisily playing at marbles in a ginnel. The quick disputes and touch-and-go activity of this boys' pastime held him idly watching it; and only when he turned away, drawing a breath and seeing how full of sunshine the street was, did Enoch know what a weight of oppression lay upon his heart.

Strange. In the instant of measuring this, his mind was clear. He knew that Barbara wished for shame to die.

The simple fact was what remained of his trouble, and had to be accepted whatever the cause of her shame might be. He did not care to know the cause, but only wished that Barbara might live.

He had not the courage to go near Villa Grove again, but watched Dr. Partington's surgery, and saw him go in about ten o'clock. Then he rang, and was admitted.

Dr. Partington was grave. He said, "Ah, yes, I have seen your patient. But—er—you should have come to me earlier, young gentleman"—and his head wagged—"much earlier."

Paling, Enoch explained that he had not known of the illness until a few days ago. The doctor's head continued to wag slowly.

"Ah! Unfortunate. These delays, delays; the greatest handicap on medical science," he sighed; "and they bring it into some disrepute. . . . But this young friend of yours," he went on, unable to mask a little curiosity, "must have had a very severe illness—months ago! A fever, rheumatic fever; she must have been very ill indeed! Has she not—er—a very strong will of her own, Mr. Watson?"

"Yes, she is very brave."

Dr. Partington raised his hands and

cast his head back. But while he talked he was considering the lad's too sensitive face.

"Women are extraordinary," he said. "Still—er—our best plan, Mr. Watson—I think our best plan will be just to look as cheerful as we can. Eh?"

"You mean . . . there is no hope." "The heart, sir, the heart."

In the uncertain mind of Enoch Watson the idea of death, which to all young minds is strange, was shot with a sense of supernatural peril—of some great crisis and emergency. He quailed. The old barbaric thought of a hard and terrible Taskmaster, awaiting death to exact his penalties, was deeper rooted, after all, than the faith in God's conditional kindness which he had rejected with it.

"Yes," continued the Doctor, "I am afraid the utmost we can hope is kindly to prolong the life a little; to smooth the descent into the Valley, Mr. Watson."

Enoch felt as if the hackneyed phrase imputed some of his own fearfulness to Barbara.

"I don't think she is anxious to live," he explained.

"No?" Dr. Partington seemed to wait for something more. "Well, well; perhaps she is nearer the end than I supposed. Nature, you know, is very merciful to her martyrs. When she has tired them, Mr. Watson, they are always ready to rest."

At this the tears would have flowed; and Enoch rose to take his leave with broken thanks. He must return to Barbara, be with her, lift her up to his heart dying, assuage whatever simple and lovely shame distressed her.

Yet he could not face the ordeal at once.

Why? Ah! Because of one reflection, which, as he tried to think how the approach of death might be hidden from her, suddenly and profoundly dismayed him. What should he say if, in a timid moment, she spoke to him of the great mystery?—turning to her brother Con for courage, asking "his opinion"?

What *must* he say, and what believe?

That was the question, for in such extremities one cannot palter or pretend; and so, in circumstances that cried a supreme summons to his manhood, he held back—fighting against a sick trepidation of cowardice.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Ad Hominem.

Barbara lies very quiet.

It is a Sunday morning, and the bells are noisy. She likes the sound of them. They shake her head, and even make it ache a little; but they mean to Barbara that, whatever people might think of her, she need not care. The sun that fills her room with a warm light, making the blinds pleasant, and the morning air that is good to breathe, mean the same thing.

The clang of the last and nearest bell ends like a toll. And Barbara lies very quiet.

When Enoch presently calls to know how she is, Barbara hears nothing; and Mrs. Shuttlewell's account of her is that she has had less pain since the medicine came, and seems "more content, poor doy." Content to die, this means—although they do not know it. And Barbara is very young. She is, in fact, more child than woman.

So it is well. All is very well: beautiful

even. Let us admire the excellent sweetness of her taking off.

Come! She is content, and why should we be troubled? In particular, this quiet bedside is sweet with consolation for all good women, whose judgment she once feared too much. Poor, silly child, they forgive her! They look on with sisterly tears, feeling quite sincerely that to smooth her pillow—to soften, as Dr. Partington puts it, the descent into the Valley—would be a sacred privilege. How thankful one might feel to share her beautiful faith and comfort! Purified and uplifted.

She feared us quite excessively, but it is so good to know that we may hold our opinion of her conduct all the same; that God puts these things right for us. To leave them to another life beyond this. The beauty of such a death as hers makes us ache with rapture—if it is devoutly felt.

So one may be glad of what she has gone through. After all, is not life a preparation?

Barbara lies so very quiet that we must envy her.

Bring into her bedroom that saintly sisterhood of prudes, or any of them, in deference to whom she put herself in ugly hands, and now is dying alone. Sisterhood, is it, or brotherhood? Their sex, I think, is not determined, not well known. But they above all people should not be forgotten at such a time; they must find her happy death so comfortable.

Here is a sweet girl's life sacrificed to please you, good people. Oh, never shudder, I beg of you! She is content.

This, indeed, was a lovely piece of life once, and amiable. She could smile very prettily, and play the violin so that it gave delight. She had a child's face, chubby, never cross; and she took great pains to make people happy and win their liking. She had wonderful health and warm blood in her veins, and captivating little ways, and a head full of wise plans that came to nothing. But the doctor says she is dying. In the circumstances, you will agree that this is for the best if you reflect a little.

Pray do not pity her. I am not sure that she would like it. Let us leave that to God.

You should think what she has escaped. But for you she might have lain there in perfect health with a babe at her breast, and shamefully loved it like the rest of us. She is saved from that and everything. And we, too, are saved; we should have had to punish her, however delicately, for a very ignorant and reprehensible weakness, not to say childish folly. That is such a painful thing, is it not? We should have had to punish her baby, too.

She is not beautiful now. You would never think she had been. The bones shine through the skin of her face, which is drawn so with suffering. But this is her portrait, see, here on the mantelpiece. That is her violin. She discoursed most excellent music on it, believe me.

Is it not a sweet face? She looked like that six months ago.

It is a thousand pities; but, then, she is dying happily. She has been visited by a clergyman several times. Will you not stay and see the end?

But it will be beautiful!

(To be continued.)

What we earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are.—MRS. JAMESON.

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will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

THE WOMAN WORKER.

NOVEMBER 25, 1908.

The circulation of "The Woman Worker" last week reached 28,000 copies.

The Last Word.

Mr. Shackleton Corrects Me.

Mr. Shackleton informs me that I was wrong, and that neither the operatives nor the employers would consent to arbitration.

I must express my regret at an unintentional misrepresentation of the operatives' attitude.

I know, of course, that the textile unions are opposed, on principle, to compulsory arbitration. In saying that they would have been willing to accept arbitration in the recent dispute, I had in mind that while the operatives had agreed at the outset to attend the conference called by the Lord Mayor of Manchester, the employers had refused.

As some of us know full well, it is a long and weary task to secure any legal enactment for the protection of labour.

The Home Secretary, however, has once again proved that it is an easy matter to deprive, by unsympathetic administra-

tion, such enactments—once secured—of anything but face value.

The consolidated Factory and Workshop Act of 1901 is the concrete result of many years of careful thought and laborious agitation.

All that, however, may count for nothing. Special exceptions which render administration impossible may be granted to any trade, so that as far as it is concerned the Act might never have been.

The latest case in point deals with florists' workshops and hospital laundries in Scotland.

In the latter case the Home Secretary has granted a special exception authorising the occupier to allow all or any of the annual whole holidays or half-holidays on different days to any women or young persons employed, or to any sets of those women and young persons.

The case of those employed in florists' workshops is more serious. Four Special Orders, dated October 13, and applying to this trade, are at present on the table of the House of Commons.

By these Orders women and young persons engaged in the making of bouquets or wreaths of natural flowers or leaves may be employed outside the workshop for two additional hours, which may be taken as early as 6 o'clock in the morning, or end as late as 10 o'clock in the evening.

They may also be employed overtime inside the workshop as early as 6 a.m. or as late as 10 p.m.

They may have the times allowed for meals at different hours of the day, and during the times so allowed for meals they may be required to remain in the workroom. In addition, any of their whole holidays or half-holidays may be on different days.

It is lamentable that at a time when so many women are unemployed, the Government should grant facilities for the overworking of those already in full employment.

During the last few weeks the Women's Trade Union League has been making careful inquiry, and finds that absolutely no case can be made out for these exceptions.

We discovered that one West End firm of florists employ girls who live in outlying districts like Balham, Harrow, and Woolwich. Were the 6 a.m. exception enforced, some of these girls would be compelled to leave home shortly after 4 o'clock in the morning.

If it is a necessity that wreaths, bouquets, or floral decorations should be delivered early in the morning or late at night, a little organisation and management would easily secure that they should be made up during ordinary hours and placed in cold storage till required. But apart from that, where is the necessity?

Last week a deputation consisting of Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, President of the Women's Trade Union League, Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., and Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., waited on the Home Secretary to protest against these Orders.

At the time of writing, however—Saturday—I understand that the Home Secretary does not intend to withdraw them. Mr. Henderson has tabled

a motion for Monday that they should be disallowed. If the Home Secretary remains unyielding, the Labour Party will certainly take the matter to a division, and will receive the unanimous support of the Irish Party, as well as a fair number of Conservative and Radical members.

Unless a firm stand is made, we are likely to see a multiplication of these most undesirable Special Orders.

Others Threatened. Recently a deputation, including members of some of the largest and best-known furniture firms in London, waited upon a permanent official of the Home Office to ask that the Special Orders should be extended to the upholstery trade, and, according to a trade journal, received assurances that their request would be sympathetically considered.

Under the auspices of the Amalgamated Union of Upholsterers a protest meeting was held last week in the Cavendish Rooms, when a resolution requesting the Home Office to refuse to sanction any relaxation of the present regulations was unanimously passed.

The action of the furniture firms, however, has had one good result. It has awakened the girls engaged in the trade to the danger of remaining unorganised, and they have decided to immediately form a branch of the National Federation of Women Workers.

The upholsterers of Liverpool and Manchester who have been for a long time loyal trade unionists will rejoice that their fellow-workers in London are at least showing signs of coming into line.

White Slavery. While the present law limiting hours of labour is being unjustifiably weakened, there is an increasingly strong case for its extension to unregulated trades.

The other day, two girls, both under 20, who had been summarily dismissed from their employment, called at the office of the Women's Trade Union League for advice.

They had been employed as cashiers by a large London firm of butchers for the following hours: Week-days, 8 a.m. till 9.30 p.m.; Saturday, 8 a.m. till 12.45 a.m. (after midnight); Sunday, 9 a.m. till 1.30 p.m.

Their wages were 18s. per week. They had answered an advertisement in the paper for cashiers, and discovered that the advertiser was their late employer, who, according to the other applicants, was now offering 10s. for new cashiers!

And still we talk of how to solve the unemployed problem!

Miss Lily Montague, the Hon. Secretary of the Clubs' Industrial Association, sends me an interesting account of the work of that organisation, which has now thirty-seven working girls' clubs affiliated, and is in touch with fifty others.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the work of the Association is the organising of citizens' classes, at which industrial, social, and political subjects are discussed.

This is truly valuable educational work, and it might be added to.

I think the Clubs' Industrial Association might play a very important part in spreading the principles of trade unionism among the members of the various clubs.

In some cases of trade disputes, for instance, we have not received that help and sympathy which we had a right to expect from some of the clubs.

The names of the officers of the Clubs' Industrial Association, however, is sufficient guarantee that its influence will always be thrown on the side of the trade unions, and not against them.

What promises to be an interesting conference is to be held under the auspices of the Apprentices' and Skilled Employment Association, in the Council Chamber, Spring Gardens, on Thursday.

The subject to be discussed is the industrial training of boys and girls and its relationship to unemployment.

Lord Henry Bentinck will preside, and the variety of the list of advertised speakers may be gathered from the fact that it includes people of such different views as Lord Henry Stanley of Alderley and Mr. Gossip, of the Furnishing Trades' Association.

The resolutions to be submitted to the conference will meet with pretty general approval.

The first calls for the better industrial training of boys and girls, and the second asks that the hours of labour of apprentices and learners of all trades shall be reduced so as to enable them to attend continuation classes in the afternoon and early evening.

The programme seems rather in advance of the platform!

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

WOMEN AS SURGEONS.

The question of the admission of women to the Royal College of Surgeons came up again at the annual meeting of the Fellows and members. Two resolutions were passed, one regretting that the council found itself unable to abide by the result of its poll of the members, and the other declaring "that women, when admitted to the diplomas of the College, should have equal rights with men."

The council, it will be remembered, are ready to admit women to examinations for the fellowship and membership of the College, but not to a voice in its management.

WIVES AS WAGE-EARNERS.

The Women's Industrial Council are preparing to make systematic inquiry into the problem of married women's labour. Some of the questions which the new inquiry seeks to answer are: Why do married women work? Are their husbands unemployed or underpaid? Do the wives work regularly or intermittently? Are married workers preferred to girls? Though the main scope of the inquiry relates to trades and industrial occupations, it is hoped also to deal with the employment of married women as teachers and clerks.

Hundreds of sorrowing Leicester factory hands gathered in the cemetery of Welford Road on Sunday at the graveside of the octogenarian factory poetess Miss Ruth Wills.

AN ABSURD EDICT.

A NEW order to the effect that women graduates are not to be seen speaking with the men has roused the Glasgow University students to mutiny. A lady censor has been appointed to walk the cloisters and report any woman guilty of the new offence against University morals. The result was that women refused to enter the class-rooms and clamoured for the Principal, with a view to "give him a bit of their mind," but Sir Donald McAllister prudently kept out of range of their indignant oratory.

The university magazine has the following comments on the situation: "It is a matter of common fact that wherever young men and maidens meet, dalliance of one sort or another may be expected. But then, even a lady moral censor cannot be expected to stop that. The severe atmosphere of the nunnery, however desirable, is impossible at Gilmorehill, so there is an end. In the meantime we have facts to face. Here is prying, prudish interference with our daily life, an insult to our university character. One swithers between laughter and anger. It cannot conceivably last, so we shall jump to the side of the laughable. There is more to be said, but we leave it to our fellow-undergraduates to act forcibly and pointedly."

TRADES FOR GIRLS.

The L.C.C. trade schools for girls have been so successful that they are to be extended.

The demand of employers for the services of girls from the schools has demonstrated their practicability. Two firms of dressmakers who had girls from the Borough Polytechnic have asked for more. One employer secured five girls from the Paddington Institute, and pronounces their work better than that of girls who have been with him for years. Girls trained at Woolwich have had their wages raised without asking; and the bold statement is made that "every girl who has left any of the classes has secured remunerative employment with good firms."

Miss Margaret Bondfield wishes it to be known that in signing Miss Davies' appeal to the Premier to declare his intentions with regard to the inclusion of women in his Reform Bill, she acted as a member of the Women's Labour League, which approved the letter. The Executive of the Adult Suffrage Society, of which she is president, decided in her absence not to sign the letter, and wish her signature to be dissociated from that organisation. Miss Bondfield adds: "My personal opinion is that it is an excellent letter, and I should have voted in favour of signing it had I been present at the meeting referred to, on the clear understanding that it did not commit me to any proposals short of Adult Suffrage."

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OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Women of To-day: Your Views.

You probably read in our last number of THE WOMAN WORKER the article on "Women and Education." If so, you will remember mention was made of an energetic one who expressed herself of the opinion that this seems to be the age of women. Now, the Editor of this page has great sympathy with that energetic person—knowing her fairly well—and also has somewhat revolutionary ideas of her own as to the capabilities of her sisters. She therefore seizes this opportunity with enthusiasm, and asks for your opinion of the girl of to-day. Comparing her, let us say, with her great-grandmother, in what does she excel and in what falls short? Send your views, in 200 words, to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, 44, Worship Street, E.C., by Tuesday morning, and the best letter shall win the guinea prize.

WORD PORTRAITS.

These are evidently more after your heart than rhyming alphabets. We find here our readers come into their own again—and we also find interesting sketches of interesting people.

One guinea is awarded for

THE PRIZE LETTER.

"He was advised by Mother Mary Anne to wear gloves when he played croquet with the leper children. He would not do it, however, as he thought it might remind them of their condition."

This appears almost as a chance remark in one of the biographies of Robert Louis Stevenson. I think it ought to be engraved in gold on every memorial to him. How many of us would quietly risk leprosy, exile, and death to avoid hurting the feelings of a few little outcasts? It seems to me that the man is so much greater than his books, though indeed he loved his art and worked hard and honestly. A man forever fighting death, forever helping others.

It does not matter so much where he was born—though Edinburgh is proud of her son—nor yet where he died, though Samoa holds itself honoured by his tomb. It does matter that another writer said: "We always wrote our best for Stevenson." It matters even more what the Samoans thought of him: "You are a great people, and full of love," said the old chief, "yet who among you is so great as Tusitala? We were in prison, and he cared for us. We were sick, and he made us well. We were hungry, and he fed us. The day was no longer than his kindness."

To show their love for him, these proud chiefs cut him a road—an uphill road through their own forest—and called it the "Road of the Loving Heart." There is a monument for you!

The very dogs must have loved him. He, of course, interfered on seeing a man ill-treat his dog, and when the owner resented this, he cried out in anger: "It is not your dog. It is God's dog, and I am here to protect it."

To close with a true woman's question: "What about his wife?" Well, here she is, as he himself has drawn her:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight
The great artificer
Made my mate."
(Mrs.) ETHEL MARY REEVES, 7, Hamilton Road, Harrow.

Richard Wagner.

The name of Richard Wagner (1813-1883) conjures up before our vision a rare magician in the realm of art.

Gifted with marvellous and versatile genius,

he revolutionised all former recognised traditions, and introduced an entirely new era into the world of music.

Although at the outset his compositions were received with coldness and disapproval, all adverse criticism was ultimately overcome; and only universal admiration and boundless enthusiasm were felt for the brilliant creator of the colossal and magnificent "Ring," and all his other wonderful works.

Librettist and composer, he wrote the words as well as the score of all his operas. At Dresden, during the 'forties, "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser" were produced; and later on he lived for some years in Switzerland.

Through the ardent friendship of Ludwig, the young King of Bavaria, whose strange and tragic history reads like a fantastic romance, Wagner's good fortune was sealed. Established eventually at Bayreuth, he built there the glorious theatre entirely consecrated to the works. Thither journey many faithful pilgrims, to listen entranced to the exquisitely perfect production of the immortal strains of "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," "Parsifal," etc., and to visit in reverent homage the great master's simple grave.—MARGARET FITZ-ROY, Towcester.

George Eliot.

George Eliot, or Mary Ann Evans (to give the author her right name), was born in Warwickshire in 1819. She was a serious and studious character, and a careful and diligent thinker. Of her life much may be learnt from her famous novel, "The Mill on the Floss," the most autobiographical of her works. The story of Maggie Tulliver's aspiring and restricted girlhood, of her tempestuous inner life, of the conflicting currents of her nature, is the story of George Eliot's youth.

Sympathy is the keynote of her nature, giving penetration to her insight into character and enabling her to understand the most divergent types. This was well illustrated in her best known book, "Adam Bede." In it, although Adam's steadfast integrity cannot sanction the covering over, as of no consequence, Hetty's sin, yet he continues to protect, shield, and love the sinner; trying to revive some shadow, at least, of the ideal he had created of her.

With George Eliot's extraordinary sympathy is combined an equally extraordinary power of tracing the working out of the law of cause and effect.

How pleasant it is to read the works of such a writer after the cold, stern writings of those who can find nothing but blame and ridicule, where most they need to pity and sympathise! —BEATRICE HALL, Boothstown, near Manchester.

The Thoughts of a Girl are Long, Long Thoughts.

I keep, in a love-pocket, a clear mental picture of a great living genius, whom to have heard and seen once means to love always. Do you guess her name, and synonymise with it her recent charming gift to her friends, "The Story of My Life: By Ellen Terry?"

What a woman! How richly dowered with very excess of womanhood!

"O the little more, and how much it is!" The reigning queen of the stage, the greatest artiste on the boards to-day, the finest and largest-hearted woman anywhere, is Ellen Terry! I kneel to her and love her. Her schooling in the tragedy of life began pitifully soon when, as a girl of sixteen (*paupere petite*), a marriage "was arranged" for her with a man of fifty. Picture to yourself the mercurial girlish gladness, the embodied joy a sixteen-year-old Ellen Terry would represent these days in a hockey field, and then contrast the those-days' Ellen Terry, wistful-faced and silent-footed, in the dim, religious light of her high-art painter-husband's house!

Her husband's *grands amis* and her aristocratic sisters-in-law doubtless served their

unconscious turn grounding her in that past-mastery of pathos under whose spell literally millions of us have swayed and wept, but one hardly admires them in their unthanked rôle of misery-mongers and instillers of bitterness in the girl-wife's heart.

"Well-meaning friends!" she exclaims, "Pray God I be not a well-meaning friend myself!"

"Now!" she seems to arraign them, "you have spoiled my youth and girlhood! Henceforth I take my life in my own keeping. No more well-meaning friends for me!" (Instead of which, so many real friends love her and write to her that she has wished ere now a penny stamp might cost a pound!) But never again does she give us a further peep into her living heart. The door is softly shut in our faces. . . . I am rather afraid the poor heart came pretty near breaking.

But Ellen Terry the actress we have with us always. Which of us has not gloried with her in her quips and capers, or held aching sides over her laughing rollicks, or delighted in her dear daintiness of thought, or thrilled at her sibilant tenderness, or joyed in her gracious beauty?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my Ellen Terry?"

He him instantly to the theatre, wherever she may be, while it is yet called To-day, for Night cometh. . . . —JANET R. PRING, West Hampstead.

Robert Blatchford.

Picture a keen-looking man, by no means tall, but with square shoulders and a military mien. Add to that a somewhat aquiline nose, a fierce moustache, and thick dark eyebrows, overshadowing eyes which are grave, fierce, searching, and yet full of an ineffable tenderness for those in adversity.

Silent and calm—"taciturn," strangers said—he could not be induced to talk on any theme, but smoked incessantly and held his peace. Those who knew him well enough to call him "Robert" avowed that on occasion he could be as merry as a schoolboy.

This is an impression formed years ago, when Socialism was unrespectable, and Nunquam—wielder of verbal javelin and controversial battleaxe—was less known than he is to-day as the equally uncompromising Robert Blatchford—Greatheart of the Socialist Cause.

First a soldier, then journalist, editor, and author of epoch-making books, Nunquam is still working for the great cause of Labour.

His literary style is trenchant, powerful, logical, and intensely human. Always graceful and lucid, he is often a poet, and always a fine critic of the literature of all ages. He puts himself into all his work, is fearless as a Berserker, a born hater of injustice, and a sanguine lover of his fellow man. The fierce impetuosity of his earlier days—which made him almost merciless to opponents—has given place to a kinder tolerance. He is universally respected, even by opponents, and is the strongest and best-loved man in the British Socialist movement.—H. N. HALL, Sidmouth.

CHARMS OF LITERATURE.

How I pity those who have no love of reading, of study, or of the fine arts! I have passed my youth amidst amusements and in the most brilliant society; but I can assert with perfect truth that I have never tasted pleasures so true as those I have found in the study of books, in writing, or in music. The days that succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy, but those which follow days of study are delicious: we have gained something; we have acquired some new knowledge, and we recall the past day not only without disgust and without regret, but with consummate satisfaction.—MADAME DE GENLIS.

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.—DUCHESS DE PRASLIN.

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.

JOHN WEINHART.—We do not publish reports. IGNORANCE (Southport).—Making seeds for raspberry jam out of wood is a form of adulteration. There are others equally bad. As to the other facts in the articles you mention, they were placed before the recent Select Parliamentary Committee on Sweating, which is a much more satisfactory method of ventilating the matter than writing to the "Daily Mail." Responsible people do not make wild statements which cannot be authenticated. The facts quoted in the articles you mention can all be proved officially. Thanks for the kind things you say about THE WOMAN WORKER.

R. GLIDDON.—Thank you for cuttings. E. S.—A sad tale indeed! Thank you for writing.

ONE OF THE WORKERS.—Grateful. It shall be used.

Women Clerks.

Dear Miss Macarthur.—The Secretary of the Manchester branch of the National Union of Clerks is now J. Dalmeijer, 20, Grove Street, Didsbury. I appeal to all clerks to join our Union, and help us in our fight for equal pay for equal work. We have formed a Women's Committee here, and are making special efforts to persuade the women clerks of Manchester that "Unity is strength," and that this is their chance of joining the great army of workers striving for better conditions.—Yours faithfully, MANCHESTER TYPIST.

Dear Miss Macarthur.—I see from November 11 of THE WOMAN WORKER, page 599, that you advise Miss Gertrude Platt to apply for information re N.U.C. to Mr. Macready. Kindly note that this gentleman's membership lapsed about a year ago; that his address is no longer 28, Moreton Avenue, Stretford, but, as far as we know, somewhere near Sale or Altrincham, where he has taken to market gardening. Consequently, there is no connection whatever between him and our Union.

I notice another letter by "Draper's Clerk" on the same page. It may be useful if I mention here that clerks employed in the distributive trades should apply for membership to the many branches of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks, whilst all other clerks are eligible to our Union. (The two are, together with the National Union of Co-operative Employees and the Railway Clerks' Association, federated in the Federation of Shop and Office Workers.)

If "Draper's Clerk" will join the N.A.U.S.W.C., he (or she) will find that a clerk is not quite helpless if under a hard man; for there is a live Union to step in for them—which is perhaps better than an Act badly lived up to, or insufficient inspection.—Yours fraternally, J. A. DALMEIJER, Manchester, November 17.

The Domestic Servant Problem.

Dear Madam.—Perhaps I may, as one of the domestic servants, be allowed, instead of criticising your contributors, to give a few of my own experiences.

It is now nearly twelve years since I came first to service. This is what I have over and over noticed—that a good mistress can any day get a good servant.

There are three of us where I am at present. One has been four years, one three and a half, and I am two years in the house. Our mistress spends the winters on the Continent; the master is away this winter to South Australia for a trip; so we are left practically in charge, though there are two sons and a

daughter. The daughter is just home from finishing her education. She knows nothing about housekeeping. But our employers trust us, and therefore get the best that is in us to give.

We have liberty to have friends to see us, and no one interferes with our work, which is the main thing we count upon.

I must confess that I cannot do my work if I am watched, and I know plenty of women that are the same way.

I have met all sorts of mistresses, from the type who try to impress upon your mind that you are the only consumer in the house, to the kindly, humane woman who is thoughtful about your health and comfort. I leave you to surmise which of the two gets the most efficient work done.

Not long since I was told of a Socialist lady who, when engaging her cook, said she hoped she had not many friends, as she (the mistress) did not allow "men visitors." It is only a few weeks since a certain Socialist town councillor finished off the writing of his "bills" (lecturing) in this kitchen at the unearthly hour of eleven a.m.

Yes, this is a Tory family, with no sympathies whatever with Socialism. But we are more free than perhaps we might be in a Socialist family—a state of things which, to me at any rate, seems very strange. I pass no remark on G. Garnier's "fool of the family," etc.

There are supposed to be two million domestic servants in this country, and it is indeed a sweeping assertion to say that there are no Socialists among them. If there are not, do not blame them, for it is not their fault. Try to make them Socialists. Show them an example. Help them.

A word to you, young men who read THE WOMAN WORKER. We are not considering it as slavery to help the men we love (I mean those of us that are married or getting married); and there is a great difference in working for a man we love and working for a woman who considers us physically, mentally, and morally beneath her, and does not think it worth her while to help us to become better.—Yours fraternally, P. FRAIL.

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Contents of this Marvellous Parcel of Towel Samples, as follows:—

2 Handsome Striped Turkish Bath Towels, very absorbent quality; 2 Fine Quality, Pure Irish, Handsome Huckaback Towels; 2 Splendid Fine Pure White Honeycomb Bedroom Towels; 1 Handsome Huckaback Ready-made Roller Towel, full size; 2 Pure Soft Fine Quality Turkish Towels, large size; 1 Fine Quality Pure Irish Typed Tea Towel; 2 Extremely Soft White Pure Grecian Bedroom Towels.

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PERSONAL SERVICE IN POOR RELIEF.

The Elberfeld System.

By Hilda Thompson.

WHEN Mr. Blatchford asked us to feed the hungry, there were many who turned against him. Many who said this was charity and not Socialism. And no Socialist has any right to suggest charity—to feed the hungry.

When we are hungry, and dinner time is still some hours distant, do we wait?

When our children cry that they are hungry, do we deny them? Even the robins and sparrows in the garden are not forgotten as they hop over the frozen ground. They are not told to wait for Socialism. Why, then, should these human beings be, who, through no fault of their own, are starving and helpless?

The trouble is, how to distinguish between the deserving and undeserving. Mr. Blatchford says, Give to all who ask. But we know so well how often good food is thrown away because the beggar wanted money, and not bread.

Unemployment, but no Starvation.

Now, the Germans have not solved the problem of unemployment any more than we have. In Berlin alone the estimated number of unemployed is 40,000, of whom some 6,000 are women. But following the example of Elberfeld, the big German towns have been doing something more definite than talking towards helping and feeding those unhappy victims of a bad system. In this, as in several other things, they are ahead of us, and while not presuming to pronounce the Elberfeld system perfect, yet, I think, it may be interesting, as it is much talked about, to describe briefly what it is.

According to Herr Munsterburg, Director of Public Assistance, the system is founded on the principle that no person may die of hunger in the German Empire.

It is directed by the consideration that (1) help should never exceed the wages of a free workman; and (2) that persons who have fallen into misery through no fault of their own must be assured of a human existence.

Herr Munsterburg further says: "Insufficient help is no help. To give to a widow with a family a small sum of money will merely prevent her from dying, is simply encouraging the children to beg; or, where sturdier people are concerned, the insufficient dole will only create causes of physical ruin and moral decadence."

As to Methods.

The town is divided into districts, each district being, in turn, divided into sections. Each of these sections is confided to the care of a visitor (Armenpfleger), whose duty it is to visit two to four needy families not less often than every five days.

This visitor seeks out the needy families, inquires into their present and future means, into the reason and duration of distress. Everything is methodically recorded in writing, including, of course, a list of articles imperatively needed for relief. These particulars are reported at the fortnightly meeting of

visitors, under the presidency of the district president, who, in his turn, must attend a council of presidents in the town hall every fortnight.

A council of administration, composed of four citizens appointed by the municipal council for a term of three years, completes this organisation, of which the burgomaster—deputy to the mayor for public assistance—is the president.

In addition to visiting his charges, each visitor, or helper, is "at home" twice or three times a week to receive distress applicants. And in cases of great and immediate need, he is empowered to provide at his discretion.

Naturally, money is by no means the chief contribution. Food, clothing, medical assistance, and, where possible, work and even tools, such as sewing machines, are in as great demand.

And it is in this matter of clothing especially that the women prove of such use. Working together with the municipal organisation is a society composed solely of women who devote their time to this visiting. They provide the clothing needed, nourishment for the sick, and asylums for convalescents. Bedding, children's cribs, baskets of ambulance linen, etc., the entire feeding and clothing of the children, are in their hands. And, what is more, each of these good ladies has the special surveillance of two or three adopted children, together with their foster-parents.

The Shirkers.

"What is to be done with those men who will not work?" is the cry one hears so often over here.

In German Elberfeld they have provided even for that contingency.

A story is told of an eighteen-year-old mother who had two children, one of fourteen and the other two months. Her husband refused to work; they were destitute, and she at last went to live with her parents, who were also poor. She appealed to the town to make her husband work in order to support herself and children. Thereupon the man was taken before the magistrate, who cautioned him that unless he worked of his own free will he would be sent to a house of correction, and there forced to work. It is said that the caution seldom fails to have the desired effect. For even a lazy man has sense enough to prefer the decided advantages of free work.

If, however, a man or woman is unable through disease to continue work, particulars of his or her illness are taken down, and the man or woman is thereupon entitled to the best medical advice obtainable: for all the great doctors are workers on the municipal council.

Thus is every emergency provided for as well as possible by the methodical Germans. As I have said, they have not abolished poverty, but it cannot be doubted that they are doing all they can under existing conditions to alleviate distress. Men and women of all classes help in this good work. Members of the working classes enrol as members, and their in-

fluence for good in the district visiting is said to be most pronounced.

The minimum sum on which an adult can live, according to the Elberfeld system, is 3s. 6d. per week; for a family of eight, 16s. 8d. But it is plain that these sums must vary considerably in different towns, according to each town's cost of living. For instance, a man in London could not exist on the sum which would keep him in Leeds. And vice versa, the Londoner would be wealthy in Halifax on a London allowance.

Therefore must each and all of these things receive consideration wherever relief committees are formed.

Appeal.

And that they will be formed—on the Elberfeld model or one less inquisitorial and more humane—is devoutly to be hoped. For the children are crying for bread, and it is no time to wrangle over political expedients.

These lines from Longfellow's "Death of Minnehaha" have haunted me for weeks past, as I see the hungry, pinched faces in the streets:

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

And Gitche Manito to whom they pray hears them not nor answers. It is left to us. Shall we close our hearts to that which our eyes cannot fail to see? "It is not Socialism!" Bah! As each one of us lives at the cost of some less fortunate creature—yea, even of a starving child—in so far are we responsible. And neither Socialism nor charity can alter the justice of that.

DREAM ELEGY.

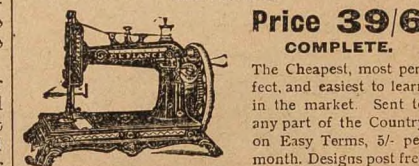
Flower of fairest fashion,
Perched in the breath of scorn,
Fed but by self-compassion,
Poor wraith of a tear still-born!
Blossom, with kisses cover
Turf where his pale lips hide
Who was the lilac's lover,
Lacking Love's dew who died.
DOUGLAS HURN.

Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us.—GOETHE.

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HOME NOTES.

By Dorothy Worrall.

WE were discussing the everlasting house problem when he said, "Ah! you should read H. G. Wells's 'Anticipations,' that is what you want. I will get it for you."

Which he did. And it is a most interesting book if you have the time to read it carefully. You cannot just glance over it and know pretty well what it is about. Every sentence needs to be well considered.

As you can guess by the title, it is about things as they should be, not as they are. And many fine suggestions are put forward.

I was only thinking the other day what a great many more inventions and improvements are made by men than women, and wondered why.

But it is very easy to understand. Women never have the time or opportunity to study things properly.

When a man comes home from work he is free to do or think what he likes, but it is very different for a woman. She has stockings to mend, clothes to renovate, and often her own bit of cooking to do.

And all these things need care and thought.

So she cannot be

Fancy Free.

But to return to our book. One chapter is very interesting in which Wells deals with house reforms, and pictures the future ménage. He says that there will not be any servants for two excellent reasons, because in the first place people will not want them, and in the second, they will not get them if they do.

I am sure the latter part of the sentence will come true, even if the first part is doubtful.

It would be very much nicer if we could do without maids, for it is not pleasant to have some one living in your home whose friends and interests are totally different from your own—who is in the family but not of it. It never can be a really comfortable way of living for either mistress or maid. Now let me show you how Wells proposes to do away with this trouble. "The great proportion of the servant's duties consists merely in drudgery that the stupidities of our present day methods of house construction entail, and which the more sanely constructed house of the future will avoid."

"Most dusting and Sweeping Would Be Quite Avoidable"

if houses were wiser done. "It is the lack of proper warming appliances which necessitates a vast amount of coal carrying and dirt distribution, and it is this dirt that has so painfully to be removed again."

The House of the Future

will probably be warmed in its walls from some power generating station, as, indeed, very many are lit at the present day.

"And by simple devices such sweeping as still remains necessary can be enormously lightened. The fact that in existing homes the skirting meets the floor at right angles makes sweeping about twice as troublesome as it will be when people have the sense and ability to

round off the angles between wall and floor."

Now, there is a tip to prospective builders.

Another thing that struck me very much was what he says about the cleaning of boots.

Perhaps I should not have said cleaning, for it is not really cleaning, is it? It is simply rubbing off one sort of dirt and putting on another.

There is a terrible amount of

Labour Wasted

in boot polishing. There might be some excuse if they looked beautiful when done. But they do not; we all know that. So how much better it would be if we wore such boots as could be cleaned by simply wiping.

Now let us stop dreaming and see to our

Hints and Recipes.

When you send your recipes, will you please write on one side of the paper only? This will save me a great deal of trouble.

And do not forget to vote for the number of the recipe which you think is the best.

I hope you all like this way of deciding the prize.

Instead of giving a recipe this week, I am going to give you a hint.

STAIR RODS.—Instead of using brass rods, which need cleaning, use thin bamboo sticks, which are exceedingly cheap, and only need wiping occasionally.—DOROTHY.

The recipe which obtained the most votes was "Tomato Paste." So the 5s. prize goes to Queenie Palmer, The Limes, Wedderburn Road, Harrogate.

Now please say which of the following numbers is the best:

BULBS IN GLASSES.—When growing bulbs in glasses, put a couple of pieces of charcoal in the water to keep it sweet, and leave the space of a piece of paper between the bulb and the water.—No. 13.

GREASY SINKSTONE.—To clean greasy sinkstone without scrubbing, rub lightly with a rag dipped in paraffin oil (petroleum).—No. 14.

GINGER SNAPS.—3 cupfuls of flour, 1 cupful of syrup or treacle, ½ cupful of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger, ¼ lb of butter and lard mixed, ¼ teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix dry ingredients together. Rub in butter and lard, then mix all well together with the treacle. Roll out very thin on the baking board, and cut with a round cutter. Keep in an airtight tin to preserve crispness.—No. 15.

TO PREPARE SUET QUICKLY.—Rub down on the large holes of the grater. The suet comes off in flakes, and by rubbing with stale bread the grater can be cleaned without waste, as bread is a valuable addition to boiled puddings.—No. 16.

DIRTY KNIVES.—Always keep a flower pot in the kitchen sink full of mould from the garden, and directly a knife has been used for peeling onions or for fish, stick the blade into this, then wash and clean it. The offensive smell never remains, and it also saves much time and rubbing. I am not much at writing, but I thought I should just like to address THE WOMAN WORKER in one way or another. You can make use of this if you think it worth it.—No. 17.

TO CLEAN AND POLISH FURNITURE.—Dissolve one pennyworth of beeswax in half a pint of benzoline; then rub some of the liquid on the article with a soft cloth and polish with a clean soft duster.—No. 18.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEWIFE.—I shall be putting in some hints for mothers next week.

CORRECTION.—In the "Maids of Honour" prize recipe given a short time ago ½ teaspoonful baking powder should have been written instead of 2 teaspoonful.

MRS. FRYER.—The copper pans that I use are not tinned, but whether they are tinned or not, they are not poisonous so long as they are kept clean.

MARGARET SMITH.—I daresay what you suggest would be very good, but such hints can only be put in at advertisement rates.

A prize of 5s. is given weekly to the sender of the recipe which obtains the most votes. Recipes and votes should be addressed to DOROTHY WORRALL, Office of THE WOMAN WORKER, Worship Street, London, E.C., and should reach the office not later than Monday morning.

FOR THE SICK.

THOSE who are blessed with health can never know, till they in their turn are called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirit lies hidden under the mask of silent uncomplaining suffering; how strong the temptations are to the unreasonable, pettish, or repining; how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more to be amiable, when the irritation of every nerve renders the most skilful attendance irksome, and the dearest presence importunate; when the diseased frame loathes the sunshine of a smile, and dreads the tear and the cloud; where all is pain, and weariness, and bitterness. Oh, let the healthy lay these things over to heart, and, while they scrupulously perform their duty, while they reverence, and almost adore, the fortitude and patience of the gentle and resigned, let them have pity upon many a poor and querulous sufferer. Upon their side let the sick not forget that the reverence, adoration, and love thus excited are as the elixir of life to their often-wearied and over-taxed nurses.—MRS. MARSH.

'GET THE HABIT'

of using OATINE; you who would ensure your complexion being free from blemish.

Very few people could give a clear reason for using soap—it's just a habit—but those ladies who have acquired the habit of using OATINE can give you very definite reasons for doing so.

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The Oatine Co., 280, Denman St., London, S.E.

Complaints and the Law.

It is difficult to see why landlords should have the right to distrain for rent while other creditors have to take proceedings to recover debts in the ordinary way.

Applicants for advice should not send stamped envelopes for reply, as answers can only be given in the column in future.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMRADE J. P.—I am afraid the magistrate's decision was right, and there is nothing to be done. But I should like to know whether your sister earned anything from the use of the machine and contributed anything out of such earnings towards the family expenses.

FREEDOM.—You cannot get a divorce under English law for desertion, but you could get a judicial separation. It would probably be the best plan to take proceedings for restitution of conjugal rights. A marriage is not automatically dissolved by seven years' separation.

IOWA.—I should advise you to take proceedings in the County Court against the youth who did the damage, if he is earning anything. If you go to the court the officials will

explain how it is done. I do not think the case will present any difficulties. I suppose there were some witnesses of how the injury was caused. Perhaps they will settle the matter without your taking proceedings, if you send in a claim. Have you done this?

HERALD.—If you ordered the printing as the agent of the branch committee, and the printer knew this, he should summon the members of the committee, not you. If the printer did not know that you were acting as the committee's agent, you can recover the sum from the committee if you can prove by the minutes or some other means that you were authorised to give the order as their agent.

BETROTHED.—Look for the answer to your card in the next issue. It came just too late for the answer to be ready for this one.

PORTIA.

Talks with the Doctor.

LORNA.—Thanks for your pleasant letter. Glad to have helped. You must very carefully avoid constipation, and if you feel inclined to be bilious, a two grain calomel pill at bedtime is a useful drug. Try to eat well, but be careful in your eating. Take very little tea and coffee, and eat your meals without anything but a very little drink.

MAER.—The sudden change from ordinary diet to vegetarianism is enough in itself to account for the change. But you do not mention your age. Unless your health is not good you had better wait a month or two longer, but if you still remain the same, it would be a wise precaution to consult a doctor, say in the spring.

J. E. P.—I hope you will recognise your initials. You are too intellectual on the subject. Do not worry, and do not think about it at all. All the symptoms you mention, and many more, can be, and often are, produced by imagination merely. They would seem to be so produced in your case.

MANCUNUM.—You are probably suffering from anaemia, although your account is rather

vague. You must eat well, and take plenty of milk to drink. You must not let yourself be constipated even for a day; take Epsom salts or liquorice powder. Get some Bland's pills, and take three every day for a fortnight.

A. W.—Wear a soft hat or a cap, and not a hard one. Let the hair be exposed to the air, outside as well as in, as much as possible. Try this prescription: Olei Rosmarini, 4 drachms; Liquor. Epistastici, 2 drachms; Olei Amygdal. Dulc. 2oz; Spt. Camphorae, 2oz; Glycerin. Boracis, 1oz; Otto de Rosae, guttae 8; Tinct. Jahorandi, 1oz. Label, "To be well rubbed into the roots of the hair morning and night."

TELLBY.—See answer to A. W., and use same preparation. You must be quite sure your general health is good. Does your hair get enough fresh air? You do not tell me sufficient details as to the condition of the scalp for me to advise you more.

KEERET.—Sent at last. Try this for a month and then let me know.

CONGO ROAD (Plumstead).—I cannot agree that local men are frauds. Your main trouble would appear to be over-sensitiveness and over-preoccupation with your own feelings and sensations. Between ourselves they do not matter. The sympathy and help you want will only be found in a Heaven specially invented to suit human weaknesses. My advice is to go to the most local doctor in the neighbourhood, tell him you are run down and have got rheumatic pains. Get some stuff from him for that; and then go round to the local I.L.P. or S.D.P. branch, and get some of the hardest and least sympathetic work you can, and do it. Never mind about your feelings; try to give help and sympathy yourself to other people. And do not be over-modest about it.

KALAPOI (New Zealand).—The enlargement of the gland is a very permanent thing, but if there are no serious symptoms, and if, as you say, your general health is so much improved, I see no reason why you should not be an inspector, as you suggest. Have you told your doctors that you want the size of the gland reduced? And have you tried constant and frequent applications of cold? X. Y. Z.

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W.W.25/11.

ADDRESS.....

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A Vision.

I HAVE for the last half-hour been gazing vacantly into space, and the space, which is that of my "Page," is still also vacant. For your Peg has been "helter-skeltering," my dears, and since she has been dropped down in her accustomed place she feels that such little wit as she once possessed has been lost in transit.

You see, she lives in a kind of burrow, like those on the common of which I told you the other week, with galleries branching in different directions. Going along one she comes to the underground workshop of the elves, where just now they are breathlessly busy preparing for Christmas. Another takes her still lower to the mines and forges and furnaces of the gnomes, and another—but I must not catalogue them all.

One, however, leads up to the Outside World, and running up that one she often pops out her head to see what is going on—and now and again, twice or thrice in a century, say, she pops out altogether.

Incantation.

When? do you say? and Why? Well! wizards wave their wands sometimes and say, "Come forth!" One may be too busy to heed the first wave, and nothing very dreadful will happen; and so with the second. But if one resists the third—what then? I have never dared to experiment so far. I should say that the wand would no more be waved, but whizzed furiously, while the whizzer—dear, dear! the wizard—like a pantomime demon king, would utter an incantation—as thus:

Abacadabra! Item Paraditem!
Witches bewitch 'em, Warlocks affright 'em,
Besoms belabour and Hobgoblins smite 'em.
Nightmares o'erride 'em and Bugaboos bite 'em.
Who will not come forth e'en when wizards invite 'em.

(The besoms on which witches fly to the moon can do dreadful things, so "aud Willie," of the farm, used to tell me. And "Bugaboo" was his other name for "boggart.")

Well, one day I sat busily at work, when a voice floated down the gallery leading to the Outside World—"Hello! Are you there?" And I said, "Yes!"

Iteration.

"Ah! well! You've got to be here, soon!" And I knew by the way I "dithered" that a wizard was waving his wand. And I said, "Ah!" and went on with my work, hoping he would be called away on important business and forget me. But—down the gallery floated in a monotonous sing-song:

On the fourth November night,
In Holborn's Hall of Dazzling Light,
Shall assemble fay and sprite,
Wizards weird of wondrous might,
Dainty damsels quaintly dight,
Stalwart squire and peerless knight,
Folk who sing, orate, recite,
Jesters gay and—

And then—while I was wondering if this maddening iteration of "ites" would, like Tennyson's brook, "go on for ever"—I was taken that way myself, and began:

If my presence you invite,
Sir, 'tis unexpected quite,

But—so long an anchorite,
I would still be lost to sight,
Deem me not, then, impolite,
If—

Dear, dear! It really had to be stopped. So I pulled up suddenly and said, "So sorry, but I must attend to my artists. I'm a Hanging Committee just now." (I had all your pictures spread before me, dears.)

Invitation.

Then a second time came a voice from the Outside World, and I squiggled at the second waving of the wand.

"Is it there ye are?"
"Yes!" I said.
"Arrah, thin, come out of it!"
"Oh!" I said. And down the gallery came:

On the fourth November noight,
In happy Holborn's Hall of Loight,
Shall be seen a wondrous soight:—

Oh, dear, dear! "So sorry," I said, "but I am surrounded by poets, and have the laurel crown to award."

Next week again came a voice: "Whaur are ye?"

"Whaur I should be," I said. "Aye! but ye maun come oot."

And this time I said, "Heigh! Eh! I? Oh, You, and sometimes Double-You and WHY?"

The answer came:
Wad ye see a wondrous sicht,
On the fourth November night,
In canny Holborn's Hall o' licht—

My dears! What can one do when a wizard warbles in the Scottish tongue and waves his wand for the third time? I put down my pen, packed my travelling basket carefully with all the things least likely to be wanted, as is usual under such circumstances, and, dropping a tear as I said, "Good-bye, my children! It may be for years, or it may be for ever!" I popped out of the burrow.

Transportation.

And instantly I was seized upon by Genii, and on a magic carpet was wuffed and whisked and whizzed and whirled miles and miles through space. The first part of the journey, tall factory chimneys, like hideous, threatening giants, loomed dimly through a murky mixture of fog and smoke. Naked, shivering trees stretched out skeleton arms as though imploring the restoration of their autumn bravery, so swiftly and rudely snatched from them. Further on the giants were fewer, and to the trees still clung some remnants of their royal robes. Then we swept through the smoke-veil into sunlight, passing woodland and hedgerow aglow with crimson and gold.

This, too, we left behind, and soon I was enclosed in a magic casket, which swooped down and down as though going through the earth. When it stopped suddenly I was whirled along, underground, to another casket, which shot upward, and once more I found myself above ground, in a street—not paved with gold—of a Wonder-City.

Imagination.
"H'm!" says the Snark. "Pack of nonsense, I call it! Genii, and magic

carpets, and enchanted caskets, when you mean just trains, and tubes, and lifts, and underground railways."

What is wrong with the Snark, my dears, is that he has no imagination. He really does not know that the forces which make possible trains, and tubes, and such every-day things are Genii, potent and marvellous beyond any dreamt of in the "Arabian Nights." Alas! that their might, which, guided by Love and Justice, would make the world a home beautiful for all, serves often but to further degrade and enslave the many for the profit of the few. Will you children, I wonder, in days to come, be strong and brave and wise enough to overthrow the vile Magician whose baleful spells transform to curses what should be our greatest blessings?

Celebration.

Alack! I dream of the Is-To-Be! Not in the Now may one find the Holy City. Yet in the Hall of Light were gathered many who seek to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." The Elves and Sprites and Squires and Knights, as promised, were there. And the wizards! Were they "weird" and "of wondrous might"? you ask. Well—or one must be polite to wizards. Better not mention weirdness. But as to might—why, one wave of their wands, which look like pens, may move thousands to tears or laughter, and set them a-thinking and a-striving in new and better ways.

Amongst the Sprites was one disguised as "Winifrid," of the "Clarion" Children's Letter. Of course, I knew Winifrid was a wonder-working Fay. But I have my doubts, dears, as to the person claiming to be Puck who filled her columns the other week. He is not in the least like the Puck I interviewed in Fairyland, and though the papers have said much of him lately, they do not name him "Robin Goodfellow." Rather, with Oberon, would they accuse him of "committing knaveries wilfully."

And afterwards I was set down in a city street, and found myself in several centuries at once! "Impossible!" do you say? Ah! When one has to do with Genii and Wizards nothing is impossible. Did I not see Chaucer and Caxton and Spenser and Shakespeare of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries riding onward together? Julius Cæsar, also, "who visited Britain B.C. 53," and many others, of periods far apart.

"And, of course, you believed in them all!" sneers the Snark.

Explanation.

My dears! After all I had seen and heard that week I was capable of believing anything—well—er—nearly! But there came up another person professing to be Puck—and that settled it. I collected my wool-gathering wits and realised that the "too, too solid" and substantial Puck, and Oberon, and Ariel, the Witches "who looked not like the inhabitants of earth and yet were on it," the Imperial Cæsar, the Monks and Jesters, all the motley cavalcade, were but players of allotted parts in the pageantry of the Lord Mayor's Show.

And now I have filled my "Page" with reasons why this week I have nothing with which to fill it, and, as I have only reached November 9, have still a fortnight's "reasons" "crowded out."

Peg.

Julia Dawson's Answers.

R. B. W.—Never mind. Some of these parsons would sooner die than do an act of kindness that did not seem necessary. Have destroyed letters.

F. GALE.—That is a brilliant idea of yours to take up THE WOMAN WORKER agency in Manningham. I will send your card on to the Business Manager.

MISS M. HENDERSON.—Mercy, my dear, mercy! The man or woman who invented those terrible recipes, such as a Scripture cake, in which you are told to take 4 cups of I. Kings, 4th chap. 22nd verse, etc., deserves never to be given any cake at all!

A WELL-WISHER (Brighton).—That is right. Buck up; and never get down-hearted, never, NEVER! Never get miserable either, especially at the sight of misery. That is not the way to help. Misery, like other forms of poverty, blunts every fighting weapon in the human armoury. And we have got to have our tools sharp this winter!

E. F.—Those are very serious charges. Would you allow me to send your letter to a factory inspector, or would you rather write yourself to Miss Anderson, H.M. Principal Lady Inspector of Factories, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.?

W. L. M.—We have had similar complaints before, and are keeping your letter to lay before the committee in order that something may be done if the Exhibition should open next year.

CHATHAM.—The legal day is 12 hours, with 1½ hours for meals, which makes 10½ working hours. But even so, the hours you mention are too long. As long as she spends part of her working day in the millinery workroom, she is protected by the Factory Acts, and may only work the specified number of hours; the hours she serves in the shop being added to the hours she works in the workroom. So the "devout Christian" employer may expect to hear something sharp!

W. T.—We have sent your two complaints to the Medical Officer of Health, and shall be

glad if you will let us know if there is any improvement.

J. S. (Rotherhithe).—We are sending in a complaint. Could you find out names and addresses of girls' parents, and whether they would be willing to give information to inspectors, who are almost sure to want to know more?

MRS. RICHARDSON.—Have you been to see another dentist or doctor, and if so, does he say that the state of your gums is due to negligence or incompetence on the part of the first dentist? You cannot make a claim without evidence of this sort.

R. B. W.—I will look into the question as to whether retired policemen can sit on Councils, and let you know. As far as I know, there is no reason why they should not. You are wrong in thinking the labourer's claim would be against his regular employer. It would be against the man for whom he was working at the time of the accident. The Act specially provides for cases where a workman has only been employed a very short time by an employer, by providing that in such cases the average wages usual in that class of work are to be taken into consideration. It also provides for a workman employed simultaneously by more than one employer, in which case he gets half his full weekly earnings under both employers. The labourer to whom you refer ought to have 7s. 6d. a week under whichever of these two provisions he may come.

C. F. B.—I am afraid I cannot find you a girl to undertake the duties of your house, however small, including some washing, for half-a-crown a week. A girl of 18 who can do these things, and is clean, honest, and trustworthy, as you require, could easily command twice that sum. Would it be impertinent if I asked whether, since your wife's earnings are so very small—I gather that they are small, since you could only afford half-a-crown a week—it would not pay you both better and increase your comfort, if she remained at home? I hope you will not be hurt at this question, which is asked in the interests of all women so placed.

G. W. F. (Lincoln).—You have found homes for three children. But where am I to find

children of such useful ages of 12 to 14 who could be spared? That is when, alas! they help to earn the living. Had you not better look among the poor and needy in your own town? Do you think it is fair to ask a boy who has been to school all day, and probably has home-lessons, to mark billiards at night in a hotel? Boys are not out of work in such numbers as men, because they do men's work for boys' wages.

MRS. BROUGH.—My dear, there are only 12 hours in a day; and I can only answer letters of an urgent or important nature by post. I thought you would understand from my silence that the matter had been settled.

F. H. BALL.—Mapperley is the place to live in. You never see starving children. Happy, happy you! I have sent your letter promising 2s. a week to the Treasurer of the Bread Fund.

HARRY CHADWICK.—I am glad that Ethel Carnie's poems and Mrs. Worrall's "Notes on Nights" pleased you, and sorry I cannot use your poetry, which is really very sweet.

WILLIAM DARY.—Your long and racy description of THE WOMAN WORKER Re-union has made me grind my teeth with envy, because I was not there to share in the sweets. May I come next time?

NELLIE PATMORE.—Your suggestion that at the next Re-union all the Pioneers should be labelled, so that all may know who they are, appeals to my sense of humour. Suppose we all go there labelled? Why have any irritating class distinctions? You know I have a real woman's love for being dressed up, and I would hate to see a mere man like Keighley Snowden wearing a label when I had not got one!

E. HIBBERT.—Your letter objecting to Mrs. Worrall's recipe for sloe-gin has been passed on to her. But she is still unrepentant and unrepentant. She says drinking a glass of sloe-gin at Christmas or any other time could not possibly do a healthy body any harm, being a good and wholesome beverage. The harm is done by drinks not good or wholesome assimilated by bodies that are not healthy. Our war is against bad things like adulterated drinks and unhealthy bodies, not against good things like sloe-gin.

THE WORKLESS.

Mr. Blatchford Replies to Critics.

In Friday's "Clarion" Mr. Blatchford met certain objections which have been urged against his proposal for Bread Committees—chiefly that they would disperse charity. He says:

"Let us examine this 'Curse your charity' sentiment.

"I open the door of my house and find a starving child on the step. I find a starving child or a woman fainting with hunger, or a man weak with exhaustion; desperate and hopeless. Now, I ask my sea-green, incorruptible friends what am I to do.

"What would you do, Comrade Robespierre? Would you say to the fainting woman, to the dying child, to the desperate man, 'Do not accept charity; demand justice'? Having said that, would you slam the door in the face of the starving fellow-creature, and go back proud and independent to your eggs and bacon?"

"Or would you take the child in your arms, carry it into your warm room and feed it?"

"If you tell me that you would send the starving fellow-creature away unaided to seek for justice, I tell you in the most brotherly and tenderly way possible that I regard you as a dangerous lunatic. And I feel entirely certain that ninety-nine per cent. of the human race will agree with me.

"But I do not believe there is a single Socialist in this kingdom who would refuse food to a starving human being at his own door on the ground that to give food would be charity.

"It is not in human nature to conceive of such a hopeless, kindless pedant.

"And if it is impossible to cry 'Curse charity' to a hungry man or child on one's own door-step, how is it possible to take the same attitude towards the starving poor in the next street, or in the next town?"

"The man with any humanity in his heart cannot see a child starve on his threshold; the man possessed of more imagination than an eight-day clock can picture to himself the child who is starving at another threshold miles away.

"The cry of 'Damn your charity' seems to me to be nonsense. But is it Socialism? Is it Socialism to allow the robbed and the wounded to die because we believe it was wrong of the robbers to hurt and plunder them? Would Socialism condemn the good Samaritan as well as the thieves?"

"If another man or another man's wife or child is starving and I have food to spare, am I to refuse the food and direct my unfortunate fellow-creature to apply to John Burns?"

"Then what becomes of the noble old Socialist maxim: 'From each according to his power, to each according to his need'?"

"I submit that the cry of 'Curse your charity' is not Socialism. I have enough and to spare, another has nothing. I should be a monster if I would not share.

"Some of our comrades call this charity. I call it Fellowship."

Government Measures.

The grants in aid of public works, to be now or later undertaken, are being paid out or sanctioned.

The Local Government Board have written to the Central Unemployed Body for London, stating that the President is willing to make another immediate grant of £10,000 in aid of additional works controlled by the County Council.

At their next meeting the Central Body will receive two deputations from the London and District Right to Work Council—one a woman's deputation, requesting them to extend the work already provided for women and to open crèches.

Personal Services.

For this winter at least let us set aside all idle luxury, all unnecessary feasting, all expenditure on beautiful clothes and amusements, and dedicate ourselves, the womanhood of England, heart and soul, freely and enthusiastically, to the service of the poor and the suffering.—LADY VIOLET GREVILLE, in the "Graphic."

The St. Pancras Workroom.

Miss Clementina Black, in an account of the St. Pancras Workroom for Women, written for the "Daily News," says:

"The moral and physical effect upon the workers was wholly good. They gained health, hope, and capability. Although the first weeks of nearly every woman were quite unprofitable, the latter weeks of nearly all were as productive as the tools allowed. The sewing was strong, neat, and workmanlike; some of what I examined was remarkably good."

"The experiment at St. Pancras has shown: (1) that the women were willing to learn and to work; (2) that they could and did learn to work well, and, moreover, in a very short time; (3) that a workroom with inferior appliances and a succession of untrained workers cannot produce very cheaply.

"To enlarge and amend that timid and foredoomed experiment, to replace the small, ill-fitted workroom by a large, well-fitted factory, to replace the contractor by a public servant, and the contractors' low wage by a higher one—in short, to keep open during the slack season a public factory for public work—this is the natural equivalent in the case of unemployed women for those works of public utility upon which men are to be employed."

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Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers: MYNART & CO., Ltd. (Dept. C.), 71, High Holborn, London, and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.

In order to meet a want long felt by readers of THE WOMAN WORKER, this page in future will be devoted to attractive advertisements. That is to say, we shall insert in it such advertisements as will attract readers by their usefulness.

The charges for these advertisements are: 20 words for 9d., or three insertions 2s. All such advertisements must be purely personal, and not of a business nature. That is to say, that whilst we shall gladly accept advertisements from men and women wanting to buy, sell, or exchange articles, business firms so advertising can have space on the ordinary advertisement pages, or else pay 5d. per line on this.

Though we cannot accept responsibility for any transaction through this page, or guarantee the good faith of every advertiser, we shall take every care that none but advertisements of a reliable nature are inserted.

May I appeal very specially to women to help to make this page useful by using it? Whether you want to buy or sell, or hire, or make inquiries of any sort, use this page.

Cross your postal orders "WOMAN WORKER," and endorse your envelope "A. A." (Attractive Advertisement), WOMAN WORKER Office, Worship Street, London, E.C. Friday in each week is the latest day for receiving advertisements for the following issue.

JULIA DAWSON.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

COMPANION-HELP (19) seeks Situation with sociable family; experienced; good references; domesticated; North London preferred.—S. Bryn, Station Road, New Barnet.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

MOTHER'S HELP.—Must be capable of taking entire charge of children, and thoroughly understand all domestic duties, servants kept, wages, £18.—Letters to "D," Somerset House, Seltsdon Road, Wanstead, Essex.

WANTED, Refined Companionable MOTHER'S HELP, to share in housework and care of two children; vegetarian family of four.—Apply Mrs. CONSTABLE, 1, Ivy Place, Berwick-on-Tweed.

APARTMENTS TO LET.

BED-SITTING-ROOM to Let, Furnished, comfortable home.—27, Hawthorne Road, Willesden, N.W.

COMFORTABLE HOME offered to Aged Person in need of extra care; 17s. board-residence.—Apply: C., 63, Shakespeare Avenue, Stonebridge.

LONDON, N.—Comfortable APARTMENTS for Visitors.—Mrs. EUERY, 80, Downham Road, Kingsland Road. Bed and Breakfast, 2s. 6d. each person. Recommended.

LONDON (CENTRAL).—Bedrooms to Let. Use Sitting-room, Bath.—LOVELL, 6, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, Euston Road, W.C.

LONDON, N.W.—Double Bed-sitting-room to Let; separate beds, 6s. each. Also single room. Board if desired.—199, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

CLOTHING.

OLD CLOTHES, boots especially, for a poor girl of 14 trying to earn a living. London, 6.

PARCELS of Good, Useful, Left-off CLOTHING; also Day and Evening Gowns, from 5s.; good value.—18, Glenburnie Road, Upper Tooting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR HAND-MADE WOOLLEN GOODS of all descriptions, including Coats, Jerseys, Shawls etc., at Democratic Prices, call or write Miss E. SELF Church Road, Sutton-Coldfield, Birmingham.

FRENCH LADY, experienced, gives FRENCH LESSONS; reading and conversation a speciality. Pupils visited and received.—Mlle AUTRA, 29, Romola Road, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

HOUSE Wanted in London where there is likelihood of obtaining boarders; state rent, rates, accommodation, etc.

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, "The Unitarian Argument" (Biss), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Fage Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARKBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

WANTED.—Good 1-Plate Stand Camera; will exchange Memo Frena hand camera (40 flat films) and outfit, value £3.—London, 16.

WANTED.—Two students, either sex, in the South-Western or South-Eastern district, with a knowledge of Elementary Physiology.—Apply: Box 839, THOMAS BROWNE & CO., LTD., 143-4, Holborn Bars, E.C.

FOR SALE.

FRAGRANT WHITE PINKS.—Plant now for June blooming. 100 strong slips, 2/6; 50, 1/6, carriage paid.—SPRAGUE, Kingston, Herefordshire.

Replies to above must be addressed according to number indicated, c/o WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., and accompanied by extra stamp for forwarding.

Those who have cast-off or misfit clothing to sell should use this page well. It should be also an Exchange and Mart for furniture, books, china, etc.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

THE MILITANTS AND MR. ASQUITH.

"Wait, Wait."

SATURDAY'S demonstration of the W.S.P.U. was not allowed to come within half a mile of Holloway gates.

But there had been a cheerful gathering on Saturday morning to greet the thirteen released prisoners at the Inns of Court Hotel, where there was breakfast for them.

Mrs. Lawrence told how, the night before, Miss Kenney and Miss Wentworth had had speech with Mr. Asquith (!) at Toynbee Hall. They managed to get into the yard by strategy, and when Mr. Asquith came out, Miss Kenney took hold of one of his arms and Miss Wentworth the other. Miss Kenney said, "Mr. Asquith, I want to know when you are going to give women the vote," and Mr. Asquith, rather hurried, said, "Wait, wait." Miss Kenney replied, "No, we can't wait. Our leaders are in prison." They made quite a speech until they were got away, and Mr. Asquith gained his motor car.

Lively stories followed from released prisoners. Miss Marian Wallace Dunlop, an artist, who has been twice in Holloway, told how she received five days' solitary confinement for insisting on speaking to the governor on behalf of Mrs. Leigh, who, she thought, had been punished without cause.

Miss Winifred Bray alleged that she was cheered in her cell by a curious dream of a church scene, in which Mr. Curtis Bennett figured as a preacher on the text: "As for me, I am a worm and no man" (Psalm xxvii.), and the Suffragist congregation with one voice said, "Hear hear."

Miss Ellen Smith was allowed to have sent to her Mrs. Stetson's book on "Women and Economics." On the title-page was written a notice that she was to take it away at the end of her sentence, as it was "quite unfit for any library!"

THE LEEDS TRIAL.

Mrs. Baines Goes to Gaol.

THE Prime Minister and the Home Secretary found means to escape the loss of their time at Leeds Assizes in the trial of Mrs. Baines and Mr. Alfred Kitson for unlawful assembly. They were subpoenaed, but in the High Court last week they offered affidavits to the effect that they could give no relevant evidence; and Justices Bigham and Walton found these satisfactory, and set the subpoenas aside.

"It must not be supposed," said Mr. Justice Bigham, "that the position of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone affords them any privilege"; and Mr. Justice Walton added that if anything arose which led the Judge in Leeds to think that the attendance of these gentlemen was necessary for the purpose of justice, the matter, of course, would be entirely in his hands.

Mr. Justice Pickford, who tried the case, made no use of his power, however.

It will be remembered as to this affair that Suffragist and unemployed meetings were held at the same town outside a hall in which Ministers were speaking, and

that they joined forces to attempt an entrance. The defendants were then arrested.

As the result of the trial Mr. Kitson gave recognisances neither to take part in any such assembly nor to use or incite to violence.

The same pledge was proposed to Mrs. Baines, but in spite of much persuasion by the Judge and by her own counsel, she refused to take it "in a court presided over by a man, administering man-made laws."

Mrs. Baines will be imprisoned for six weeks in the second division.

A Distinguished and United Meeting.

It was good to see the unanimity prevailing amongst the women from all parts of the country who filled the Queen's Hall last week to claim the right to vote. Rumour had attributed to the militant Suffragettes an intention to force a discordant note, but the meeting passed with one emphatic voice the demand that "the Government should extend the Parliamentary franchise to women without delay," and hearty cheers were given for Mrs. Pankhurst.

On the platform were gathered together Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Mayor of Aldeburgh, Miss Beatrice Harraden, and Miss Lillah McCarthy, and messages were received from Mme. Sarah Grand, Miss Ellen Terry, Dr. Jane Harrison, Mrs. Sidgwick (Mr. Balfour's sister), and Miss Dove, of High Wycombe.

Mrs. Anderson argued that as women earned one-fifth of the total wages earned in the country, they must be entitled to the suffrage; and Mrs. Turner maintained that the franchise was a necessary protection to the workers under modern industrial conditions.

Miss Gore-Booth said thousands of trade unionist women in Lancashire were keen for the vote.

Miss Tita Brand, representing the dramatic profession, said it was proposed to form an actresses' league for women's suffrage.

Miss Macmillan followed as the representative of Scottish Women Graduates, and in recognition of her recent fight before the House of Lords received a most enthusiastic reception.

The Imprisoned Suffragettes.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst has told a "Daily News" interviewer that "very great pressure has been brought to bear upon Mr. Gladstone from various quarters to induce him to change his attitude in regard to the treatment of our prisoners. I know that some of the most influential men in the country, outside Parliament, have waited upon him daily to press the view that our women ought to be treated as political prisoners."

Meantime she continues to receive smuggled messages from the prisoners, including some verses entitled "Faces in the Prison Yard," from which the following is a quotation:

There's our gallant Christabel,
Cheeks aglow and eyes as well.
Worth it all to be with her!
Where she leads we cannot err.
Where she treads is sure to be
Path that leads to Victory.

Mr. Gladstone's statement in the House that Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst had only one day's solitary confinement is disputed by Miss Ada C. G. Wright, who was confined at the same time. They had two days, she says, not one.

The Home Secretary has informed Mr. MacNeill that he accepts full responsibility for the proceedings taken by the police against the Suffragists. Mr. Gladstone also states that it would be unconstitutional to use the prerogative of the Crown to over-ride, in regard to the whole class of cases, the discretion given to the Court by statute.

Latest Suffragist Threat.

Speaking at Wandsworth, Mrs. Billington Greig said the Government would not have a quiet time for long. "Before very long," she added, "they will have to shut their House unless they yield to the women, because not only will it be impossible for them to get to their work inside, but they won't be allowed to go to the House at all."

Victory in Victoria!

For eight or nine times a Women's Suffrage Bill, conceding the vote to women for the Lower House only, has passed through the Victorian Legislative Assembly; and for eight or nine times the superior Legislative Council has impudently thrown the Bill out. The insolence of this proceeding was absolutely unmatched in constitutional history. Never in any country or any circumstances had a People's Chamber quietly suffered the insult of having a unanimously-passed measure so frequently rejected by "another place." But it is a long worm that has no turning. The force of public opinion has asserted itself at last with such emphasis that the Legislative Council has given way and passed a Bill which will henceforth enable women to vote at State elections.

The New Zealand Elections.

Further evidence to the same effect is furnished by the New Zealand poll upon the liquor question which is held coincidentally with the Parliamentary elections, and which shows an enormous increase in favour of the prohibition clause. Complete prohibition has been carried in at least nine electorates, and a reduction of licences in at least five more, the net result being that no fewer than 148 public-houses will be closed.

The "Times" points out the remarkable fact that this result coincides with an increase in the percentage of women registered as electors from 78 per cent. in 1893, when they first exercised the franchise, to 93 per cent. three years ago. In thirteen electorates there are more women than men on the rolls, and their vote was expected to be heavier in this election than in any previous one. "There may be no causal connection between the astonishing advance of the prohibitionist movement and the increasing determination of women to use their vote," concludes the "Times," "but if there is not, the coincidence is remarkable."

The wonderful thing about THE WOMAN WORKER is, to my mind, the wide variety of interests it caters for and the abundance of the fare.—"The Railway Clerk."

WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

The Manchester Dispute.

Mrs. ALDRIDGE, of the Women's Trade Union Council, acknowledges with thanks the following contributions in response to Miss Margaret Bondfield's appeal in last week's WOMAN WORKER on behalf of the girls locked out by Messrs. J. Blair and Company:

	£	s.	d.
Mary Aves	0	2	6
Maud Healey	0	5	0
M. B. and C. M.	0	1	6

A satisfactory settlement of the dispute was arrived at last Wednesday, and the girls returned to work. Mrs. Aldridge writes that 50 new members have been enrolled as a result of the dispute.

It is to be hoped, in the interest of the general trade union movement, these Manchester organisations will decide to federate in the near future, so as to link up the national movement, and make it a more effective instrument in securing redress for industrial grievances.

Guildhall Conference.

At its November meeting the Executive Committee of the League decided to be represented at the Guildhall Conference on Unemployment.

Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, chairman, and Miss Mary R. Macarthur, secretary, were elected as delegates.

Overtime Exceptions.

The committee had under its consideration the recent Special Overtime Orders issued by the Home Office for florists' workshops and hospital laundries in Scotland. It was decided to take every possible step to secure the unconditional withdrawal of the orders.

How We Grow.

The work of the League has increased to such an extent that additional office accommodation is felt to be a necessity, and new premises will shortly be engaged.

Federation Appointment.

The National Federation of Women Workers have appointed Miss Jessie A. Main as permanent book-keeper. This will leave the secretary, Miss Hedges, free for additional organising work.

Miss Smyth's Resignation.

Miss Ellen Smyth, the Birmingham, Bournville and District organiser of the Federation, has resigned her position.

She has done much valuable work during the last ten months, and it is to be hoped that her services will not be permanently lost to the movement.

Progress in the North.

Miss Julia Varley has been doing temporary organising work with great success in Darlington and Barrow-in-Furness, and has in prospect visits to Mansfield and Nottingham branches.

And the East.

Last week Miss Macarthur visited various East Coast branches of the Federation.

On Friday she spoke with Mr. Charles Durean, M.P., at a good meeting in Colchester. She addressed three meetings in Norwich on Saturday and Sunday, and one at Ipswich on Monday evening.

Sent to Coventry.

The Coventry branch are arranging a special meeting for December 2.

As a great many misleading statements have been circulated in the town about the action of the women trade union, delegates to the last Trade Union Congress in opposing the Brass Workers' proposition to exclude women from metal polishing, turning, and screwing in the brass trades, it is felt advisable that their attitude should be explained. Miss Macarthur and Mr. W. C. Anderson (Labour candidate for Hyde) will be the principal speakers.

In all probability a similar meeting will be arranged in Edmonton, as the campaign of misrepresentation is also being carried on in that district.

Social at Edmonton.

The annual social gathering of the Edmonton branch of the National Federation of Women Workers, held at the Earlsmead Baths, Tottenham, last Saturday, was as usual a great success.

Mr. Ruffel presided, and short organising speeches were made during an interval in the programme, the witty remarks of Mr. J. J. Malon being specially appreciated by the large audience.

Rotherhithe Dispute.

The dispute of collar makers at Rotherhithe is terminated. The employers succeeded in obtaining workers to take the place of the girls on strike, who had definitely decided that they could not possibly return to work at the reduced rates.

Most of them have now secured other work. The result of the seven weeks' strike, however, has been the formation of a branch of the National Federation of Women Workers in the district.

A determined effort will be made to improve the general labour conditions of the factory of Messrs. Rogers, Limited.

Bethnal Green Reports Progress.

Miss Esther Dicks has been having a busy time at Bethnal Green. The strike of french polishers there against large reductions in wages still proceeds, and has now reached its seventh week.

Mr. Fenner Brockway, of the "Christian Commonwealth," Mr. Wildred Spink, and others have been rendering assistance, and a number of very large and successful meetings have been held.

The Mayor of Bethnal Green has intervened without success so far, but several influential members of Parliament have now taken up the case, and it is hoped that Mr. Josephs will see the wisdom of an early settlement of the dispute. So far he has refused to accept arbitration, although it has been suggested to him several times.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

Accidents to Railway Men.

ONE of the chief questions which takes up the attention of the Railway Women's Guild is the problem of the widows and orphans of railway men.

To our shame it has to be acknowledged that the percentage of accidents to railway employees in this country is most unduly large. The Guild have recognised that this gives them a very practical interest in politics, since many of these accidents could be avoided if Parliament made stricter regulations for the protection of life and limb, and insisted on the railway companies spending adequate money on lighting and on safety brakes, etc., before pocketing their profits, and insisting, too, on shorter hours and adequate rest between periods of duty.

The Labour Party stands for such measures against the shareholders' interests, which are now represented by railway directors on both the Liberal and Tory benches.

Maintenance of Widows.

But, meanwhile, the burden of the widows and orphans of railway men presses heavily upon the Guild members, and they are seeking to find a just way to make the community bear its share of the responsibility. In this connection the note at the beginning of the Woman's Corner in the "Railway Review" for last week is of interest.

"Margery Daw" is well known to be Mrs. Macpherson, honorary secretary of the Railway Women's Guild, and member of the Executive of the Women's Labour League.

Well Done, Middleton!

A cheering report comes from Mrs. Anne Hilton, secretary of the Middleton branch of the League, telling "of the work taken in hand to help forward the success of the two L.L.P. candidates for the town council. One was successful (Labour gain), and the other polled exceedingly well, considering the forces against which we had to fight.

"Their success was greatly attributed by all concerned to the work of the women of the Labour League. We called on all the women voters, leaving them WOMAN WORKERS (Miss Macarthur kindly sent a bundle of over 800), and we also distributed 500 of the Labour League leaflets, 'Labour Women and Town Councils,' and met for the most part with a kindly response.

Dull Critics.

"We got a little adverse criticism on the day of election. Being in the midst of the cotton trade, many of our women were locked-out, so our force during the day was stronger than it otherwise would have been; and one of our women critics said we should have been better occupied 'weshin' clouts,' although some of us have done our share of that work too. Perhaps you do not understand the Lancashire dialect—washing babies' napkins was what she meant.

"Anyhow, we feel as well satisfied as Socialists well can under present grievous conditions. We are intending having our room open every Saturday night during the winter for social intercourse, so that all our women may feel that always on a Saturday night they may come to meet comrades. We are also having lectures, discussions, etc., every first Sunday in the month, and are hoping that our numbers and strength will increase."

Poplar's New Banner.

The Poplar W.L.L. is holding a grand Social and Dance in the Town Hall next Monday, Nov. 30, with the co-operation of the I.L.P. Mrs. Crooks is Chairman, and Mrs. Ensor, Secretary of the League, and on this occasion Mr. Will Crooks will preside, when Mr. Philip Snowden unfurls the new banner of the League.

LAUNDRY DANGERS.

THE Committee on Compensation for Industrial Diseases recommend an alteration of the wording of the Home Secretary's schedule so as to ensure the inclusion of the eczema of the hands and arms sometimes induced in laundry women by the alkaline solutions with which they work. There is no reason, the committee declares, why such cases or other cases due to working with liquids which may not be considered to be caustic or corrosive should be excluded, if it can be shown that the conditions of the employment are in fact the exciting cause of the disease.

The Eight Hours' Bill emerged from Committee last week. To soften any effect it may have for the moment upon prices, the Bill will become operative in July instead of January—if the Lords allow.

Macgregor's Scotch Wincey



—is the ideal fabric for children's frocks and underwear; for Ladies' Blouses, Knickers, etc., and for Gentlemen's Shirts and Pyjama Suits. No washing makes it shrink—if it is "MACGREGOR'S WINCEY"; and it never loses its pretty colours. Eighty patterns and "All about Macgregor's Wincey" in response to postcard to:—

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MERRIE ENGLAND.

By ...

Robert Blatchford.

3d.

By post, 4½d.

Over 1,000,000 Copies of the first editions of this famous book, which was first published in 1893, were sold. Since the last copy was sold, a demand for its reprint has been gathering force, and we have already sold

50,000 COPIES.

A Cloth Edition at One Shilling will be ready shortly. You can buy the cheap edition in the shops TO-DAY.

POP IN AND GET ONE !!

or write to the

CLARION OFFICE, 44, WORSHIP ST., LONDON, E.C.