

Special Christmas Issue

VOTES FOR WOMEN

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED SUFFRAGISTS

VOL. VIII. (Third Series), No. 354.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1914.

Price 1d. Weekly (Post Free 1½d.)



THE "NUT" OF YESTERYEAR: "War is a man's show, old dear. That's why we give him the vote. Woman's show is mindin' the baby—what?"

("Not one male adult was killed by the bombardment; its innocent victims were simply fourteen women and children." . . . "Among them was a little girl of six or seven whose leg it was necessary to amputate." . . . "One little girl, who was killed, had her sister fatally struck by a German bullet."—Extracts from War Correspondence in "Daily News" and "Westminster Gazette" last week.)

UNITED SUFFRAGISTS

3, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C. Telephone, Regent 5150
Colours: Purple, White and Orange

THE ESSEX HALL MEETING

Excellent speeches were made to a crowded audience in the Essex Hall on Tuesday evening in last week, when the U.S. held a meeting to demonstrate the intimate connection between war and race deterioration, and emphasised the consequent need for the woman's voice in the councils of the nations before war should ever again be embarked upon. We wish we could reproduce the admirable speeches made on every aspect of this question by Mrs. Frederick Whelen, Mr. Gerald Gould, Mr. H. W. Nevinston, Mr. George Lansbury, and Miss Evelyn Sharp. Unfortunately, space makes it quite impossible for us to publish reports of speeches, much as we should like to do so. This renders it all the more necessary for our readers to go to the meetings!

U.S. AT CARDIFF

The recent court-martial at Cardiff, which have resulted in the detention of ten women of the most helpless class in the community, have roused local opinion considerably with regard to the whole position of women, soldiers' wives and otherwise, and a good attendance is expected at the Cory Hall, Cardiff, on Wednesday in this week, where the United Suffragists will hold a public meeting after we go to press. Mr. S. Fisher, J.P., is taking the chair, and the speakers are the Rev. Herbert Lewis (Minor Canon of Hereford Cathedral), Mrs. Davis, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. J. Edmunds (Secretary of the Cardiff Trades Council), and Miss Evelyn Sharp. Miss Brewster, Mr. Gray, Mrs. Whelen, and Mrs. Ayrton Gould have spent some time in the district working up this meeting, which will probably be followed up later by a deputation to the commanding officer of the district.

U.S. WOMEN'S CLUB

92, Borough Road, Southwark, S.E.

Our membership stands now at forty-seven; and when one considers that the Club is not a month old, the result seems highly gratifying. Early last week we thought it advisable to hold two short open-air meetings in the neighbourhood, in order to spread the news of our Club, and thus attract people from streets not in our own immediate vicinity. The result has been, as our numbers show, an influx of new members, all of whom profess themselves as delighted with everything as the older ones. Our splendid gramophone has been a tremendous success; for a few evenings it quite put the piano in the shade, but the balance of power is, I am happy to say, once more restored, otherwise the "Tipperary" record would no doubt have been worn out by this time. The younger people still retain their affection for dancing, and seize every opportunity for displaying their prowess to an admiring crowd of mothers, aunts, and friends. On Saturday evening we wound up with a delightful entertainment by the Actresses' Franchise League.

A typical instance of the feeling that exists between the members and ourselves occurred last Saturday, when one mother ran in for a few minutes in the afternoon because she "thought the ladies might like to read a letter which had just come from her husband."

Many kind friends have visited the Club during the week. I have to thank in particular Mrs. Whitehorn, Miss Black, Miss May Robinson, Miss Grace Crombie, and Miss Wilkinson for gifts left during my absence. Several callers have asked what gifts would be most acceptable. Tea, butter, jam, cake, are the most welcome gifts as regards food. A few flowers occasionally would be gratefully received, and we could always find a place for an extra easy chair. Grateful acknowledgments to anonymous donor of "Mrs. Pankhurst's Own Story."

A Suffrage meeting is held in one of the club rooms every Tuesday evening to which men friends of members are admitted.

E. M. H.

EDINBURGH U.S.

Hon. Sec., Mrs. Eeles, 50a, Frederick Street, Edinburgh

A meeting of the United Suffragists was held on December 11 at 50a, Frederick Street, Edinburgh. Lady Ramsay, who was in the Chair, spoke of the splendid work that was being done by suffragists, and she was very glad to find that meetings were being held to keep the subject of Woman Suffrage to the front. It appeared, from certain remarks, that Mr. Asquith and other members of the Government thought that Suffragists were not going to ask for anything during the war. That was a very great mistake; the state of things during the war gave a tremendous opportunity for reforms of every kind—reforms in the drink traffic and the franchise, and it was the duty of every Suffragist to take advantage of this opportunity and show the Government that the Suffragists are not disbanded, although they are helping in all kinds of relief works.

Miss Chapman read a most interesting paper on "War and the Employments of Women," and said it was extremely difficult to get satisfactory statistics with regard to women's employments, for all those available were very fragmentary. A lot of loose sentiment was being talked about women, but there was a sad lack of anything definite being done for the class that is most hit by the war, namely, the skilled worker and trained artisan. Figures for the past four months from Board of Trade returns seemed to prove that the Labour Exchanges did not meet the case of unemployment among women; the system is too inflexible and has perhaps too much red tape. Several questions were asked with regard to different points in the paper, which had been much enjoyed.

PAPER SELLING

Miss Belle Gorrie has undertaken to organise the paper-selling. One member has paid for twelve copies of Votes to be sent out weekly while the war lasts. It is hoped to have a public meeting early in the New Year. Will all members try to make the paper known and offer to help in any way they can? New members please cut out membership card on page 99, fill in, and send to Mrs. Eeles.

ECHOES OF XMAS SALE

We have to add to receipts of Christmas Sale: Book Stall (Mrs. Cancellor and Miss Craies), £9 17s. 11d.; and Cake Stall (Miss Gertrude Peppercorn), £5 0s. 6d.

BOLTON U.S.

Hon. Sec., Mrs. Crompton, 68, Hidden Street, Bolton

The Christmas Number of our paper now being out, and being full of interesting articles, will members please take extra copies for propaganda purposes? Also, we are needing a few more sellers for our paper. The secretary will be pleased to welcome any new seller. A library is in process of formation, and members are asked to contribute or loan any book on suffrage propaganda.

Monday, December 21, Borough Hall:—7.30 p.m., Miss Holden will give a paper on "Internationalism" to members and friends.

Keep December 26 Free.—Members and friends are invited to a "Social" (fancy dress optional) in the Borough Hall. Tickets, 1s. each. Further particulars next week.

AMERSHAM AND CHESHAM U.S.

Hon. Sec., Mrs. Drinkwater, Fieldtop, Amersham-on-the-Hill

Will members and their friends reserve themselves for a social entertainment and talk on Friday, January 1, from 3 to 5 p.m.?

lars will be sent to members with the delivery of the U.S. paper next week.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER

A Double Sale for a Double Number! A special message to paper-sellers will be found on page 96. This week's Special Christmas Issue appeals for itself, and a record sale will be no doubt the result. New volunteers are asked to apply to 3, Adam Street, or to one of the following pitch captains:—

Oxford Street.—Mrs. Masters, 28, Oakington Road, Maida Vale, W.

Oxford Circus.—Mrs. Hutt, 12, Wharfedale Street, Redcliffe Square, S.W.

Tottenham Court Road.—Miss B. Putnam, 66, Walm Lane, Cricklewood, N.W.

Kensington, High Street.—Miss Morrison, 11, Addison Mansions, Blyth Road, Kensington, W.

Charing Cross.—Headquarters, 3, Adam Street, Strand, W.C.

Wood Green.—Miss E. Beazley, 14, Windsor Road, Palmer's Green, N.

Ealing Broadway.—Miss V. Crocker, 28, Woodfield Avenue, Ealing, W.

BRAVO, KENSINGTON!

We appealed a short time ago for the maintenance of a VOTES FOR WOMEN poster in Southampton Row. The Kensington U.S., who already both maintain and inspect several posters in their own district, have most generously come forward and undertaken this other one in a central position. The cost in money of such a valuable service is twenty-five shillings a year. Any more offers for other districts?

JUMBLE SALE

Old clothes, books, furniture, hardware, &c., will be welcomed by the organisers of the U.S. Jumble Sale (to be held shortly), and should be sent at once to Mrs. Sloane, Shelburne Lodge, Lansdowne Crescent, W. Proceeds to be devoted to the upkeep of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Christmas Calendars

A few of the beautiful U.S. calendars designed by Miss Kate Oliver (price 6d., plain; and 8d., coloured), and by Miss Putnam (price 9d.) can still be obtained from the U.S. offices.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN" FUND

Donations Received up to December 11, 1914.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Already acknowledged.	330 3 9	Miss E. Messent (per Miss E. Hickey).....	0 5 0
Mrs. M. E. Anderson	0 4 0	Miss K. E. Oliver	0 2 6
Miss E. M. Bear	1 0 3	Miss Evelyn Sharp	1 0 0
Miss Bird (per Miss E. Hickey)	0 2 6	Miss Somers.....	0 3 0
Miss M. Booth-Scott	1 0 0	Per Miss Somers	0 3 0
Miss B. A. Brittle	0 1 9	Miss L. Tingle (per Miss E. Hickey).....	0 5 0
Mrs. F. Brooks	2 10 0	Miss M. F. Tongue	0 4 0
Mrs. Christie ..	0 10 0	Miss E. M. Turner (per Miss E. Hickey)	0 2 0
Miss Engall ...	0 5 0	"A Friend".....	0 10 0
Mrs. B. Everett	0 5 0	"A Working Woman" ..	0 1 0
Mrs. Eyre (per Miss E. Hickey)	0 5 0	Miss E. Hickey	0 15 0
Miss M. Graham	0 1 0	Mrs. Jenson ...	1 1 0
Per		Miss H. S. Lewis	0 5 0
			£391 4 6

WOMEN'S CLUB FUND

Donations Received up to December 11.

£ s. d.	
Already acknowledged	48 18 9
Mrs. K. Bennett	1 0 0
Miss Butler	0 2 6
Mrs. C. Collins	1 0 0
Miss A. Farmer	0 1 0
Miss Lees	0 13 0
Miss E. M. Morrison	1 0 0
Mrs. Porter-Smith	1 1 0
Mrs. Baillie-Weaver	1 0 0
Miss K. B. White	0 2 0
Mrs. Frances Wood	2 2 0
	£57 0 3

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DEDICATION

To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women over all the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.

THE OUTLOOK

It is difficult to reconcile the fitful comings and goings of our legislators at Westminster, during the last five months, with the voluminous manual and supplement just issued of emergency legislation passed in those brief and breathless sessions of Parliament. The very rapidity with which this mass of new statutes, Orders in Council, proclamations and what not, were passed into law should be enough of itself to arouse the suspicions of women and all lovers of liberty. For it took only one minute to pass the two final stages of the Cat and Mouse Act in the House of Lords in 1913; and suffragists have learnt by this time that on the rare occasions when Parliament does something quickly, it is sure to be doing something coercive.

The Situation in Cardiff

That this is true, as far as women are concerned, is demonstrated by the situation at Cardiff, where, under the Defence of the Realm Act, one of the emergency measures in question, ten women outcasts have been court-martialled and detained in custody without being given the option of the civil trial to which we thought every British subject—even if a woman—had a right. We are not unable to recognise the difficulty in which the military authorities find themselves placed as a result of a rotten social system which renders it impossible for them to maintain the health and efficiency of their men so long as both troops and women of the class they have court-martialled are allowed access to the streets at night. Our complaint is that in dealing with this problem, rendered acute by the emergency of the moment, they have considered it entirely from the point of view of the men. After we go to press on Wednesday evening, a public meeting to express the point of view of the women in this vital matter will be held in the Cory Hall, Cardiff, by the United Suffragists, on whose platform two important local personages will speak, as well as others, of whom we give particulars on the opposite page. A deputation of representative men and women are waiting upon Colonel East, Commanding Officer of the District, on Thursday morning.

Which is the Protected Sex?

It does not seem to have occurred to the military rulers of Cardiff that in protecting the troops from the women they have failed to protect the women from the troops, or that they might have accomplished both ends by closing the streets to soldiers instead of to prostitutes. As it is, they may have temporarily safeguarded the health of the men by sacrificing afresh the poor scapegoat of a society in which no woman really counts; but what about the seventy girls who, if we are to believe the

account we have received of one district alone in the affected area, are about to become mothers of babies, the fathers of whom will be soldiers gone to the war? The Defence of the Realm Act, like all Acts passed by a man-elected Parliament, defends only the men of that realm. The women it either flings into prison or leaves at the mercy of the "protected" sex. The *Daily Citizen* protests in a leading article against the possible military usurpation of the rights of Trade Unions. Unless organised Labour takes up now the cause of the ten Cardiff victims of militarism, it will find, as it has found before, that the persecution of women only precedes the persecution of the working-classes.

The Soldier's Wife and the Police

The storm of protest, raised first by us and other suffrage organs, and more recently by the ordinary Press, against the combined effort of the War Office and the Home Office to place every soldier's wife in the country under police supervision, has had its effect, and those two Anti-Suffrage Departments of the State have been forced to modify their detestable order almost to the point of withdrawal. It is now asserted in a memorandum issued by the Army Council, through the Press Bureau, that

the action of the police is strictly limited to the cases of the few who by excessive drinking or otherwise have rendered themselves liable in the ordinary course to prosecution. No surveillance of soldiers' wives who have not thus brought themselves under the notice of the police is contemplated, and no lists are necessary.

At the same time, we do not share the optimism of the apologia for the Government contained in last Monday's leading article in the *Manchester Guardian*, which asks us to "assume, in perfect good temper, that the circular is dead."

The Order Must be Withdrawn

We cannot assume anything of the kind. We know that lists of the women's names and addresses have already been issued to the police. We know that the circular itself has not been withdrawn or cancelled. We are not convinced by the Army Council's conciliatory explanation, which does not tally in the least with the order still in existence. We realise only that, owing to a universal outcry, of which a protest by the Manchester Relief Committee and a revolt of the soldiers' wives in Preston are typical instances, the Government has had to climb down. But until that obnoxious circular is actually withdrawn, no soldier's wife is safe from a supervision which apologists for the Government may like to call kind in intention, but which was more truly described in last week's *Nation* as "the condescending injustice of authority that will give everything but what is due."

Government Sweating of Women

The Workers' National Committee has been investigating charges of sweating in Government contracts, and has come to the conclusion that these have arisen largely from the subcontracting which has taken place, affecting especially women workers. It is well known that a Fair Wages clause, compulsory in the case of a sub-contract dealing with men, is not inserted in the case of women thus employed—another evidence of their political negligibility. The Committee's report gives among others the following instances of the low prices paid in this way to women and girls: 2s. 6d. per dozen for sailors' shirts, worker finding her own cotton; one penny each for soldiers' beds; 4d. each for coats; one penny per hour for making bed cushions. A similar investigation in Bethnal Green has produced an assurance from the Home Office that action will be taken

in some cases under the Trade Boards Act or the Factory Acts. How much trouble would the Home Office be saved if women had the power of the vote to protect themselves!

Medical Women

There is considerable significance in the fact that three women doctors have been appointed to the posts of resident medical officers at the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire Hospital, which had fallen vacant owing to the absence of the three men in question on military duty. If the present European catastrophe is going to help medical women to come into their own, that will be one of the few good things that can be laid at the door of the war. For it is time that other hospitals in London besides the Royal Free overcame their foolish prejudices and opened their wards to women medical students; time that other hospitals besides those staffed entirely by women, and one or two more, admitted women to their resident medical staff; time, in fact, that sex prejudice be banished entirely from a profession in which it is rather more than usually absurd. A public appeal has just been made for funds for the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, which the Press has supported with warmth. We are glad to think that the militant Suffrage movement of recent years has done much to create this new public appreciation of medical women.

Nurses and the War

There seems to be no doubt that while good trained nurses are urgently needed at the front, if not in our own lines, at least in the hospitals of the Allies, no facilities, to put it mildly, are being placed in the way of those who have volunteered for this service. One has heard of some competent nurses who have sent in their names and been told to hold themselves in readiness; and then, having perhaps thrown up their regular employment, they hear no more of it. The National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland have just passed a resolution deprecating the employment in hospitals abroad of untrained nurses, and the War Office has asked Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, their President, to send him proofs of this.

Women and Nationality

The scandal of forcing a woman to take the nationality of her husband when she marries him, which has almost amounted to a tragedy in many cases since war broke out, is not wiped out by the new British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act which is to come into force on January 1. Readers of this paper will remember our exposure of the injustice to women endorsed by this Bill when it was before Parliament last summer. The *Times* remarks ingenuously in a leading article that from January 1 "there will be established for the first time the status of citizenship of the British Empire." That is to say, the fact that women are not citizens of the British Empire will be stated more emphatically than before when New Year's Day comes round.

Items of Interest

The name of Mr. C. F. Masterman has been suggested in connection with the Parliamentary vacancy caused at Swansea through the retirement of Sir D. Brynmor Jones, K.C. There really does seem a chance for Mr. Masterman to get back into Parliament now that contests have been ruled out as unpatriotic. The N.U.W.S.S. has sent off its second hospital unit to Serbia. The unit, with Dr. Holloway as senior surgeon, is composed entirely of women, with the exception of two men orderlies.

Exclusion of women as a pastime seems to be growing in popularity. In granting two licences to widows of licensees at Birkenhead last week, Mr. T. L. Dodds said the Bench did this with reluctance, as the time was approaching when it would have to be considered whether licensees should not in all cases be men.

Suggested text for Bishop of London's sermon on the Day of Intercession (see our leading article on page 94): "He for God only, She for God in him." Milton.

"BLACK MARIA"

By Henry W. Nevinson

Dr. Alexander Macpherson had a native taste for the metaphysical, and quite enjoyed speculation and experiment in the science which he called "Psychics." So his interest in the mysteries of life and death, combined with an equal sense of patriotism and humanity, induced him to offer his professional skill to the service of the Allies. For near the fighting front he expected to find unusual opportunities for studying the human soul in moments of sudden transition, while himself remaining in sufficient security to record the scientific results of his research.

This it came about that, rather to his own surprise, instead of observing the spiritual manifestations of comfortable patients in Harley Street, he found himself roaming the ancient, beautiful, and well-known city of — upon the frontiers of France and Belgium. He had arrived there that November afternoon by motor ambulance, and was looking round for a convenient church, convent, school, or empty house in which to plant a dressing-station, or even a temporary hospital for the wounded. It seemed a suitable place, for the firing-line was only two or three miles away, and the perpetual thunder of the big guns sounded close at hand. His ambulance men could, therefore, collect plenty of cases in the immediate neighbourhood, and after his surgical attentions had done the best for their wounds, he could, in his leisure moments, jot down rapid observations upon any unaccustomed psychic developments which might occur under such exceptional conditions.

So he wandered about in the contemplative mood superinduced by the aspect of mediæval architecture, until he reached a little restaurant which bore the alluring legend, "C'est mieux ici qu'en face." Just noticing that the building on the opposite side of the street was a prison, he was on the point of entering, in the wild hope of afternoon tea, when his progress was arrested by a most amazing noise. It was like a hiss, a scream, a shriek, and a roar, all combined and all raised to an infinite power. Such a voice some awful dragon might utter, speeding hideously through the air. But Dr. Alexander Macpherson rapidly reflected that dragons no longer existed, and he could think of nothing but the Flying Dutchman on the L. and S. W. Railway rushing upon him through space, and whistling all the way. Thought is quick, but he had not time to consider that such a phenomenon was as little to be expected as a live dragon, when, with a blaze of flame and a terrific crash, the middle of the street exploded like a volcano, and Dr. Alexander Macpherson was flung violently face downwards on the pavement. "Is it death? It must be death! It is death!" his spirit cried, and he felt no more.

Time ended. The recording seconds stopped. He was in no place. All was silence—a blank of silent darkness. But into the silence and darkness, visionary forms began very gradually to steal. At first they were distorted, chaotic, and purposeless as dreams. Then he began to watch them moving about. The faces of most were hidden. Others were unknown. But some he recognised as his patients, indifferent acquaintances, and even relations long since

dead and usually forgotten. Yet they were all so transfigured and so illuminated by marvellous colours and radiance that he felt happy in watching them, like one who comes home after long and perilous journeys, and is received by his lover and familiar friends. As he followed their glorified movements in perfect peace, their forms became clearer, and he could almost hear them speaking. "It is true! It is true!" he cried; "The soul is immortal! I am still the thing called I! And these are the souls that were wanting to my soul. Thus, thus at last I realise the heaven I have so long pursued by cautious investigation!"

An icy splash of water upon his face made him start and shiver. He groaned heavily, and cried aloud. He could hear himself crying, like someone at a great distance. In anguish, he opened his eyes, and close before them he saw a very different vision. It was a woman's face, green with starvation. Her dull hair hung loose about it. Her withered neck lay bare under her shabby and unfastened dress. In her eyes stood an awful terror. With one hand she still clutched his coat, by which she had dragged him into the little restaurant. With the other she continued to splash water on his face from a broken jug.

He gazed at her, with mind confused by the pain and the wretchedness of returning life. "You may be the Ministering Angel Thou," he said, "but you couldn't exist in any superior psychic state."

She made no reply, but carefully wiped his face with the tail-end of her bedraggled skirt.

THE 'AMMONDS

By G. Colmore

"This war 'as made many a 'appy 'ome," said Mrs. 'Ammond. "For my part 'ave 'is money comin' in without 'im', 'stead of 'im without 'is money, why, it's a blessed deliv'rance, that's wot it is."

"He's fighting for his country, Mrs. 'Ammond," said the visitor. "You ought to be proud of him; fighting to keep those dreadful Germans from coming to England."

"Germans?" said Mrs. 'Ammond. "I only 'ope 'e'll give the Germans wot 'e give me. They won't want to come to England when 'Ammond's bin at 'em, don't you be afraid!"

The visitor gone, Mrs. 'Ammond set to clear up for Christmas, and then went out to buy a yard or two of stuff to make new curtains for the window, and a rug to put before the fireplace. It was worth while, she declared, to make the 'ome tidy when there wasn't nobody coming in to drink everything that a woman got together.

To the children she said: "You 'ang yer stockin's up to-night, and I'll see if Sandy Claws 'll 'appen to pass this way." And she added to herself, "I ain't never 'ad the chanst to deceive them pore children at Christmas time till this 'ere blessed war broke out."

'Ammond lay ambushed in the trenches. He was wet through and hungry, and his last plug of tobacco was gone. It was Christmas Eve. Last Christmas Eve he had got roaring drunk

"Yes," he murmured, with a sigh of deep dejection, "you are the ordinary and completely investigated Thou."

Clutching up a howling baby from the floor beside him, she placed it in the middle of a red and white tablecloth, and began piling scraps of clothing and bread, ends of sausage, a clock, and other bits of things around it. Three more children, yelling with horror and bewilderment, clung to her wherever she went.

Dr. Alexander Macpherson raised his head, and saw that now there was a great open space where the side of the house and the front door had apparently been. He looked straight out upon the street, and there he saw a heavy column of black and yellow smoke ascending from a pit. People were groping round it with poles and steel hooks, such as butchers use. They were fishing out something shapeless, that looked too awful for humanity.

"C'est mieux ici qu'en face!" The last words he had read aptly returned to him as his brain began to resume its usual life. "But this is not heaven," he added.

The woman came and gave him another look. Seeing that he was "coming to," she tied the four ends of the table-cloth together, swung the bundle on her back, guided the other children over the ruins of door and window, and disappeared.

"No, this isn't heaven," Dr. Alexander Macpherson repeated, as he stood up painfully, and cautiously shook each of his limbs in turn. An alternative suggested itself, but for some subconscious reason he rejected it.

and left the rent in the publican's till and given the missus a black eye. He remembered.

Very suddenly the order came to advance, to charge; and in a trice 'Ammond was in the swirl of a struggle that meant success or death. He fought as animals fight—instinctively, remorselessly, eager to kill. He hardly saw the falling forms about him; he struck steadily, ceaselessly, with sure result. Then, all at once, there arose in him something, not instinct, something which is potential in all humanity, developed in some men, and in some animals. Ahead of him, within a yard or two, was his Captain, and close to him, and certain, was death. Grief and a glory came suddenly to 'Ammond. If there was one person in the world he loved and respected, it was his Captain, and in an instant he had thrown himself into the narrow breach between that Captain and destruction.

* * * * *

Most of Christmas Day 'Ammond lay half-conscious. When he was able to see, the first thing he saw was his Captain's face.

"How are you, old chap? Doctor says you'll pull through."

"Did I get drunk last night?" asked 'Ammond.

"No, you saved my life." The Captain put out his hand and wrung the hand that lay on the sheet. "I can't thank you—don't know how. You're a fine chap, old chap!"

"Dunno," said 'Ammond. "Last Christmas Eve I give the missus a black eye."

"She won't mind when she hears what you've done now."

"I wonder," thought 'Ammond.

THE PRICE OF FOOD IN WAR TIME

"Thank God and the Navy for My Good Dinner"

By Frances Wood

The retail price of food began to move upwards on Saturday, August 1, but it was not until after August 3 that any sharp rise occurred. By August 8, prices had reached their highest point, and after that date they gradually declined until the end of August, since when there has not been any startling change, and unless some special disaster should happen to the navy, there is no immediate prospect of any big general rise.

Fifteen Per Cent. Increase in Prices

To consider, in the first place, the actual extent of the general rise that has taken place, let us take any ordinary middle-class family of say, six persons, spending about 60s. a week on food. If we exclude the few days immediately following the declaration of war, when chaos reigned among the retail traders, the food for this hypothetical family for the remainder of the month of August would have cost between 67s. and 68s. a week. There was practically no further change during September, but during October the cost would have been nearer 68s. than 67s. a week, and during November there would have been a further increase of about 1s. a week. That is to say, after four months of war, a family spending 60s. a week on food in normal times would have to spend about 69s. instead. This represents, in effect, an increase of about 15 per cent.

An increase of this size ought not to make any marked difference to the mode of life of a middle-class family. If there is no margin with which to meet it, the giving up of a few luxuries, or the substituting of cheaper food, equally nutritious, though possibly less palatable, will make the desired reduction possible without affecting the health of the persons concerned. With the working classes this is certainly not the case. The majority have to live right up to their income, which, such as it is, is only sufficient to provide enough of the cheapest kind of food. An increase in the cost of food of 15 per cent. practically means a similar reduction in the amount of food available for the working woman and her family.

Working Women Suffer Most

If we go into the matter a little more carefully, we shall see that the working woman is even more hardly hit than appears on the surface. The price of meat goes up, and the middle-class family, instead of having sirloin at 1s. 2d. per lb. for its Sunday dinner, is content with ribs for rolling at 1s. per lb. The family who normally have ribs for rolling, now have back ribs at 9d., and so on. The demand for the coarser parts becomes, therefore, relatively greater than the demand for the prime joints, and as, generally speaking, prices vary with demand, and, unfortunately, animals cannot

be bred with varying amounts of prime and coarse joints to meet special emergencies, the increase in price is greater for the coarse parts than for the prime joints. In fact, at the end of November, the Board of Trade were informed by the Advisory Committee of the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations, that "an advance compared with the prices ruling in the middle of July of 1d. to 2d. per lb. for prime joints, and 2d. to 3d. per lb. for coarser parts, may still reasonably be charged." This means that the relatively wealthy family may continue to have its Sunday sirloin by paying an extra 1½d. per lb., or can substitute a cheaper joint and pay the same price as formerly; but the working-class family, having to pay an extra 2½d. per lb., must either buy less meat or give up meat altogether and have something else instead. The same is true for practically every commodity in which a variety of cuts or joints may be purchased, or where a variety of qualities are sold. In all cases the greatest increase has taken place for the cheapest qualities. "For unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

How the Increase is Shown

Although the price of practically every common article of food has gone up since the outbreak of war, the extent of the increase has been very different for the different commodities. Sugar, for example, is nearly double the price that it was in July, for the obvious reason that a large amount of our sugar comes from Germany. The price of fish has depended very considerably upon whether the fishing fleets have been allowed to go out. Certainly during the earlier months of the war the cheaper kinds of fish were relatively much more expensive than the dearer kinds; in fact, salmon, turbot, &c., were actually cheaper than before the war broke out. There was a similar fall in price for many other articles of food which are considered as luxuries; poultry and expensive fruits, for example. As people became more settled, and found that red ruin was not staring them in the face, the demand for these luxuries improved, with the result that the prices "improved" also.

Potatoes are the only common article of food that have actually decreased in price, but at this season of the year the price of potatoes is always lower than during the summer, so that the fall in price cannot be said to be due to the war. The price of eggs has gone up enormously, partly due to the season of the year, and partly to the fact that we are unable to get supplies from abroad. Bread has increased in price from about ½d. to 1d. per 4-lb. loaf, and in this case, since there is practically only one quality of

bread, the increase has affected rich and poor alike.

Why the Poor Have to Pay More

When we consider the worst that might have happened to our food supply, we have reason to be very thankful for the relatively small increase that has taken place, but we must remember that the increase in the cost of food has been actually greater for the working-classes than for the middle-classes, quite apart from the fact—a very important one—that the middle classes spend only a small proportion of their income on food, and have reserves of money to help them over a hard time, while the poor, who spend a very large proportion of their wages on food, have no reserves with which to meet any substantial increase in prices.



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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1914.

RELIGION FOR MEN ONLY

[As we go to press we observe that the hour of admission has been advanced from 9 to 11. The substance of our protest remains unaffected.]

"Only men will be admitted to the Cathedral after 9 p.m."

The number of places from which women, whether all women or only some, are being excluded grows daily greater. Their exclusion from the polling-booth remains the head and front of the offending, the type and symbol of all the other wrongs and denials. Recently, public-houses were added to the list of places too sacred or too dangerous for female feet to tread; at any rate, during certain hours. Next came the streets of Cardiff, closed during certain hours to "certain women." And now the Bishop of London has thrown in his lot with the excluders, and the announcement of the special twenty-four hours' Interecession, held on Wednesday and Thursday in St. Paul's Cathedral, has been disgraced by the sentence which we quote at the beginning of this article.

One logic, we conceive, runs through all these processes. Women may not vote, because if they did, men's temptations to vice might be restricted. They may not walk the streets, because if they did, men's temptations to vice might not be restricted. Women drink less than men, so they are to be shut out of public-houses. Women pray more than men, so they are to be shut out of churches. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and if a nation has taken the all-important initial step of fixing one sex in a position of inferiority and degradation, it need never be deterred by any considerations of logic or common-sense from making that inferiority and that degradation ever more bitterly felt.

Logic, of course, is not the plea with which one would choose to approach a bishop who was a servant of Christ. One would choose to approach him with the plea of Christianity. One would point out to him that Christ would never have insulted or excluded one sex at the expense of the other. One would explain to him that, if Christ favoured the shutting of public-houses, He would favour the shutting of them to everyone alike. One would remind him that, if Christ met a prostitute walking in the street, He would not warn her off and shut her up, but welcome her as a sister to be loved and saved. Above all, one would insist that, though Christ attached little importance to temples made with hands, at any rate He did not regard any spot in which two or three were gathered together, with Him in their midst, as a spot from which to exclude any human being—even a human being so base and foolish as to be a woman. If women were allowed to enter the sacred precincts after nightfall, it is certainly

possible that among those who entered would be some of the most helpless and unhappy—some of those sinners for whom Christ died—some of those whose company He so much preferred to the company of the Chief Priests—some of those for whose sake He said: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We are now publicly informed that it is not this possibility which lies behind the curt statement: "Only men will be admitted to the Cathedral after 9 p.m. We are glad, for the sake of the Bishop of London's soul.

The coming Christmas will see the hopes and beauties of the world dissolved in one red chaos. That condition of things is indeed no worse at Christmas than at any other time; but since once a year we are accustomed to salve the tough conscience of our sick civilisation by paying lip-service to the ideals of peace and goodwill, the massacres of those hours will strike more terribly ironic even than the massacres of these; and if a truce is called, and for two days men realise that they are brothers in preparation for tearing each other to pieces with greater energy afterwards, the irony will scarcely be diminished by that. As Suffragists, we hold no views on the rights or wrongs of this war; doubtless, as individuals, we differ on that as on many questions, but as Suffragists we are all at one on the unquestionable wrongs of women. And we reiterate that among those wrongs one of the greatest is that women should be committed to war without being consulted.

It is perfectly true that, in any given nation, men with votes were in this instance no more consulted than women without. But that is not the point. The point is that if the modern world had the sense and decency which come of fair play, of democracy, of freedom and equality between the sexes, it would rapidly arrive, it would indeed *ipso facto* find that it had arrived, at a stage of civilisation which repudiated the horrors and imbecilities of warfare. It is for that very reason that voteless women have, if anything, a special right to approach in public prayer, however and whenever they so desire, the Master Who knew no distinction of sex or class or country. Excluded as they are from common rights and common justice, derided and oppressed as they are like Christ Himself, committed as they are to griefs and fears and dangers and despairs as to which they are never consulted or considered, surely they may claim, as the least last right of the outcast, free access to those places where Christians gather together to supplicate, not the God of Battles, but the Prince of Peace. But no. The Bishop of London thinks not.

It must be very unpleasant for people who draw handsome salaries as "servants of Christ" to be reminded of the words of Christ. Let us assure them that we do not remind them in any self-righteous or contemptuous spirit. We are perfectly aware that bitterness against the Scribes and Pharisees who truckle to tyranny and deny freedom is one of the besetting temptations of reformers, and we are not thinking only of the Principalities and Powers, the Armies and Churches, that have turned Europe into hell, but also of our own age-long battle for liberty, never ceasing, but always sure of triumph, when we quote the text that will be in all minds this Christmas:—

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

A GREETING FROM THE FRONT

From the Honorary Treasurer of the United Suffragists

Northern France, December 1, 1914.

Dear Editors,—I write this on the first of December in the hope that by some means it may reach you in time to wish you and the U. S. fighter and brighter days in the year that we shall call, with unconscious satire, "Anno Domini" 1915. Always I have been fascinated by the idea of Christmas falling at the time of the old pagan festival to celebrate the day on which the mid-day shadows visibly lengthened for the first time, giving promise of spring winds and long sunny days, and times of harvest. Out here in these last weeks, when the darkness comes down—and the firing begins—at about half-past four in the afternoon, I have got into the habit of thinking, "So many days to the shortest day." It makes so much difference to us, the sun. And the application of the idea to the war itself, and to things behind and for the moment obscured by the war, is obvious and natural. As the days grow longer, and the sap begins to rise once more in the trees, the tide of invasion here, and of Democracy by militarism all Europe over, will slowly, perhaps hardly perceptibly, begin to ebb, and as it ebbs, will allow the life of reason and tolerance and belief

in things other than shrapnel and 42-inch guns to put forth shoots and reach towards the light once more.

"Amid the Smell of Death"

Much has been written about the inhabitants of this land tilling their soil and pursuing their ordinary avocations throughout the noise and travail of war, and amidst the smell of death. I myself have watched them and wondered; have watched them ploughing and sowing their snow-covered, trench-scarred field. One I asked if he thought that he would ever gather that harvest, and he replied, "God knows, monsieur, but one must do one's work even if there is a war, or there will be no bread next year for the little ones." And that made me think of you all back there at home, doing the vital, essential work of the world "even if there is a war," and in order that the "little ones" of the new generations may have their bread, and perhaps a more healthy, sane, and kindly land in which to eat it.

"Business as Usual"

I suppose one sees things at different angles here and at home, but here it hardly seems worth while to waste breath and energy in abusing the Kaiser. He stands for one thing, and we for another, but mere epithets appear somewhat childish when there are shells and bullets flying about. One begins to wonder

whether the vaunted boast, "Business as usual," might not be more literally interpreted. And when one reads further of threatened revivals of the C.D. Acts, of women prohibited from entering public-houses, of women tried by court-martial for being out after 7 p.m., of more committees on separation allowances, and of further committees to co-ordinate the work of those committees, one is thankful, if one happens to be a suffragist, that at least one Suffrage Society has taken the motto literally as well as liberally.

"Le Bon Fin"

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to hear of the increase in the circulation of the paper, of the success of your club in Southwark, and of the vitality of all your endeavours. When all the world is making sacrifices at the altar of the God of Battles, and running headlong into malice and uncharitableness, it is good to think that the U. S. have thoughts for more kindly things. The other day we marched past one of the innumerable wayside shrines that are dotted over this countryside, and it attracted my particular attention, because the dedication, instead of being the usual one "A Notre Dame de Bon Secours," or "De Consolation," read, "A Notre Dame du Bon Fin." May 1915 see "le bon fin" of your work and ours.—Yours, etc.,

H. J. Gillespie.

ALIEN ENEMIES

(The German mother speaks to the English mother)

On the cold frontier-line of death
I won my man-child blood and breath:
At a great price, in gulfs of night,
Purchased the morning for his sight,
And in a silence big with fear
Fore-wrought the musics he should hear.

And you?—ah, who should know but I
The wings of death that beat so nigh,
The deathly dark, the deathly dews,
The soul that will not yet refuse,
And all you risked, and all you paid,
When out of you your son was made?

Your son and mine in love were bred,
Your son and mine in hate are dead,
Yet never hated, never knew
The sense of what they had to do,
But perished, brother slain by brother,
Who might as well have loved each other.

The happy hands, too good to put
To the red business of the brute;
The candid eyes that death's release
Found peopled with the dreams of peace;
The hope beneath my heart that grew—
Ah, who should know them if not you?

Dear mother of a murdered son,
Ours is the end by us begun!
Ours is the strength the drums called up,
And ours it is to drink the cup
Of childless days, of childless years,
Salt with the taste of blood and tears.

Dear murdered mother!—still to die
The women's regiments go by:
No music of the march for them,
And for their souls no requiem,
When, 'mid the screaming of the guns,
The mothers perish in their sons.

And we are foes, or so they tell me—
But in the wonder that befell me,
When, solitary soldier, I
Fought for the life so soon to die—
When out of night I brought, I won,
My morning-star, my little son—
When at the utter rattle and cost
I gained the solace I have lost—
When underneath my opening eyes
Lay that which now all altered lies—
When to my warm and passionate breast
I held the limbs now cold in rest—
I knew one peace that shall not end,
And every mother for my friend.

Gerald Gould.

SAVING THEIR SOULS

An Imaginary Communication

By John Scurr

[Owing to the eagle eye of the Censor being directed now to the correspondence of the community, some curious things are happening. When our post-bag was opened the other day, the following letter, from a highly-placed member of the Government to a soldier's wife, had wandered into it. As the address of the intended recipient was not visible, we feel that we are doing a public service in printing it so that she may have the opportunity of reading it.]

From a Government Office, Whitehall, S.W.
December 7, 1914.

Woman,—It is time you learnt to know your place. Owing to the seditious doctrines preached by Socialists, Suffragists, and *canaille* of that kind, you are overstepping the bounds. Understand we keep a National Church going in order to teach you that you must do your duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call you. Please do not forget such moral precepts. An all-wise Providence has given you the attributes of a particular sex so that you may continue the supply of men necessary for working in the factories and providing soldiers for war. When this is not necessary, it is your duty to minister to the pleasures of the male sex, under such laws, rules, and regulations as I, or my colleagues, may pass and prescribe. If it had not been for the interfering sentimentality of a person—I cannot write "lady," nor can I say "woman," as she was not of your class—named Josephine Butler, there would not have been the difficulties which now confront us owing to the absence of the Contagious Diseases Acts. This person convinced a number of foolish people that politics were a serious business, instead of being a game arranged for the pleasure and entertainment of gentlemen.

The Cabinet Minister Preaches

Having thus put you in your rightful position, I would address a few words to you on your conduct. You must not imagine that because we have, out of the charity of our hearts, taught you to read or write at a Board or Council School, you are allowed to think for yourself. If you were to do this, our whole educational system would prove to be a failure. You must do as you are told. You are a weak woman, always liable to temptation. It is our duty to save you from yourself. Now that your husband is at the front, if he has not yet been killed, the necessary male control over you has been removed. It is the province of a fatherly Government to provide a proper substitute. We have done so.

Every few days a policeman will call upon you, and you must answer all the questions he may put. He can ask you any question he pleases, for his position is a difficult and responsible one. I have served my country long and faithfully for the paltry pittance of £5,000 a year, and I know how necessary it is to classify properly the people of this country. How few women there are, for example, who can really be called "worthy." Most women are unworthy. I regret to say. Whether you can be admitted to the class described as "worthy," depends upon how you answer his questions. The policeman has a great knowledge to fit him for this task. He is constantly in touch with prostitutes, drunkards, neglectors of children, and so on, so he is well qualified to deal with questions concerning soldiers' wives.

He Defines the Separation Allowance

You must not enter a public-house, for we have not given you the separation allowance to buy beer with. You should never forget your husband who is at the front, and if you hear of him suffering, or being wounded, and so on—

quite the normal conditions of war, I assure you, and nothing to make a fuss over—you must suffer with him, and not attempt to suppress your feelings by indulging in half a pint of ale. At this time of national crisis it is the duty of those who have no military connections to drink more beer than usual so that the revenues of the country may not suffer.

You must not go out after seven o'clock in the evening. The Government, of which I have the honour to be a member, has to think of the interest of the shopkeeping class. If we permitted you to go out late at night, you would postpone your shopping until the last moment, and so compel the shopkeepers to sell at a lower price, and so be deprived of legitimate profits. Through your having to shop earlier, the shopkeepers are protected, and you also avoid the temptation of buying too much because it is cheap, and you escape from the sin of gluttony, as you and your children will not encounter the temptation of over-eating.

He Regrets Democracy

Remember, the allowance you receive is given out of pure goodness of heart. It would not have been given at all if, in the past, votes had not been given to a number of stupid working men, and, unfortunately, voters can turn Governments out of office and so prevent, through their ignorance, good, patriotic men from serving their country. What would have happened if votes had been given to women is too horrible to contemplate. Every day I am becoming more and more convinced that the granting of votes to women would be a grave political disaster. As a matter of fact, I do not see the necessity of giving you an allowance at all, and it is only these confounded voters who have forced us to give it. You should have saved the money. It is well known that people with an income of £1, £2, or £3 a week can save. The only section of the community that cannot are those with large incomes, who, with their enormous social

obligations, claims of dress, club subscriptions, and large staffs of servants are so hard put to make both ends meet. In any case, as your husband is away, you do not want so much furniture, so sell most of it and live in one room. This is a time of national crisis, and we should all stand shoulder to shoulder to make sacrifices. Even I, with all the load of responsibility upon my shoulders, have dispensed with the services of a parlour-maid, and have given a home to a Belgian refugee woman who needed no wages. Surely you can sacrifice something? With all of you selling your furniture, it will go cheaply, and this will be good for you, as you will not have so much money to spend in frivolity.

He Calls Her a "Parcel"

This war is costing one million pounds per day, and most of it has to go to my patriotic friends who are army contractors or armament manufacturers. We really cannot afford to spend enormous sums on a parcel of women. I think for the good of your own souls, to save you from yourselves, and to safeguard your morals, we must put you all in concentration camps. The safety of the State really demands it. We would have no hesitation at all in the matter were it not for the fact that so many voters are landlords, and if you were put in camp, they would lose their rents. Still, with the help of the policeman, we shall no doubt be able to reduce your allowance to such proportions as to inflict no suffering on your landlord.

Meanwhile, be patient and humble. You are a weak woman, belonging to the inferior sex, incapable of looking after yourself, and you should go down on your knees every night and offer up a prayer of thankfulness that at this time of national crisis, a Government is in power which concerns itself in saving your soul, even if it loses its own in the attempt.—I am, Woman, Your obedient servant,
(Excision by Censor.)

"A SCRAP OF PAPER" FOR PAPER-SELLERS

"Your Devotion Wins"

Two tributes, one from a Suffragist, one from an Anti-Suffragist, have reached the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN this week. The first comes through a paper-seller, one of that energetic little band who flew the purple, white, and orange flag of the U.S. in Cardiff last week. She writes:—

"A man at Cardiff bought a paper from me in a downpour of rain, and said simply: 'Your devotion wins.'" She adds: "Of course, the devotion of us all must win—if it is only great enough. I wish we had more sellers!"

"If it is only great enough." There is a suggestion in that phrase that we call upon all members of the U.S. and all readers of VOTES FOR WOMEN to wipe out by a record sale of this week's Special Christmas Issue. We know what we are asking them to do. We have been paper-sellers ourselves. We know the cold and the rain, the fatigue of standing for hours, the jeers, the amused smiles, the occasional insult. We know it all. That is why we can ask others to make the sacrifice, for the sake of those whose husbands are enduring worse things in the trenches, for the sake of the ten court-martialled scapegoats at Cardiff, for the sake of all who are oppressed and hurt and unhappy, all whose battles our paper is especially intended

to fight. Surely, our devotion is great enough—for that?

Compliments From an "Anti"

The following letter speaks for itself:—
"Will you kindly send me two dozen copies of this week's VOTES FOR WOMEN? I am entirely opposed to methods of violence for Suffrage (or any other propaganda), but your issues just now are so excellent that I want to distribute this particular issue. I am speaking on 'Women and the War,' and wish to distribute these copies at the meeting."

We gather from this pleasing communication that our correspondent considers herself an Anti-Suffragist. We cannot agree with her. No one who has made the discovery that only in a suffrage paper can she find material for a lecture on women in connection with war, could possibly remain an Anti-Suffragist—if she ever was one at heart. We hourly expect a membership card (see page 99) to be returned to us, filled in with our friend's name; and, meanwhile, we commend her generous and welcome words to all paper-sellers as evidence of what happens when VOTES FOR WOMEN passes into the hands even of an opponent.

Does this not prove afresh that it is worth while to stand in the gutter—the trenches of our War?—and sell the finest political paper in the world to the passer-by?

NEW BOOKS

THE WORKER IN FICTION*

This novel ought to be read by all social reformers, and even more so by those who cannot be so classed. Its name does not commend it at the outset; after a hundred pages or so one understands its sarcastic quality. It is a bit of genuine realism and a commentary on King George's monition when he returned from his tour of the Empire, "Wake up, England!"

It may be objected that there is a little too much shade in Tressall's picture of a great trade, that of painters and decorators; but in the main it is true to life. The slavery of the workers, their perpetual fear of being turned off, the bullying of the foreman, his little ways and language, the dislike and jealousy workers bear towards anyone more thoughtful and observant than themselves are all genuine. Their real interests, as Owen, the hero of the story, or, perhaps one ought to say, the central figure of the picture, points out, are beer, betting, football. They themselves are the real oppressors, for as long as they can neither see nor think, they must take what society chooses to give them. They point out, man-like, how women deprive them of work. It would be well for a feminine Owen to write a book of this kind, showing how men deprive women of their work in sewing, cookery, millinery, and the home itself. The author's wit is not least biting when he deals with the humours of a general election, the heroic attempts to limn the differences between Tweedledum and Tweedle-

* "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists." By Robert Tressall. (London: Grant Richards. Price 2s. 1914.)

dee, and their astonishing success. The choosing of Sweater as the Liberal candidate, the working man's friend and representative, will evoke memories in the past of a good few of us. The orators who are paid £5 weekly to extol his virtues, the hired bullies who are imported at 10s. per day to chuck out objectors, the speech specially prepared for Sweater at a ten-guinea fee; the flattery of the electors, the posters which showed in every line contempt for the workers' judgment and capacity, are all set forth for us. The contrast between the joy of the workers at Sweater's election and the philosophy of the electioneering agent who knows the real causes of the general misery and degradation of Mugsborough, who sacrificed health, time, and money in attempting to convince his fellow-workers, but forsook the people's cause because he had reaped naught but ingratitude and hatred, is very acute. "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists" is not only a book to read, but to ponder over and to lend.

C. S. B.

"THE ENCOUNTER"

We should be able to judge Miss Sedgwick's latest novel more impartially if it were not for the foreword on the paper wrapper, which imputes all sorts of motives to it for which we sought in vain within its cover. We entirely fail to discover in Ludwig Wehlitz "a study of the Nietzschean attitude of mind in Germany which has produced the present crisis." To us he seems a brilliantly clever analysis of a spoilt man of genius, spoilt as much by the adulation of his few friends as by the stupid incomprehension of his enemies; and we find him an

"The Encounter." By Anna Douglas Sedgwick. (London: Edward Arnold. Price 6s.)

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WAR OFFICE CIRCULAR

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—The police circular is an outrage on womanhood and a most unrighteous order. The allowance made to wives and other relatives of soldiers is their right, and not a charity about which they are to be dictated to as to how it should be spent, any more than any other wage. And really, the allowance is very paltry! The majority of soldiers' wives are reduced in circumstances since their husbands enlisted. Again, this circular is a far more insidious attack on woman than even it appears. The underlying meaning is that woman is an irresponsible being, without moral sense. It re-affirms the man-made law that the father alone is parent or guardian of the children. Does not the circular sent to the Board of Education, copies of which have been sent to local education authorities, confirm what I say? Women whose husbands are soldiers are hemmed in by the police, the army officer, the school manager, the school teacher, and attendance officers, besides various relief committees. Even the husband's assistance, along with this tremendous array, is sought in the revised circular. Poor woman! Poor mother, who for nine months bore each child in her womb, and brought each forth in greatest labour, and is afterwards regarded by the State as an irresponsible creature and made the victim of a sordid espionage.

Yet it is the mother who gets up and lights the fire, gets the breakfast ready, and sends the children to school neat and tidy. It is the mother who stays in and minds the children when they are in bed at night. And it is the mother who, when money is scarce, goes short of a meal so that father and children can have bread. She does all this from love and duty, while the State degrades her motherhood.—Yours, &c.,
AMAZED.

THE INCREASED INCOME TAX

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—May I point out one aspect of the increased Income Tax which, I believe, has escaped the notice of women, to whom it is of urgent importance. It undoubtedly hits at women far more than men, as usual; the former, as a class, being treated with injustice. I believe the whole differentiation between earned and unearned income to be an attack upon women, as generally speaking, it is women who have unearned, and men earned incomes. I do not say that there are not

many exceptions. There are; but generally speaking, it is as I assert.

Women will do well to regard with the gravest apprehension and suspicion this differentiation, which strikes at their economic independence exactly in the same way as does the attempted prohibition of their labour, and there is reason to believe that it has been introduced with the same object—that of rendering women as a class more dependent upon men, and consequently politically and economically helpless.

The whole idea of differentiation is fundamentally unjust. A widow with £500 a year, left with children to support, is practically in greater need of help than a man having the same income and responsibility, as he may have a wife to assist him, whereas she has to bring up her family single-handed. Practically she, as well as the unmarried woman, who in the majority of cases gives her labour to help others, earn their income by that labour quite as much, if not more, than does the man with his trade or profession.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence has made it perfectly clear, on more than one occasion, that the woman contributes as much by her labour as does the man, though in a different way.

If this applies, as it undoubtedly does to married women, it is even more applicable to widows, left as they are to face alone the greatest anxiety and responsibility.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLOTTE E. IRELAND.
Aintree House, Annerley Hill, Upper Norwood.

WHAT IS A POOR GIRL TO DO?

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—A letter appeared in last Sunday week's *Observer* from a gentleman who was very indignant because the girls of Burgess Hill are wearing badges which signify that they are pledged not to speak to soldiers. What on earth do these men want? At one moment they talk about the "silly, thoughtless girls" who are a danger to the men in training, and at the next they resent strongly the "retort courteous" given by these Burgess Hill girls.

Were harm to follow intimacy between the girls and the soldiers, the former alone would be blamed. "Discretion is the better part of valour," and these girls have chosen that better part, leaving the other part to brave but easily "tempted" young men.—Yours, &c.,
L. CUTTEN.

intensely interesting study, with his fits of temper and his jealousies and his faults of taste, and all the characteristics that go to make up the man or woman of genius who is in advance of the times in any country. But we do not find him particularly German or particularly Nietzschean, and if he really did "produce the present crisis" he certainly was greatly helped by his counterpart in every country now engaged in fighting his. The book is much bigger and wider in scope than the misleading little "puff" on its cover would lead us to suppose; and it is well worth reading, not only for its analysis of Wehlitz but for its character-studies of the girl Persis, so self-contained and so troubled by the call of passion within her; of the little American mother, trivial and practical and perceptive all at once; of the poet Sachs and the libertine Ludenstreu. There is really not a false note in it throughout.

E. S.

THE DOUBLE HOUSE*

"The Double House" is frankly a tale of impossible adventure, with an Indian Jack-the-Ripper type as villain. To those who appreciate blood-curdling horrors and are not troubled with any sense of proportion as regards matter or style, the book may be recommended; otherwise, there is nothing left to say.

Ev.

* "The Double House." By E. Everett-Green. (London: Stanley Paul. Price 6s.)

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(1913-14)

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From the PUBLISHER, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.

"DEMOCRATIC CONTROL"

A Bolton Suffragist sends us the following account of a meeting held in Bolton last Tuesday week, for the purpose of forming a local branch of the Society for the Union of Democratic Control, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., is the moving spirit.

"The speaker," writes our correspondent, who was present at the meeting, "laid stress on the point that the settlement after the war must be on 'Home Rule' lines for the smaller territories concerned, as opposed to previous settlements, which have always been based on 'Force.' The speaker was especially vehement in emphasising the fact that he would consider himself perfectly justified in armed resistance—even to advocating conscription—to resist any laws, whether good or bad, in the making of which the people themselves had had no say. Men and women were asked to help in the formation of the Society.

"Several Suffragists were there who agreed with the ideals, but could not foresee how any peace could be a lasting peace, and not based on 'Force' unless previously the women of the countries concerned were enfranchised. Otherwise fighting would be continued by the women (and the speaker, Mr. Davies, would apparently consider them perfectly justified) until self-Government had been established on a truly democratic basis.

"The speaker gave no definite reply to the questions put by Miss Emily Gordon stating the Suffragist case, which of course leaves us in doubt as to the sincerity of a Society for 'Democratic Control' which is satisfied to consider any control democratic which leaves the women un-enfranchised."

What We Think

We appreciate our correspondent's doubts, and those of the Suffragists present, including Miss Emily Gordon, and would refer our Bolton friends to our leading article on the aims of Mr. MacDonald's Society, which appeared in VOTES FOR WOMEN in our issue of October 2. Certainly no Suffragist could have any confidence in a democracy based on the enfranchisement of men only, and advocated by a man who broke his pledge to women when his help might have meant the end of their weary struggle for freedom.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

Plucky Preston Women

The Relief Committee at Preston must wish that it had not spoken when, at a recent meeting, it dwelt on the increase of drunkenness among soldiers' wives in that town. The soldiers' wives themselves took up the matter hotly, and, having formed themselves into a committee, finally caused the Relief Committee to withdraw the accusation, which no one, by the way, had been able to substantiate in a single case. A letter from one of the women's husbands is worth quoting the following passage from:—

"I am beginning to think that we Tommies are wanted at home to protect our wives' honour as well as our country's honour against Germany."

"The two wars again! And who shall deny that ours is the greater?"

Testimony of the N.S.P.C.C.

The testimony of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is important at this juncture, and it is most satisfactory to note that Mr. Robert J. Parr, director of the Society, stated at its annual meeting that the Society had given instructions to its inspectors to investigate and report cases of women who had become addicted to drink since they had been left by their husbands; and he was delighted to say that they could not prove one real case in which a woman had been swept off her feet in the great rush of excitement and had taken to drink.

The Board of Education Circular

The Board of Education having joined with the Home Office and the War Office in persecuting the soldier's wife, by addressing a circular to Education Committees asking for cases of child neglect in soldiers' families, it is also pleasing to be able to chronicle that the Scarborough Town Council repudiated this circular last Monday, and added that they viewed with the deepest regret that the War Office is publicly putting on record an altogether unmerited stigma on the wives of the gallant men who have self-sacrificingly rallied to their country's call in its hour of need."

A SUFFRAGIST PRIEST

Preaching on the war at Edinburgh recently, Father Power, S.J., said that, in his opinion, if the women who suffered from the unspeakable horrors of this pitiless and insatiable war were given a voice in the referendum for or against the first declaration of hostilities the havoc already wrought would never be repeated, and the tide of human blood would not be increased by a drop, because there would be no "next war" engaged in for the destruction of the Christian peoples of Europe.

AMERICAN NOTES
The Suffrage Victories

The following particulars of the recent victories in Nevada and Montana, published in the *Woman's Journal*, will interest our readers.

The addition of Nevada and Montana to the number of suffrage States gives equal suffrage seven more electoral votes, enfranchises 99,881 women, increases the amount of suffrage territory by 256,901 square miles, and increases the suffrage population by 457,928.

Full equal suffrage now prevails over 1,788,040 square miles of the United States, or nearly one-half (49 per cent) of the total area.

Women now have an equal voice with men in casting 91 electoral votes, or more than one-sixth of the total number in the electoral college.

The total number of women over 21 years of age in the States where women can vote for President of the United States is 3,676,532 (1910 census).

The total population of the full equal suffrage States is now 8,253,240 (1910 census).

The total population of the States where women can vote for President of the United States is 13,891,831, or 15 per cent. of the total population of the United States.

WOMEN'S WAR AGAINST WAR

The American women's campaign against war in the future, in which Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is taking an active part, progresses rapidly. The nine Propositions for which its promoters are working (published by us in our issue of December 4) have now been adopted in Boston, Washington, and Chicago, where committees have been organized and work actively started. In Chicago Miss Jane Addams herself is at the head of the organization.

Men of all classes are interested, as well as women, in this new peace movement, so unlike all those which preceded it because it takes into account for the first time the woman's special point of view. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence spoke, for instance, at a City Men's Club luncheon in New York last month, and roused so much interest that, as an outcome of the discussion, meetings are being arranged for her to address in some of the Universities.

As we stated last week, Mr. F. W. Pethick Lawrence has now sailed for New York, and will take part in the campaign on his arrival.

SUFFRAGE MISCELLANY

We are indebted to the Press Bureau of the New York Empire State Campaign Committee for the following suffrage items.

Figures that Speak

Death of infants under one year per 1,000 births in cities:—

Lowell, Mass.	23.1	Los Angeles, Cal.	9.7
Fall River, Mass.	18.6	Dunedin, New Zea.	
Detroit, Mich.	17.9	land.	3.3
Seattle, Wash.	8.2		

In the first column the homes are protected by men's votes alone, in the second by the votes of the mothers also.

Women in the Police Courts

An interesting experiment was recently tried in San Francisco, when Gail Laughlin and three other women, well known as social workers, were asked to preside in four of the police courts of the city. The women acted in an advisory capacity, sitting by the judge. The judges expressed themselves as well pleased with the day's experiment, and stated that their attention was called to points of view of which they had never thought.

What Women Voters Can Do

An attempt was recently made by the butchers of Sacramento, California, to weaken the excellent food laws existing there by pressing for a law to permit the sale of uninspected meat on premises that plainly advertised the fact. The housewives of the city at once protested in person to the City Commission, and the proposal was defeated.

But these women have votes! No wonder Professor A. W. Whitney, late of California University, says that "the one certain cure for anti-suffragism is a trip to breezy California."

Heard Before!

"Woman Suffrage will never come in this country," says Professor Munroe Smith, of the Columbian Law School.

"Noah's neighbours, also, when the rain began, thought it 'wasn't going to be much of a shower,'" remarks the *New York World*.

Man-made Law

Governess: "Well, Tommy, why don't you let your little sister have the sled part of the time?" Tommy: "I do. She has it going up the hill and I have it coming down."

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COMPARISON OF PUNISHMENTS

LIGHT SENTENCES

Attempted Murder of Little Girl

The *Manchester Guardian* (December 4) reports case of a miner charged at the Leeds Assizes before Mr. Justice Horridge with the attempted murder of his eight-year-old daughter, whom he whipped with a belt; then he struck her face, and, putting her head in a noose, proceeded to hang her on the door. A neighbour saved the child just in time.

Sentence: *Five years' penal servitude.*

Manslaughter by a Man

The *Manchester Guardian* (December 3) reports case of a policeman charged at the Connaught Assizes with the manslaughter of his son by shooting him dead during a domestic quarrel.

Sentence: *Five years' penal servitude.*

Assault on Girl Under Thirteen

The *Morning Advertiser* (December 14) reports case of a member of the Army Service Corps, charged at the Central Criminal Court before the Recorder with improperly assaulting a girl under thirteen. The Recorder said he would have adopted another course had the military authorities been willing to have the man back!

Sentence: *Nine months' hard labour.* The maximum sentence for this offence is, if the assault is complete, penal servitude for life.

"THE SPOILT DARLING"

It will be noticed that one of our comparisons this week shows in two manslaughter cases the greater readiness that is shown by judges to listen to the plea of provocation on the part of a man than on the part of a woman. We do not defend manslaughter, or the violent temper that leads to it. But if five years' penal servitude is considered sufficient punishment for the man who yields to this temper and kills his son, why is an appeal against a death sentence dismissed when put forward by a woman who has yielded similarly in the case of her adopted daughter? Even if the cases were exactly parallel, the injustice would be glaring. But we gather from the meagre reports in the Press that the woman was about to become a mother, in which case there was more excuse in her case than the man's, for the irritability that led to such tragic results—or so it would have seemed, we think, to a Court of Appeal in which one at least of the judges had been a woman.

"Corroboration"—for Men Only

Apparently, corroboration is required only of a wife's evidence against her husband, not of his evidence against her. For instance, a man charged by his wife at West Ham Police Court (see *Morning Advertiser*, December 7) with assaulting his wife, throwing a brick at her, and breaking up the crockery on the table, was merely bound over for six months under the probation officer, because he denied the charge and there was no corroboration of the woman's story.

On the other hand, a charge was dismissed altogether against a private soldier, accused at Lambeth Police Court before Mr. Chester Jones (see *Morning Advertiser*, November 24 and December 8) of assaulting his wife and causing her grievous bodily harm. It is true that she wished to withdraw the charge herself (which would have made no difference to the Court if the charge had been one of fraud), and that her injuries turned out to be less serious than was at first supposed. But what we wish to emphasise in this case is that when the defendant brought a counter-charge against his wife, accusing her of misconduct with another man, the police inspector's reply to Mr. Chester Jones, who asked

HEAVY SENTENCES

Begging with Threats

The *Times* (December 11) reports case of a valet, a ticket-of-leave man, charged at the Old Bailey before Mr. Justice Avory with sending a letter to a lady demanding money with menaces. His defence was that he had sent her his ticket-of-leave, which she gave to the police, and it was then he sent her a threatening letter saying he would treat her brutally if she did not grant him an interview. There was a previous conviction for burglary.

Sentence: *Eight years' penal servitude.*

Manslaughter by a Woman

The *Morning Advertiser* (November 24) reports an appeal made in the Court of Criminal Appeal before Justices Ridley, Bray, and Lush, by a woman sentenced to death at Notting-ham Assizes for killing with a broom her adopted child of 2½ years. She pleaded that she was abnormally irritated by the provocative conduct of the child, in consequence of her condition.

Appeal dismissed. (The Court added that the matter of carrying out the sentence rested with the Home Secretary.)

Fraud on a Landlady

The *Times* (December 9) reports case of a man aged 71, charged at the same Court before the same Judge with defrauding his landlady of the sum of 1s. 10d. There were several previous convictions for offences of a similar kind.

Sentence: *Five years' penal servitude.*

if there was any truth in the man's statement, was: "I have only his version of it. I really think myself there is some truth in it."

For which he was apparently not rebuked by the magistrate. So we are driven to the conclusion that corroboration is only necessary when a woman's statement is in question.

Acquittal of Soldiers

The fact that the defendant was a soldier may have weighed somewhat with the magistrate, in the case cited above, in his decision to dismiss the charge against him. We cannot deprecate too strongly the tendency we have noticed on other occasions in the Courts to sprinkle the ranks of our army with men who, but for the war, would be serving sentences of imprisonment for criminal offences. What guarantee have we that our troops would behave, in the event of their becoming an invading force, better than the Germans are alleged to have done in Belgium if among them are men who have been charged with manslaughter, offences against women and girls, and so on? We are glad that, in one case given in our table of com-

parisons above, Sir Forrest Fulton seems, from the report in the Press, to have been foiled by the military authorities themselves in his desire to send back into the army a man convicted of an immoral offence. It is to be hoped that the military authorities will continue to guard against possible "atrocities" in the future by excluding from the British ranks men who commit atrocities in time of peace.

STARVATION AND THEFT

We cannot help wondering if the Stratford Bench of magistrates who sent a young woman to prison (in default of paying a fine) for stealing a shilling's worth of cabbages, would find it easy to remain honest after "starving for a fortnight," which was the plea raised by the defendant on behalf of herself and the man with whom she was living. He had been out of work for some time, says the account in the *Morning Advertiser* (December 8), and she went to a field and took the cabbages "without a thought" that she was doing wrong. Want of food is not conducive to thinking or reasoning, we should have supposed. Nevertheless, the following dialogue is reported to have taken place:—

Mr. H. J. Carter (the Chairman): Don't talk nonsense. You knew what you were doing. Pay 10s. and costs.

The Prisoner: Will you give me until Saturday to pay?

Mr. Carter: No. The defendant was then removed crying miserably "Oh, my baby!"

It is this kind of case that makes suffragists, whether women or men, feel that if there were women as well as men on the Bench we should have a finer kind of justice in our Courts.

COMING EVENTS

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people" will be the subject of the sermon on Sunday, December 20, at the Holian Hall, where the Rev. John Hunter, D.D., is delivering a series at 11 a.m.

The New Constitutional Society for Women's Suffrage will hold a meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Tuesday, December 22, at 3 p.m. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., will speak on "Girl Guides."

The Women's Freedom League will give a party to Belgian Refugees at the Caxton Hall on Thursday, January 7, from 3.30 to 10 p.m. There will be a Christmas tree, buffet, musical and dramatic entertainments, and many other attractions. Admission, 6d.

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